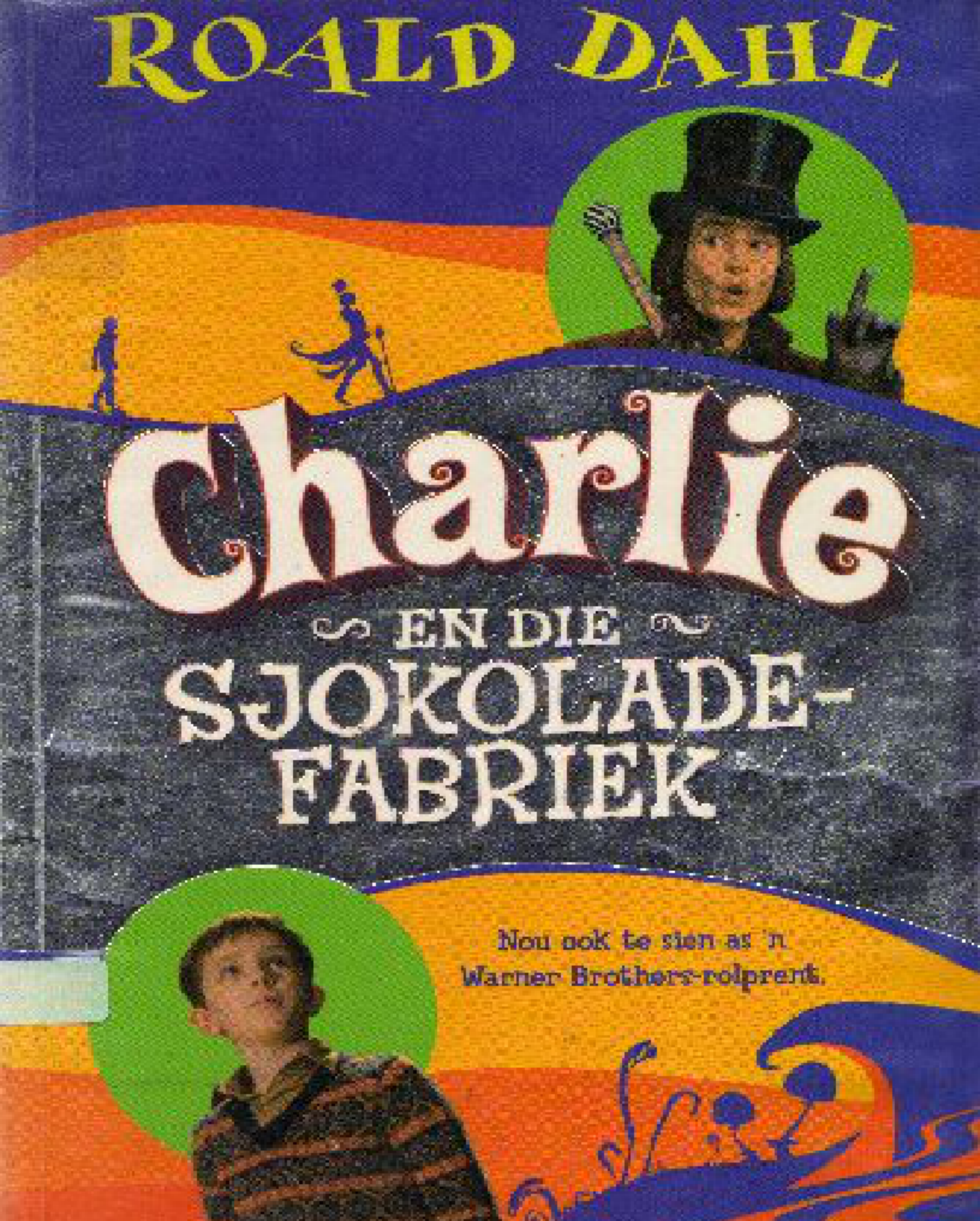

ROALD DAHL
Charlie
EN DIE
SJOKOLADE-
FABRIEK
Nou ook te sien as 'n
Warner Brothers-rolprent.

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Charlie en die Sjokoladefabriek
Roald Dahl

Human & Rousseau Kaapstad Pretoria

Vir Theo

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Charlie Bucket *die held*

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

- Roald Dahl -

ROALD DAHL
Roald Dahl was born in 1916 in Wales of Norwegian parents. He was educated in England before starting work for the Shell Oil Company in Africa. He began writing after a 'monumental bash on the head' sustained as an RAF fighter pilot during the Second World War. Roald Dahl is one of the most successful and well-known of all children's writers. His books, which are read by children the world over, include James and the Giant Peach, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, The Magic Finger, Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator, Fantastic Mr Fox, Matilda, The Twits, The BFG and The Witches, winner of the 1983 Whitbread Award. Roald Dahl died in 1990 at the age of seventy-four.
Roald Dahl found Charlie and the Chocolate Factory one of the most difficult books to write. His first draft of the story included fifteen

horrible children. His nephew Nicholas read it and said it was rotten and boring, so Dahl realized he needed to rewrite it!
The idea for Charlie came from Roald Dahl's schooldays, when he and other classmates were occasionally asked by Cadbury's to test newly invented chocolate bars. He used to dream of inventing his own famous chocolate bar that would win the praise of Mr Cadbury himself.
This was Dahl's motto that he lived by:
My candle burns at both ends It will not last the night But ah my foes and oh my friends It gives a lovely light
There are five children in this book:
AUGUSTUS GLOOP A greedy boy
VERUCA SALT A girl who is spoiled by her parents
VIOLET BEAUREGARDE A girl who chews gum all day long
MIKE TEAVEE A boy who does nothing but watch television and
CHARLIE BUCKET The hero

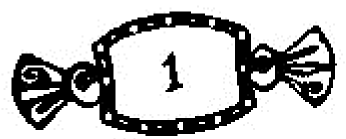
Chapter 1

Here Comes Charlie

These two very old people are the father and mother of Mr Bucket. Their names are Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine.
And these two very old people are the father and mother of Mrs Bucket. Their names are Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina.
This is Mr Bucket. This is Mrs Bucket.
Mr and Mrs Bucket have a small boy whose name is Charlie.
This is Charlie.
How d'you do? And how d'you do? And how d'you do again? He is pleased to meet you.
The whole of this family — the six grown-ups (count them) and little Charlie Bucket — live together in a small wooden house on the edge of a great town.
The house wasn't nearly large enough for so many people, and life was extremely uncomfortable for them all. There were only two rooms in the place altogether, and there was only one bed. The bed was given to the four old grandparents because they were so old and tired. They were so tired, they never got out of it.
Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine on this side, Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina on this side.
Mr and Mrs Bucket and little Charlie Bucket slept in the other room, upon mattresses on the floor.
In the summertime, this wasn't too bad, but in the winter, freezing cold draughts blew across the floor all night long, and it was awful.
There wasn't any question of them being able to buy a better house — or even one more bed to sleep in. They were far too poor for that.
Mr Bucket was the only person in the family with a job. He worked in a toothpaste factory, where he sat all day long at a bench and screwed the little caps on to the tops of the tubes of toothpaste after the tubes had been filled. But a toothpaste cap-screwer is never paid very much money, and poor Mr Bucket, however hard he worked, and however fast he screwed on the caps, was never able to make enough to buy one half of the things that so large a family needed. There wasn't even enough money to buy proper food for them all. The only meals they could afford were bread and margarine for breakfast, boiled potatoes and cabbage for lunch, and cabbage soup for supper. Sundays were a bit better. They all looked forward to Sundays because then, although they had exactly the same, everyone was allowed a second helping.
The Buckets, of course, didn't starve, but every one of them — the two

old grandfathers, the two old grandmothers, Charlie's father, Charlie's mother, and especially little Charlie himself — went about from morning till night with a horrible empty feeling in their tummies.
Charlie felt it worst of all. And although his father and mother often went without their own share of lunch or supper so that they could give it to him, it still wasn't nearly enough for a growing boy. He desperately wanted something more filling and satisfying than cabbage and cabbage soup. The one thing he longed for more than anything else was . . . CHOCOLATE.
Walking to school in the mornings, Charlie could see great slabs of chocolate piled up high in the shop windows, and he would stop and stare and press his nose against the glass, his mouth watering like mad. Many times a day, he would see other children taking bars of creamy chocolate out of their pockets and munching them greedily, and that, of course, was pure torture.
Only once a year, on his birthday, did Charlie Bucket ever get to taste a bit of chocolate. The whole family saved up their money for that special occasion, and when the great day arrived, Charlie was always presented with one small chocolate bar to eat all by himself. And each time he received it, on those marvellous birthday mornings, he would place it carefully in a small wooden box that he owned, and treasure it as though it were a bar of solid gold; and for the next few days, he would allow himself only to look at it, but never to touch it. Then at last, when he could stand it no longer, he would peel back a tiny bit of the paper wrapping at one corner to expose a tiny bit of chocolate, and then he would take a tiny nibble — just enough to allow the lovely sweet taste to spread out slowly over his tongue. The next day, he would take another tiny nibble, and so on, and so on. And in this way, Charlie would make his sixpenny bar of birthday chocolate last him for more than a month.
But I haven't yet told you about the one awful thing that tortured little Charlie, the lover of chocolate, more than anything else. This thing, for him, was far, far worse than seeing slabs of chocolate in the shop windows or watching other children munching bars of creamy chocolate right in front of him. It was the most terrible torturing thing you could imagine, and it was this:
In the town itself, actually within sight of the house in which Charlie lived, there was an ENORMOUS CHOCOLATE FACTORY!
Just imagine that!
And it wasn't simply an ordinary enormous chocolate factory, either. It was the largest and most famous in the whole world! It was WONKA'S FACTORY, owned by a man called Mr Willy Wonka, the greatest inventor and maker of chocolates that there has ever been. And what a tremendous, marvellous place it was! It had huge iron

gates leading into it, and a high wall surrounding it, and smoke belching from its chimneys, and strange whizzing sounds coming from deep inside it. And outside the walls, for half a mile around in every direction, the air was scented with the heavy rich smell of melting chocolate!
Twice a day, on his way to and from school, little Charlie Bucket had to walk right past the gates of the factory. And every time he went by, he would begin to walk very, very slowly, and he would hold his nose high in the air and take long deep sniffs of the gorgeous chocolatey smell all around him.
Oh, how he loved that smell!
And oh, how he wished he could go inside the factory and see what it was like!



Hier kom Charlie
Daar is twee stokou mense: meneer Bucket se pa en ma. Hulle is oupa Joe en ouma Josephine.
En daar is nog twee stokou mense: mevrou Bucket se pa en ma. Hulle is oupa George en ouma Georgina.
Dan is daar natuurlik meneer Bucket. En mevrou Bucket.
Meneer en mevrou Bucket het ’n seun. Sy naam is Charlie Bucket.
Bly te kenne. En bly te kenne. En nog ’n keer bly te kenne.
Hy is bly om jou te ontmoet.
Hierdie hele familie - die ses grootmense (tel hulle) en Charlie Bucket - bly saam in ’n houthuisie aan die rand van ’n groot stad.
Die huis is nie naastenby groot genoeg vir so baie mense nie en dit maak die lewe vir hulle almal baie ongemaklik. Daar is net twee slaapkamers in die plek, en net een bed. Die twee oupas en oumas het lankal die bed gekry omdat hulle so oud en moeg is. Hulle is só moeg dat hulle nooit opstaan nie.
Oupa Joe en ouma Josephine lê aan die een kant, en oupa George en ouma Georgina aan die ander kant.
Meneer en mevrou Bucket en Charlie Bucket slaap in die ander kamer, op matrasse op die vloer.
In die somer is dit nie te erg nie, maar in die winter waai daar heelnag ’n yswind onder die deur in en dan is dit vriesend koud op die vloer.
Die Buckets kan maar daarvan vergeet om ’n beter huis te koop - of seifs net een ekstra bed om in te slaap. Hulle is gans te arm daarvoor.

Meneer Bucket is al een in die familie wat werk het. Hy werk by ’n tandepastafabriek waar hy heeldag by ’n werkbank sit en doppies op buisies tandepasta vasdraai ná die buisies volgemaak is.
Maar iemand wat doppies op tandepastabuisies vasdraai, verdien nie juis veel geld nie en al werk arme meneer Bucket ook hoe hard en al draai hy die doppies ook hoe vinnig vas, sal hy nooit genoeg verdien om eens die helfte van die goed te koop wat so ’n groot familie nodig het nie. Daar is seifs nie eens genoeg geld om vir hulle almal ordentlike kos te koop nie. Al wat hulle kan bekostig, is brood en margarien vir ontbyt, gekookte aartappels en kool vir middagete, en koolsop vir aandete.
Sondae is darem altyd ’n bietjie beter. Almal sien altyd uit na Sondae, want al eet hulle dan presies dieselfde kos, kan almal ’n tweede skeppie kry.
Die Buckets ly darem nie honger nie, maar elkeen van hulle - die twee oupas, die twee oumas, Charlie se pa, Charlie se ma, en veral Charlie - het van soggens tot saans ’n nare leë kol op die maag.
Charlie kry die swaarste van almal. Sy pa en ma gee baie keer vir hom hul porsie middag- of aandete, maar dis nog steeds nie genoeg vir ’n groeiende seun nie. Hy begeer iets wat hom voller as kool en koolsop sal maak. En die een ding waarna hy meer as enigiets anders smag, is ... SJOKOLADE.
Soggens wanneer Charlie skool toe loop, sien hy groot blokke sjokolade wat hoog in die winkel- vensters opgestapel is. Dan stop hy en staar en druk sy neus teen die glas terwyl sy mond behoor- lik water. Hoeveel keer ’n dag sien hy hoe ander kinders sjokolade uit hul sakke haal en heerlik daaraan weglê - en *dis* nou vir jou ’n *absolute* marteling.
Net een keer ’n jaar, op sy verjaardag, kry Charlie Bucket sjokolade. Die hele familie spaar vir daardie spesiale geleentheid en wanneer die groot dag aan- breek, kry Charlie een klein sjokoladestafie wat hy alleen mag opeet. En elke keer wanneer hy dit kry, op elke wonderlike verjaardagoggend, sit hy dit versigtig in ’n houtboksie en bewaar dit soos ’n stafie suiwer goud. Vir die volgende paar dae laat hy homself net toe om daarna te kyk, maar hy mag nooit daaraan raak nie. En dan uiteindelik, wanneer hy dit nie meer kan uithou nie, skeur hy ’n *klein-klein* stukkie van die sjokoladepapier aan die een punt oop sodat daar net ’n *klein-klein* stukkie sjokolade uitsteek en dan vat hy ’n *klein-klein* happie - net genoeg om die salige soet smaak stadig oor sy tong te voel gly. Die volgende dag vat hy dan nog ’n klein-klein happie, en die volgende dag en die volgende dag. En só kry Charlie dit reg dat sy een klein verjaardagsjokolade langer as ’n maand hou.
Maar ek moet jou nog vertel van die een ver- skriklike ding wat vir Charlie wat so baie van sjokolade hou, die grootste marteling is, erger

as *enigiets* anders. Hierdie ding is vir hom baie, baie erger as om die blokke sjokolade in die winkel- vensters te sien of om te moet kyk hoe ander kinders stafies romerige sjokolade voor sy oë verslind. Dis die heel ergste marteling wat jy jou kan voorstel en dit is:

In die stad, en boonop nogal binne *sig* van Charlie-hulle se huis, is daar 'n REUSE SJOKO- LADEFABRIEK!

Dink net!

En dis nie net 'n gewone reuse sjokoladefabriek nie, o nee. Dis die grootste en beroemdste een in die hele wêreld. Dit word WONKA SE FABRIEK ge- noem en die eienaar is 'n meneer Willy Wonka, die grootste uitvinder en maker van sjokolade wat nog ooit gelewe het. En wat 'n ongelooflike, verstom- mende plek is dit nie! Daar is 'n hoë muur om die fabriek en yslike ysterhekke aan sy voorkant en daar borrel rook by sy skoorstene uit en mens hoor 'n vreemde gezoem as jy daar verbyloop. En buitekant die mure, vir 'n halfmyl reg rondom, hang die swaar, ryk geur van smeltende sjokolade in die lug.

Twee keer 'n dag, op pad skool toe en terug, moet Charlie verby die fabriek stap. En elke keer wat hy dit doen, begin hy baie, baie stadig loop en dan hou hy sy neus hoog in die lug en asem lang, diep teue van die ongelooflike sjokoladegeur oral om hom in.

O, hy is mal oor daardie geur!

En o, hy wens hy kan by die fabriek ingaan en sien wat binne aangaan!

Chapter 2

Mr Willy Wonka's Factory

In the evenings, after he had finished his supper of watery cabbage soup, Charlie always went into the room of his four grandparents to listen to their stories, and then afterwards to say good night.

Every one of these old people was over ninety. They were as shrivelled as prunes, and as bony as skeletons, and throughout the day, until Charlie made his appearance, they lay huddled in their one bed, two at either end, with nightcaps on to keep their heads warm, dozing the time away with nothing to do. But as soon as they heard the door opening, and heard Charlie's voice saying, 'Good evening, Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine, and Grandpa George and Grandma Georgina,' then all four of them would suddenly sit up, and their old wrinkled faces would light up with smiles of pleasure — and the talking would begin. For they loved this little boy. He was the only bright thing in their lives, and his evening visits were something that they looked forward to all day long. Often, Charlie's mother and father would come in as well, and stand by the door, listening to the stories that the old people told; and thus, for perhaps half an hour every night, this room would become a happy place, and the whole family would forget that it was hungry and poor.

One evening, when Charlie went in to see his grandparents, he said to them, 'Is it really true that Wonka's Chocolate Factory is the biggest in the world?'

'True?' cried all four of them at once. 'Of course it's true! Good heavens, didn't you know that? It's about fifty times as big as any other!'

'And is Mr Willy Wonka really the cleverest chocolate maker in the world?'

'My dear boy,' said Grandpa Joe, raising himself up a little higher on his pillow, 'Mr Willy Wonka is the most amazing, the most fantastic, the most extraordinary chocolate maker the world has ever seen! I thought everybody knew that!'

'I knew he was famous, Grandpa Joe, and I knew he was very clever . . .'

'Clever!' cried the old man. 'He's more than that! He's a magician with chocolate! He can make anything — anything he wants! Isn't that a fact, my dears?'

The other three old people nodded their heads slowly up and down, and said, 'Absolutely true. Just as true as can be.'

And Grandpa Joe said, 'You mean to say I've never told you about Mr Willy Wonka and his factory?'
'Never,' answered little Charlie.
'Good heavens above! I don't know what's the matter with me!'
'Will you tell me now, Grandpa Joe, please?'
'I certainly will. Sit down beside me on the bed, my dear, and listen carefully.'
Grandpa Joe was the oldest of the four grandparents. He was ninety-six and a half, and that is just about as old as anybody can be. Like all extremely old people, he was delicate and weak, and throughout the day he spoke very little. But in the evenings, when Charlie, his beloved grandson, was in the room, he seemed in some marvellous way to grow quite young again. All his tiredness fell away from him, and he became as eager and excited as a young boy.
'Oh, what a man he is, this Mr Willy Wonka!' cried Grandpa Joe. 'Did you know, for example, that he has himself invented more than two hundred new kinds of chocolate bars, each with a different centre, each far sweeter and creamier and more delicious than anything the other chocolate factories can make!'
'Perfectly true!' cried Grandma Josephine. 'And he sends them to all the four corners of the earth! Isn't that so, Grandpa Joe?'
'It is, my dear, it is. And to all the kings and presidents of the world as well. But it isn't only chocolate bars that he makes. Oh, dear me, no! He has some really fantastic inventions up his sleeve, Mr Willy Wonka has! Did you know that he's invented a way of making chocolate ice
cream so that it stays cold for hours and hours without being in the refrigerator? You can even leave it lying in the sun all morning on a hot day and it won't go runny!'
'But that's impossible!' said little Charlie, staring at his grandfather.
'Of course it's impossible!' cried Grandpa Joe. 'It's completely absurd! But Mr Willy Wonka has done it!'
'Quite right!' the others agreed, nodding their heads. 'Mr Wonka has done it.'
'And then again,' Grandpa Joe went on speaking very slowly now so that Charlie wouldn't miss a word, 'Mr Willy Wonka can make marshmallows that taste of violets, and rich caramels that change colour every ten seconds as you suck them, and little feathery sweets that melt away deliciously the moment you put them between your lips. He can make chewing-gum that never loses its taste, and sugar balloons that you can blow up to enormous sizes before you pop them with a pin and gobble them up. And, by a most secret method, he can make lovely blue birds' eggs with black spots on them, and when you put one of these in your mouth, it gradually gets smaller and smaller until suddenly there is nothing left except a tiny little pink sugary

baby bird sitting on the tip of your tongue.'
Grandpa Joe paused and ran the point of his tongue slowly over his lips. 'It makes my mouth water just thinking about it,' he said.
'Mine, too,' said little Charlie. 'But please go on.'
While they were talking, Mr and Mrs Bucket, Charlie's mother and father, had come quietly into the room, and now both were standing just inside the door, listening.
'Tell Charlie about that crazy Indian prince,' said Grandma Josephine. 'He'd like to hear that.'
'You mean Prince Pondicherry?' said Grandpa Joe, and he began chuckling with laughter.
'Completely dotty!' said Grandpa George.
'But very rich,' said Grandma Georgina.
'What did he do?' asked Charlie eagerly.
'Listen,' said Grandpa Joe, 'and I'll tell you.'

2

Meneer Willy Wonka se fabriek

Ná Charlie saans sy waterige koolsop geëet het, gaan hy altyd na sy twee oupas en oumas áe kamer om na hul stories te luister en daarna vir hulle nag te sê.
Al vier hierdie oumense is oor die neëntig. Hulle is so verrimpeld soos pruimedante, so benerig soos geraamtes en tot Charlie kom kuier, lê hulle heeldag opgekrul en sluimer en snork die tyd om in hul een groot bed, twee aan elke kant, met slaap- musse op om hul koppe warm te hou. Maar wan- neer hulle die deur hoor oopgaan en Charlie se stem sê: “Naand, oupa Joe en ouma Josephine, en oupa George en ouma Georgina,” sit hulle al vier skielik kiertsregop en hul verrimpelde ou gesigte straal en hulle glimlag gelukkig - en dan begin die groot gesels. Hulle het hierdie seun baie lief. Hy is die enigste lig in hul lewens en hulle sien heeldag uit na sy aandbesoekie. Charlie se ma en pa kom dikwels ook in en staan by die deur na die oumense se stories en luister. Vir omtrent ’n halfuur elke aand is almal in hierdie kamer dan dolgelukkig, en die hele familie vergeet hoe honger en arm hulle is.
Een aand gaan Charlie na sy oupas en oumas en vra vir hulle: “Is Wonka se Sjokoladefabriek *rêrig* die grootste in die hele wêreld?”
“Rêrig?” snak hulle al vier gelyk. “Maar natuur- lik, ja! Goeie genade, het jy dan nie geweet nie? Dis omtrent *vyftig* keer groter as enige

ander een!" "En is meneer Willy Wonka *rêrig* die wêreld se slimste sjokolademaker?"
"My *liewe* seun," sê oupa Joe en lig homself 'n entjie hoër teen sy kussing op. "Meneer Willy Wonka is die *mees uitsonderlike,* die *mees voortref- like,* die *mees merkwaardige* sjokolademaker wat hierdie wêreld nog ooit aanskou het! Ek dag *almal* weet dit?"
"Ek het geweet hy's beroemd, oupa Joe, en ek het geweet hy's slim ..."
"Slim!" roep die oubaas uit. "Hy's baie meer as dit! Hy kan *toor* met sjokolade! Hy kan *enigiets* maak - enigiets op aarde! Is mos so, mense?"
Die ander drie oues knik hul koppe stadig op en af en sê: *"Absoluut.* Ongetwyfeld."
En oupa Joe sê: "Wil jy vir my sê ek het jou nog nooit van meneer Willy Wonka en sy fabriek ver- tel nie?"
"Nog nooit nie," antwoord Charlie.
"Die hemel behoed ons! Wat makeer my?"
"Sal Oupa my asseblief nou vertel?"
"Maar alte seker. Kom sit hier langs my op die bed, ou seun, en luister mooi."
Oupa Joe is die oudste van die vier oues van dae. Hy is ses-en-neëntig en 'n half en dit is omtrent so oud soos wat 'n mens kan word. Soos almal wat baie oud is, is hy maar knieserig en swak en praat hy bedags bitter min. Maar saans as sy geliefde kleinseun Charlie in die kamer is, is dit wonderlik om te sien hoe hy weer jonk word. Dan verdwyn al sy moegheid en hy word so opgewek soos 'n jong seun.
"O, hy's 'n man duisend, daardie meneer Willy Wonka!" roep oupa Joe uit. "Weet jy wat? Hy't per- soonlik meer as tweehonderd nuwe sjokoladestafies uitgevind, elkeen met 'n ander vulsel, elkeen tien keer soeter en romeriger en heerliker as enigiets wat die ander sjokoladefabrieke kan maak."
"Dis die reine waarheid!" roep ouma Josephine uit. "En hy stuur hulle na die vier uithQeke van die aarde. Of hoe, oupa Joe?"
"Net so, vroutjie, net so. En ook na al die konings en presidente in die wêreld. Maar hy maak nie net sjokolade nie. O liewe land, nee! Hy kom met die allerongelooflikste uitvindings vorendag, daai meneer Willy Wonka! Jy weet, hy't 'n manier uitgevind om sjokoladeroomys te maak wat vir ure en ure aaneen koud bly, sonder dat jy dit in 'n yskas hoef te sit. Jy kan dit seifs op 'n warm dag heeloggend in die son laat lê en dit raak nie eens loperig nie!"
"Maar dis mos *onmoontlikV'* sê Charlie en gaap sy oupa aan.
"Natuurlik is dit onmoontlik," sê oupa Joe. "Dis absoluut *absurd*! Maar meneer Willy Wonka het dit reggekry."
"Net so!" stem die ander saam en knik hul koppe. "Meneer Wonka het dit reggekry."

“En wat meer is,” sê oupa Joe en hy praat nou baie stadig sodat Charlie nie ’n woord moet mis nie, “meneer Willy Wonka maak malvalekkers wat soos viooltjies proe, en ryk karamel wat elke tien sekondes van kleur verander terwyl jy dit suig, en lekkers so fyn soos veertjies wat soet smelt sodra hulle op jou tong beland. Hy maak kougom wat nooit sy smaak verloor nie en suikerballonne wat jy yslik groot kan opblaas voor jy hulle met ’n speld stukkend steek en dan daaraan weglê. En hy gebruik ’n geheime metode om pragtige blou voëleiers met swart kolle op te maak, en as jy een in jou mond sit, word dit geleidelik kleiner en kleiner tot daar uiteindelik net ’n piepklein pienk suikervoëltjie op die punt van jou tong oorbly.”

Oupa Joe hou op praat en laat gly die punt van sy tong behaaglik oor sy lippe. “Net om daaraan te *dink*, laat my mond sommer water,” sê hy.

“Myne ook,” sê Charlie. “Maar gaan *asseblief*
aan."

Terwyl hulle gesels, kom Charlie se pa en ma, meneer en mevrou Bucket, stil by die kamer in en staan by die deur en luister.

“Vertel vir Charlie van daardie maltrap Indiese prins,” sê ouma Josephine. “Hy sal dit geniet.”

“Jy bedoel prins Pondicherry?” vra oupa Joe en hy begin saggies lag.

“Stapelgek!” sê oupa George.

“Maar skatryk,” sê ouma Georgina.

“Wat het hy gedoen?” vra Charlie gretig.

“Luister,” sê oupa Joe, “dan vertel ek jou.”

Chapter 3

Mr Wonka and the Indian Prince

'Prince Pondicherry wrote a letter to Mr Willy Wonka,' said Grandpa Joe, 'and asked him to come all the way out to India and build him a colossal palace entirely out of chocolate.'
'Did Mr Wonka do it, Grandpa?'
'He did, indeed. And what a palace it was! It had one hundred rooms, and everything was made of either dark or light chocolate! The bricks were chocolate, and the cement holding them together was chocolate, and the windows were chocolate, and all the walls and ceilings were made of chocolate, so were the carpets and the pictures and the furniture and the beds; and when you turned on the taps in the bathroom, hot chocolate came pouring out.
'When it was all finished, Mr Wonka said to Prince Pondicherry, "I warn you, though, it won't last very long, so you'd better start eating it right away."
"Nonsense!" shouted the Prince. "I'm not going to eat my palace! I'm not even going to nibble the staircase or lick the walls! I'm going to live in it!"
'But Mr Wonka was right, of course, because soon after this, there came a very hot day with a boiling sun, and the whole palace began to melt, and then it sank slowly to the ground, and the crazy prince, who was dozing in the living room at the time, woke up to find himself swimming around in a huge brown sticky lake of chocolate.'
Little Charlie sat very still on the edge of the bed, staring at his grandfather. Charlie's face was bright, and his eyes were stretched so wide you could see the whites all around. 'Is all this really true?' he asked. 'Or are you pulling my leg?'
'It's true!' cried all four of the old people at once. 'Of course it's true! Ask anyone you like!'

'And I'll tell you something else that's true,' said Grandpa Joe, and now he leaned closer to Charlie, and lowered his voice to a soft, secret whisper. 'Nobody . . . ever . . . comes . . . out!'
'Out of where?' asked Charlie.
'And . . . nobody . . . ever . . . goes . . . in!'
'In where?' cried Charlie.
'Wonka's factory, of course!'
'Grandpa, what do you mean?'

'I mean workers, Charlie.'
'Workers?'
'All factories,' said Grandpa Joe, 'have workers streaming in and out of the gates in the mornings and evenings — except Wonka's! Have you ever seen a single person going into that place — or coming out?'
Little Charlie looked slowly around at each of the four old faces, one after the other, and they all looked back at him. They were friendly smiling faces, but they were also quite serious. There was no sign of joking or leg-pulling on any of them.
'Well? Have you?' asked Grandpa Joe.
'I . . . I really don't know, Grandpa,' Charlie stammered. 'Whenever I walk past the factory, the gates seem to be closed.'
'Exactly!' said Grandpa Joe.
'But there must be people working there . . .'
'Not people, Charlie. Not ordinary people, anyway.'
'Then who?' cried Charlie.
'Ah-ha . . . That's it, you see . . . That's another of Mr Willy Wonka's clevernesses.'
'Charlie, dear,' Mrs Bucket called out from where she was standing by the door, 'it's time for bed. That's enough for tonight.'
'But, Mother, I must hear . . .'
'Tomorrow, my darling . . .'
'That's right,' said Grandpa Joe, 'I'll tell you the rest of it tomorrow evening.'

3

Meneer Wonka en die Indiese prins

“Prins Pondicherry het vir meneer Willy Wonka ’n brief geskryf,” vertel oupa Joe, “en hom gevra om al die pad Indië toe te kom om vir hom ’n kolossale paleis van sjokolade en net sjokolade te bou.” “Het meneer Wonka dit toe gedoen, Oupa?” “Hy het inderdaad. En wat ’n paleis was dit nie! Daar was ’n honderd vertrekke en alles was van óf donker óf ligte sjokolade gemaak. Die bakstene was sjokolade en die sement waarmee hulle aanme- kaar vasgemessel is, was sjokolade, en die vensters was sjokolade en al die mure en plafonne was van sjokolade, en so ook die tapyte en die skilderye en die meubels en die beddens - en wanneer jy die krane in die badkamers oopdraai, het daar warm sjokolade uitgeloop.
“Toe dit alles klaar was, het meneer Wonka vir prins Pondicherry

gesê: ‘Onthou net, dit gaan nie baie lank hou nie, so ek stel voor u val dadelik weg en begin eet.’
“‘Nonsens!’ skree die prins toe. ‘Ek gaan nie my paleis eet nie! Ek gaan nie eens aan die trap knabbel of aan die mure lek nie! Ek gaan daarin woon!'
“Maar meneer Wonka was natuurlik reg, want kort daarna was dit op ’n dag bloedig warm en die hele paleis het in die kokende son begin smelt en toe stadig in die grond begin wegsak. Die maltrap- prins was besig om ’n uiltjie in sy sitkamer te knip, en toe hy wakker word, swem hy in ’n taai bruin sjokoladesee!”
Charlie sit tjoepstil op die rand van die bed en staar na sy oupa. Sy gesig straal en sy oë rek so wyd dat jy die wit reg rondom kan sien. “Is dit alles *rêrig* waar?” vra Charlie. “Of trek Oupa net my been?” “Dis waar!” roep al vier oumense saam uit. “Natuurlik is dit waar! Jy kan vir enigiemand vra!” “En ek sal jou nog iets vertel wat waar is,” sê oupa Joe. Hy leun nader aan Charlie, laat sak sy stem en fluister geheimsinnig: *“Niemand . . . kom . . . ooit. . . uit. . . niel* ”
“Waaruit nie?” vra Charlie.
“En . . . niemand. . . gaan . . . ooit... in .. . nie! ”
“Waarin?” wil Charlie weet.
“Wonka se fabriek, natuurlik.”
“Wat bedoel Oupa?”
“Ek bedoel *werkers,* Charlie.”
“Werkers?”
“Alle fabrieke,” sê oupa Joe, “het werkers wat soggens en saans by die hekke in- en uitstroom - almal behalwe Wonka s’n! Het jy al ooit ’n enkele mens by daai plek sien in- of uitgaan?”
Charlie kyk stadig na elkeen van die vier oumense; hy kyk van die een na die ander, en hulle kyk na hom. Hulle glimlag, maar hulle is tóg ook ernstig. Dit lyk nie of hulle die gek skeer of sy been trek nie.
“Nou toe? *Het* jy al?”
“Ek . . . ek weet rêrig nie, Oupa,” stamel Charlie. “As *ek* by die fabriek verbyloop, is die hekke altyd toe.”
“Presies,” sê oupa Joe.
“Maar daar *moet* mos mense werk?”
“Nie *mense* nie, Charlie. In elk geval nie *gewone* mense nie.”
“Nou wie dan?” vra Charlie.
“Aha! Dis juis die punt, sien . .. Dis nog een van meneer Willy Wonka se slimstreke. ”
“Charlie, my skat,” roep mevrou Bucket van waar sy in die deur staan, “jy moet gaan slaap. Dit was nou genoeg vir vanaand.”
“Maar Mamma, ek *moet* eers hoor van ...” “More, my engel.”
“Dis reg,” sê oupa Joe. “Ek vertel móreaand vir jou die res van die storie.”

Chapter 4

The Secret Workers

The next evening, Grandpa Joe went on with his story.
'You see, Charlie,' he said, 'not so very long ago there used to be thousands of people working in Mr Willy Wonka's factory. Then one day, all of a sudden, Mr Wonka had to ask every single one of them to leave, to go home, never to come back.'
'But why?' asked Charlie.
'Because of spies.'
'Spies?'
'Yes. All the other chocolate makers, you see, had begun to grow jealous of the wonderful sweets that Mr Wonka was making, and they started sending in spies to steal his secret recipes. The spies took jobs in the Wonka factory, pretending that they were ordinary workers, and while they were there, each one of them found out exactly how a certain special thing was made.'
'And did they go back to their own factories and tell?' asked Charlie.
'They must have,' answered Grandpa Joe, 'because soon after that, Fickelgruber's factory started making an ice cream that would never melt, even in the hottest sun. Then Mr Prodnose's factory came out with a chewing-gum that never lost its flavour however much you chewed it. And then Mr Slugworth's factory began making sugar balloons that you could blow up to huge sizes before you popped them with a pin and gobbled them up. And so on, and so on. And Mr Willy Wonka tore his beard and shouted, "This is terrible! I shall be ruined! There are spies everywhere! I shall have to close the factory!"'
'But he didn't do that!' Charlie said.
'Oh, yes he did. He told all the workers that he was sorry, but they would have to go home. Then, he shut the main gates and fastened them with a chain. And suddenly, Wonka's giant chocolate factory became silent and deserted. The chimneys stopped smoking, the machines stopped whirring, and from then on, not a single chocolate or sweet was made. Not a soul went in or out, and even Mr Willy Wonka himself disappeared completely.
'Months and months went by,' Grandpa Joe went on, 'but still the factory remained closed. And everybody said, "Poor Mr Wonka. He was so nice. And he made such marvellous things. But he's finished now. It's all over."
'Then something astonishing happened. One day, early in the morning, thin columns of white smoke were seen to be coming out of the tops

of the tall chimneys of the factory! People in the town stopped and stared. "What's going on?" they cried. "Someone's lit the furnaces! Mr Wonka must be opening up again!" They ran to the gates, expecting to see them wide open and Mr Wonka standing there to welcome his workers back.

'But no! The great iron gates were still locked and chained as securely as ever, and Mr Wonka was nowhere to be seen.

'"But the factory is working!" the people shouted. "Listen! You can hear the machines! They're all whirring again! And you can smell the smell of melting chocolate in the air!"'

Grandpa Joe leaned forward and laid a long bony finger on Charlie's knee, and he said softly, 'But most mysterious of all, Charlie, were the shadows in the windows of the factory. The people standing on the street outside could see small dark shadows moving about behind the frosted glass windows.'

'Shadows of whom?' said Charlie quickly.

'That's exactly what everybody else wanted to know.

'"The place is full of workers!" the people shouted. "But nobody's gone in! The gates are locked! It's crazy! Nobody ever comes out, either!"

'But there was no question at all,' said Grandpa Joe, 'that the factory was running. And it's gone on running ever since, for these last ten years. What's more, the chocolates and sweets it's been turning out have become more fantastic and delicious all the time. And of course now when Mr Wonka invents some new and wonderful sweet, neither Mr Fickelgruber nor Mr Prodnose nor Mr Slugworth nor anybody else is able to copy it. No spies can go into the factory to find out how it is made.'

'But Grandpa, who,' cried Charlie, 'who is Mr Wonka using to do all the work in the factory?'

'Nobody knows, Charlie.'

'But that's absurd! Hasn't someone asked Mr Wonka?'

'Nobody sees him any more. He never comes out. The only things that come out of that place are chocolates and sweets. They come out through a special trap door in the wall, all packed and addressed, and they are picked up every day by Post Office trucks.'

'But Grandpa, what sort of people are they that work in there?'

'My dear boy,' said Grandpa Joe, 'that is one of the great mysteries of the chocolate-making world. We know only one thing about them. They are very small. The faint shadows that sometimes appear behind the windows, especially late at night when the lights are on, are those of tiny people, people no taller than my knee . . .'

'There aren't any such people,' Charlie said.

Just then, Mr Bucket, Charlie's father, came into the room. He was home from the toothpaste factory, and he was waving an evening

newspaper rather excitedly. 'Have you heard the news?' he cried. He held up the paper so that they could see the huge headline. The headline said:
WONKA FACTORY TO BE OPENED AT LAST TO LUCKY FEW

4

Die geheime werkers

Die volgende aand gaan oupa Joe aan met sy storie.
“Jy sien, Charlie,” sê hy, “tot taamlik onlangs het daar nog duisende mense in meneer Willy Wonka se fabriek gewerk. En toe eendag moes meneer Wonka skielik *elke enkele een* van hulle vra om huis toe te gaan en nooit weer terug te kom nie.” “Maar hoekom?” vra Charlie.
“Oor die spioene.”
“Spioene?”
“Ja. Jy sien, al die ander sjokolademakers het begin jaloers raak oor meneer Wonka sulke lekker lekkers maak en hulle het spioene hierheen gestuur om sy geheime resepte te steel. Die spioene het in die Wonka-fabriek gaan werk en gemaak of hulle gewone werkers is, en terwyl hulle daar was, het elkeen uitgevind presies hoe ’n sekere spesiale lekkerny gemaak word.”
“En hulle het dit toe vir hul eie fabrieke gaan vertel?” vra Charlie.
“Moet wees,” antwoord oupa Joe, “want net daarna het Fickelgruber se fabriek roomys begin maak wat nie smelt nie, al is die son ook hoe warm.
Toe het meneer Prodnose vorendag gekom met ’n kougom wat nie sy geur verloor nie, al kou jy hom ook hoe lank. En toe het meneer Slugworth se fa- briek suikerballonne begin maak wat jy reusagtig groot kan opblaas en dan met ’n speld stukkend steek en opeet. En so aan, en so aan. En meneer Willy Wonka het sy hare uit sy kop getrek en geskree: ‘Dis verskriklik! Hulle gaan my rui'neer! Daar is oral spioene! Ek sal my fabriek moet toe- maak!’”
“Maar hy het nie!” sê Charlie.
“O ja, hy het. Hy het vir *al* die werkers gesê hy’s jammer, maar hulle moet huis toe gaan. Toe maak hy die groot hekke toe en ketting hulle vas. Skielik was Wonka se reuse sjokoladefabriek verlate en stil. Die skoorstene het opgehou rook, die masjiene het opgehou zoem - en van toe af is daar nie meer een enkele sjokolade of lekker gemaak nie. Nie een sterfling het daar in- of uitgegaan nie, en seifs meneer Willy

Wonka het heeltemal verdwyn.

“Maande en maande het verbygegaan,” gaan oupa Joe voort, “maar die fabriek het nog steeds toe gebly. En almal het gesê: ‘Arme meneer Wonka. Hy was so ’n gawe man. En hy het sulke wonderlike lekkergoed gemaak. Maar dis nou klaarpraat met hom. Dis alles oor en verby.’

“Toe gebeur daar iets verstommends. Vroeg een oggend kom daar weer dun strepies wit rook by die fabriek se hoë skoorstene uit! Die mense in die dorp staan en staar daarna en roep uit: ‘Wat gaan aan? Iemand het die oonde aangesteek! Meneer Wonka maak sy fabriek weer oop!’ Hulle hard- loop na die hekke, want almal dink hulle sal weer wyd oopstaan en meneer Wonka sal daar wees om sy werkers terug te verwelkom.

“Maar nee! Die groot ysterhekke is nog steeds toe en stewig vasgeketting, en daar is nêrens ’n teken van meneer Wonka nie.

“‘Maar die fabriek *werk* dan!’ skree die mense. ‘Luister! Jy kan die masjiene hoor! Hulle zoem weer! En die lug ruik weer na gesmelte sjokolade!’”

Oupa Joe leun vorentoe en tik met ’n lang, bene- rige vinger op Charlie se knie en sê sag: “Maar die vreemdste van alles, Charlie, was die skaduwees in die fabriek se vensters. Die mense buite in die straat kon klein, donker skaduwees agter die matglas- ruite sien beweeg.”

“Wie se skaduwees was dit?” vra Charlie dadelik.

“Dis presies wat almal wou weet.”

“‘Die plek is vol werkers!’ skree die mense. ‘Maar niemand gaan by die fabriek in nie! En die hekke is gesluit! Dit maak nie sin nie! En niemand kom ooit daar uit nie!’

“Maar een ding is seker,” gaan oupa Joe voort, “die fabriek *het* weer geloop. En hy loop nou nog, tien jaar later. En wat meer is, die sjokolade en lekkers wat daar gemaak word, word by die dag wonderliker en lekkerder. En natuurlik, as meneer Wonka *nou* ’n wonderlike nuwe lekker uitdink, kan nie meneer Fickelgruber óf meneer Prodnose óf meneer Slugworth of enigiemand anders dit namaak nie. Want g’n spioen kan meer in die fabriek inkom om uit te vind hoe dit gemaak word

“Maar Oupa!” roep Charlie uit. “Wie gebruik meneer Wonka om al die werk in die fabriek te doen?”

“Niemand weet nie, Charlie.”

“Maar *hoekom* nie? Hoekom vra niemand vir meneer Wonka nie?”

“Niemand sien hom meer nie. Hy kom nooit meer uit nie. Al wat by daardie plek uitkom, is sjoko- lade en lekkers. Dit kom deur ’n spesiale valdeur in die muur, netjies verpak en met adresse op, en dan gaan laai die poskantoor dit elke dag op.”

“Maar Oupa, watter *soort* mense werk daar in die fabriek?”

“My liewe seun,” sê oupa Joe, “dit is een van die grootste geheime in die sjokoladewêreld. Al wat ons van hulle weet, is dat hulle baie klein is. Die dowwe skaduwees wat soms agter die ruite verskyn, veral laat saans wanneer die ligte aan is, is dié van *klein-klein* mensies, mense wat net tot by my knie kom ...”

“Maar daar is nie sulke kort mense nie,” sê Charlie.

Net toe kom meneer Bucket, Charlie se pa, by die kamer in. Hy is pas tuis na ’n dag se werk by die tandepastafabriek en hy waai die aandkoerant opgewonde rond. “Het julle die nuus gehoor?” roep hy. Hy hou die koerant op sodat almal die voorblad kan sien. Daar staan in groot vet letters:

’N PAAR GELUKKIGES MAG DIE WONKA-FABRIEK UITEINDELIK BESOEK

Chapter 5

The Golden Tickets

'You mean people are actually going to be allowed to go inside the factory?' cried Grandpa Joe. 'Read us what it says — quickly!'
'All right,' said Mr Bucket, smoothing out the newspaper. 'Listen.'

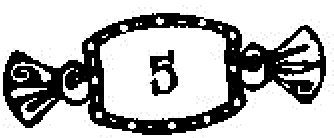
EVENING BULLETIN

Mr Willy Wonka, the confectionery genius whom nobody has seen for the last ten years, sent out the following notice today:

I, Willy Wonka, have decided to allow five children — just five, mind you, and no more — to visit my factory this year. These lucky five will be shown around personally by me, and they will be allowed to see all the secrets and the magic of my factory. Then, at the end of the tour, as a special present, all of them will be given enough chocolates and sweets to last them for the rest of their lives! So watch out for the Golden Tickets! Five Golden Tickets have been printed on golden paper, and these five Golden Tickets have been hidden underneath the ordinary wrapping paper of five ordinary bars of chocolate. These five chocolate bars may be anywhere — in any shop in any street in any town in any country in the world — upon any counter where Wonka's Sweets are sold. And the five lucky finders of these five Golden Tickets are the only ones who will be allowed to visit my factory and see what it's like now inside! Good luck to you all, and happy hunting! (Signed Willy Wonka.)

'The man's dotty!' muttered Grandma Josephine.
'He's brilliant!' cried Grandpa Joe. 'He's a magician! Just imagine what will happen now! The whole world will be searching for those Golden Tickets! Everyone will be buying Wonka's chocolate bars in the hope of finding one! He'll sell more than ever before! Oh, how exciting it

would be to find one!'
'And all the chocolate and sweets that you could eat for the rest of your life — free!' said Grandpa George. 'Just imagine that!'
'They'd have to deliver them in a truck!' said Grandma Georgina.
'It makes me quite ill to think of it,' said Grandma Josephine.
'Nonsense!' cried Grandpa Joe. 'Wouldn't it be something, Charlie, to open a bar of chocolate and see a Golden Ticket glistening inside!'
'It certainly would, Grandpa. But there isn't a hope,' Charlie said sadly. 'I only get one bar a year.'
'You never know, darling,' said Grandma Georgina. 'It's your birthday next week. You have as much chance as anybody else.'
'I'm afraid that simply isn't true,' said Grandpa George. 'The kids who are going to find the Golden Tickets are the ones who can afford to buy bars of chocolate every day. Our Charlie gets only one a year. There isn't a hope.'



Die Goue Kaartjies

“Jy bedoel mense gaan toegelaat word om by die fabriek in te gaan?” roep oupa Joe uit. “Lees vir ons wat daar staan - gou!”
“Goed,” sê meneer Bucket en stryk die koerant glad. “Luister.”
AANDBLAD

Mnr. Willy Wonka, die lekkergoedgenie wat tien jaar laas gesien is, het vandag die volgende kennisgewing uitgestuur:

Ek, Willy Wonka, het besluit om vanjaar vyf kinders - let wel, net vyf, nie meer nie - toe te laat om my fa- briek te besoek. Ek sal hierdie gelukkige vyf persoonlik in my fabriek rondneem en hulle mag al my geheime wonders sien. Aan die einde van die toer, as ’n spesiale geskenk, sal ek vir elkeen van hulle genoeg sjokolade en lekkers vir die res van hul lewens gee. So hou jul oë oop vir die Goue Kaartjies! Vyf Goue Kaartjies, ge- druk op goudpapier, is in vyf gewone sjokoladestafies versteek.
Hierdie vyf sjokoladestafies kan op enige plek wees - in ’n winkel in enige straat in enige dorp of stad in enige land in die wêreld - op enige toonbank waar Wonka Lekkergoed verkoop word. Die vyf gelukkige kinders wat hierdie vyf Goue Kaartjies kry, is die

***enigstes* wat toegelaat sal word om my fabriek te besoek en te sien hoe dit nou binne lyk. Voorspoed aan almal, en lekker soek! Willy Wonka**

"Die man is stapelgek!" mompel ouma Josephine.

"Hy's briljant!" roep oupa Joe uit. "Hy's 'n towe- naar! Dink net wat gaan nou gebeur! Die hele wêreld gaan na daardie Goue Kaartjies soek! Almal gaan Wonka se sjokoladestafies koop in die hoop om 'n kaartjie te kry! Hy gaan meer as ooit tevore verkoop! O, dink net hoe opwindend sal dit wees om so 'n kaartjie te kry!"

"Genoeg sjokolade en lekkers vir die res van jou lewe - *vernietl*" sê oupa George. "Dink net!"

"Hulle sal dit in 'n lorrie moet aflewer!" sê ouma Georgina.

"Ek raak skoon siek as ek daaraan dink," sê ouma Josephine.

"Twak!" roep oupa Joe uit. "Sal dit nie *wonder- lik* wees om 'n sjokoladestafie oop te maak en 'n blink Goue Kaartjie te kry nie, Charlie?"

"Natuurlik, Oupa. Maar ek het nie 'n kans nié," sê Charlie hartseer. "Ek kry net een keer per jaar 'n sjokolade."

"Jy weet nooit, skatlam," sê ouma Georgina.

"Jy verjaar volgende week. Jy het net so 'n goeie kans soos enigiemand anders."

"Ek is bevrees dis nie waar nie," sê oupa George. "Die kinders wat die Goue Kaartjies sal kry, is dié wat dit kan bekostig om elke dag sjokolade te koop. Ons Charlie kry net een keer per jaar 'n sjokolade. Hy het nie 'n kans nie."

Chapter 6

The First Two Finders

The very next day, the first Golden Ticket was found. The finder was a boy called Augustus Gloop, and Mr Bucket's evening newspaper carried a large picture of him on the front page. The picture showed a nine-year-old boy who was so enormously fat he looked as though he had been blown up with a powerful pump. Great flabby folds of fat bulged out from every part of his body, and his face was like a monstrous ball of dough with two small greedy curranty eyes peering out upon the world. The town in which Augustus Gloop lived, the newspaper said, had gone wild with excitement over their hero. Flags were flying from all the windows, children had been given a holiday from school, and a parade was being organized in honour of the famous youth.
'I just knew Augustus would find a Golden Ticket,' his mother had told the newspapermen. 'He eats so many bars of chocolate a day that it was almost impossible for him not to find one. Eating is his hobby, you know. That's all he's interested in. But still, that's better than being a hooligan and shooting off zip guns and things like that in his spare time, isn't it? And what I always say is, he wouldn't go on eating like he does unless he needed nourishment, would he? It's all vitamins, anyway. What a thrill it will be for him to visit Mr Wonka's marvellous factory! We're just as proud as anything!'
'What a revolting woman,' said Grandma Josephine.
'And what a repulsive boy,' said Grandma Georgina.
'Only four Golden Tickets left,' said Grandpa George. 'I wonder who'll get those.'
And now the whole country, indeed, the whole world, seemed suddenly to be caught up in a mad chocolate-buying spree, everybody searching frantically for those precious remaining tickets. Fully grown women were seen going into sweet shops and buying ten Wonka bars at a time, then tearing off the wrappers on the spot and peering eagerly underneath for a glint of golden paper. Children were taking hammers and smashing their piggy banks and running out to the shops with handfuls of money. In one city, a famous gangster robbed a bank of a thousand pounds and spent the whole lot on Wonka bars that same afternoon. And when the police entered his house to arrest him, they found him sitting on the floor amidst mountains of chocolate, ripping off the wrappers with the blade of a long dagger. In far-off Russia, a woman called Charlotte Russe claimed to have found

the second ticket, but it turned out to be a clever fake. The famous English scientist, Professor Foulbody, invented a machine which would tell you at once, without opening the wrapper of a bar of chocolate, whether or not there was a Golden Ticket hidden underneath it. The machine had a mechanical arm that shot out with tremendous force and grabbed hold of anything that had the slightest bit of gold inside it, and for a moment, it looked like the answer to everything. But unfortunately, while the Professor was showing off the machine to the public at the sweet counter of a large department store, the mechanical arm shot out and made a grab for the gold filling in the back tooth of a duchess who was standing near by. There was an ugly scene, and the machine was smashed by the crowd.

Suddenly, on the day before Charlie Bucket's birthday, the newspapers announced that the second Golden Ticket had been found. The lucky person was a small girl called Veruca Salt who lived with her rich parents in a great city far away. Once again Mr Bucket's evening newspaper carried a big picture of the finder. She was sitting between her beaming father and mother in the living room of their house, waving the Golden Ticket above her head, and grinning from ear to ear.

Veruca's father, Mr Salt, had eagerly explained to the newspapermen exactly how the ticket was found. 'You see, boys,' he had said, 'as soon as my little girl told me that she simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, I went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka bars I could lay my hands on. Thousands of them, I must have bought. Hundreds of thousands! Then I had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to my own factory. I'm in the peanut business, you see, and I've got about a hundred women working for me over at my place, shelling
peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women, they sit there shelling peanuts. So I says to them, "Okay, girls," I says, "from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these chocolate bars instead!" And they did. I had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate full speed ahead from morning till night.

'But three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh, it was terrible! My little Veruca got more and more upset each day, and every time I went home she would scream at me, "Where's my Golden Ticket! I want my Golden Ticket!" And she would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Well, I just hated to see my little girl feeling unhappy like that, so I vowed I would keep up the search until I'd got her what she wanted. Then suddenly . . . on the evening of the fourth day, one of my women workers yelled, "I've got it! A Golden Ticket!" And I said, "Give it to me, quick!" and she did, and I

rushed it home and gave it to my darling Veruca, and now she's all smiles, and we have a happy home once again.'
'That's even worse than the fat boy,' said Grandma Josephine.
'She needs a really good spanking,' said Grandma Georgina.
'I don't think the girl's father played it quite fair, Grandpa, do you?' Charlie murmured.
'He spoils her,' Grandpa Joe said. 'And no good can ever come from spoiling a child like that, Charlie, you mark my words.'
'Come to bed, my darling,' said Charlie's mother. 'Tomorrow's your birthday, don't forget that, so I expect you'll be up early to open your present.'
'A Wonka chocolate bar!' cried Charlie. 'It is a Wonka bar, isn't it?'
'Yes, my love,' his mother said. 'Of course it is.'
'Oh, wouldn't it be wonderful if I found the third Golden Ticket inside it?' Charlie said.
'Bring it in here when you get it,' Grandpa Joe said. 'Then we can all watch you taking off the wrapper.'

6

Die eerste twee gelukkiges

Net die volgende dag kry iemand die eerste Goue Kaartjie. Die gelukkige seun se naam is Augustus Gloop, en daar is ’n groot foto van hom op die voorblad van meneer Bucket se koerant. Augustus is ’n negejarige seun wat so vreeslik vet is dat dit lyk of hy met ’n groot pomp opgeblaas is. Drillerige vetrolle peul by sy klere uit en sy gesig lyk soos ’n tamaai bal deeg met twee klein rosyntjieogies wat vir die wêreld loer. Volgens die koerant is Augustus Gloop se tuisdorp rasend opgewonde oor hul held. Daar wapper vlae uit al die vensters, die kinders kry ’n dag skoolvakansie, en daar word ’n optog ter ere van die beroemde seun gereël.
“Ek het sommer *geweet* Augustus sal ’n Goue Kaartjie kry,” het sy ma aan die joernaliste gesê. “Hy eet elke dag *soveel* sjokolade dat dit amper *onmoontlik* is dat hy *nie* een sou kry nie. Eet is sy stokperdjie. Dis *al* waarin hy belangstel. Maar dis darem beter as dat hy ’n *skollie* is wat in sy vrye tyd met *messe* en *gewere* speel, of hoe? En ek sê altyd: hy sal nie aanhou om so te eet as hy nie die voeding *nodig* het nie, of hoe? Dis in elk geval alles *vitamiene.* Dit sal vir hom só *opwindend* wees om meneer Wonka se fantastiese fabriek te besoek! Ons is só *trots* op hom!”

“Wat ’n afstootlike vroumens,” sê ouma Josephine.
“En wat ’n weersinwekkende knaap,” sê ouma Georgina.
“Daar is nog net vier Goue Kaartjies oor,” sê oupa Joe. “Ek wonder wie gaan *hulle* kry.”
Skielik gaan die hele land, om die waarheid te sê, die hele wêreld, op loop en begin vervaard sjoko- ladestafies koop. Almal soek naarstig na die kos- bare oorblywende kaartjies. Volwasse vrouens gaan by lekkergoedwinkels in en koop tien Wonka-stafies op ’n slag, skeur die papier net daar af en soek rasend na ’n glinstering van goue papier. Kinders vat hamers en kap hul spaarvarkies stukkend en hardloop winkels toe met hande vol geld. In een stad steel ’n berugte skurk duisende ponde by ’n bank en bestee dit nog daardie selfde middag op Wonka-stafies. Toe die polisie by sy huis opdaag om hom te arresteer, kry hulle hom plat op die vloer voor ’n berg sjokolade, besig om nóg en nóg sjokoladepapiere met ’n lang dolk oop te skeur.
Ver weg in Rusland beweer ’n vrou genaamd Charlotte Russe sy het die tweede kaartjie gekry, maar vind dan uit dis ’n slim vervalsing. ’n Beroemde Britse wetenskaplike, professor Foulbody, ontwerp ’n masjien wat onmiddellik vir jou sê of daar ’n Goue Kaartjie in ’n stafie is sonder dat jy die sjoko- lade-papier hoef oop te skeur. Die masjien het ’n meganiese arm wat met ’n geweldige krag uitskiet en enigiets gryp wat die geringste greintjie goud be vat.
Vir ’n rukkie lyk dit na die antwoord op almal se probleem. Maar ongelukkig demonstreer die professor eendag by ’n groot winkel se lekkergoedtoon- bank aan die publiek hoe sy masjien werk en toe skiet die meganiese arm uit en gryp ’n goue stopsel uit ’n hertogin wat daar naby staan se mond. Daar was groot konsternasie en die skare het die masjien verpletter.
Die dag voor Charlie Bucket se verjaardag kondig die koerante aan dat iemand die tweede Goue Kaartjie gekry het. Die gelukkige persoon is ’n meisie genaamd Veruca Salt wat saam met haar ryk ouers in ’n groot stad ver weg woon. Daar is weer eens ’n groot foto op die voorblad van meneer Bucket se aandkoerant. Die gelukkige meisie sit tussen haar stralende pa en ma in hul huis se woon- kamer en waai die Goue Kaartjie bo haar kop ter- wyl sy van oor tot oor glimlag.
Veruca se pa, meneer Salt, het gretig aan die joernaliste verduidelik presies hoe sy die kaartjie gekry het. “Julie sien,” word hy aangehaal, “toe my meisiekind vir my sê sy *moet* eenvoudig een van daardie Goue Kaartjies in die hande kry, is ek stad toe om al wat ’n Wonka-stafie is op te koop. Ek moes *duisende* van hulle gekoop het. *Honderde* duisende! Toe laat ek hulle op vragmotors laai en na my *eie* fabriek neem. Julie sien, ek is in die grondboontjiebedryf, en ek het omtrent ’n honderd vrouens wat vir my werk; hulle dop die grondbone uit sodat dit gerooster en gesout kan word. Dis wat daardie vrouens dag

ná dag doen - hulle sit grondbone en uitdop. Toe sê ek vir hulle: 'Reg, dames,' sê ek, 'julle gaan nou ophou grondbone uitdop en begin sjokoladepapier afhaal!' En toe maak hulle so. Elke enkele werker het van soggens vroeg tot saans laat sjokoladepapier afgeskeur. Maar ná drie was ons nog steeds nie gelukkig nie. O, dit was afgryslik! My klein Veruca was elke dag meer ontsteld en elke keer as ek huis toe gaan, het sy op my geskree: ' *Waar is my Goue Kaartjie? Ek wil my Goue Kaartjie he!'* Sy het ure lank op die vloer gelê en op die allerverskriklikste manier geskop en geskree. Ek het dit gehaat om my dogtertjie so ongelukkkig te sien en gesweer om die soektog voort te sit tot ek vir haar kry wat sy wil he. En toe skielik, op die aand van die vierde dag, gil een van my vrouewerkers: 'Ek het dit! 'n Goue Kaartjie!' En ek skree: 'Gee dit vir my, gou!' En sy gee dit vir my en ek jaag huis toe en gee dit vir my geliefde Veruca en nou is sy die ene vriende- likheid en ons huis is weer 'n gelukkige huis." "Sy's nog erger as die vet seun," sê ouma Josephine.
"Sy't 'n afgedankste pak slae nodig," sê ouma Georgina.
"Ek dink nie die meisie se pa het reg gemaak nie, of hoe dink Oupa?" brom Charlie.
"Hy bederf haar," sê oupa Joe. "Hy bederf haar die afgrond in. Daar sal niks goeds van kom nie, Charlie, hoor wat ek vir jou sê."
"Kom slaap nou, my engel," sê Charlie se ma. "Onthou, jy verjaar more, dan moet jy vroeg op- staan om jou present oop te maak."
"'n Wonka-sjokoladestafie!" roep Charlie uit.
"Dit *is mos 'n* Wonka-stafie, nê?"
"Ja, my liefie," sê sy ma. "Natuurlik is dit." "O, sal dit nie wonderlik wees as ek die derde Goue Kaartjie daarin kry nie?" sug Charlie.
"Bring die sjokolade hierheen wanneer jy dit kry," sê oupa Joe. "Dan kan ons almal kyk hoe jy dit oopmaak."

Chapter 7

Charlie's Birthday

'Happy birthday!' cried the four old grandparents, as Charlie came into their room early the next morning.
Charlie smiled nervously and sat down on the edge of the bed. He was holding his present, his only present, very carefully in his two hands. WONKA'S WHIPPLE-SCRUMPTIOUS FUDGEMALLOW DELIGHT, it said on the wrapper.
The four old people, two at either end of the bed, propped themselves up on their pillows and stared with anxious eyes at the bar of chocolate in Charlie's hands.
Mr and Mrs Bucket came in and stood at the foot of the bed, watching Charlie.
The room became silent. Everybody was waiting now for Charlie to start opening his present. Charlie looked down at the bar of chocolate. He ran his fingers slowly back and forth along the length of it, stroking it lovingly, and the shiny paper wrapper made little sharp crackly noises in the quiet room.
Then Mrs Bucket said gently, 'You mustn't be too disappointed, my darling, if you don't find what you're looking for underneath that wrapper. You really can't expect to be as lucky as all that.'
'She's quite right,' Mr Bucket said.
Charlie didn't say anything.
'After all,' Grandma Josephine said, 'in the whole wide world there are only three tickets left to be found.'
'The thing to remember,' Grandma Georgina said, 'is that whatever happens, you'll still have the bar of chocolate.'
'Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight!' cried Grandpa George. 'It's the best
of them all! You'll just love it!'
'Yes,' Charlie whispered. 'I know.'
'Just forget all about those Golden Tickets and enjoy the chocolate,' Grandpa Joe said. 'Why don't you do that?'
They all knew it was ridiculous to expect this one poor little bar of chocolate to have a magic ticket inside it, and they were trying as gently and as kindly as they could to prepare Charlie for the disappointment. But there was one other thing that the grown-ups also knew, and it was this: that however small the chance might be of striking lucky, the chance was there.
The chance had to be there.

This particular bar of chocolate had as much chance as any other of having a Golden Ticket.
And that was why all the grandparents and parents in the room were actually just as tense and excited as Charlie was, although they were pretending to be very calm.
'You'd better go ahead and open it up, or you'll be late for school,' Grandpa Joe said.
'You might as well get it over with,' Grandpa George said.
'Open it, my dear,' Grandma Georgina said. 'Please open it. You're making me jumpy.'
Very slowly, Charlie's fingers began to tear open one small corner of the wrapping paper.
The old people in the bed all leaned forward, craning their scraggy necks.
Then suddenly, as though he couldn't bear the suspense any longer, Charlie tore the wrapper right down the middle . . . and on to his lap, there fell . . . a light-brown creamy-coloured bar of chocolate.
There was no sign of a Golden Ticket anywhere.
'Well — that's that!' said Grandpa Joe brightly. 'It's just what we expected.'
Charlie looked up. Four kind old faces were watching him intently from the bed. He smiled at them, a small sad smile, and then he shrugged his shoulders and picked up the chocolate bar and held it out to his mother, and said, 'Here, Mother, have a bit. We'll share it. I want everybody to taste it.'
'Certainly not!' his mother said.
And the others all cried, 'No, no! We wouldn't dream of it! It's all yours!'
'Please,' begged Charlie, turning round and offering it to Grandpa Joe.
But neither he nor anyone else would take even a tiny bit.
'It's time to go to school, my darling,' Mrs Bucket said, putting an arm around Charlie's skinny shoulders. 'Come on, or you'll be late.'

7

Charlie se verjaardag
“Veels geluk!” kraai die oupas en oumas toe Charlie vroeg die volgende oggend by hul kamer inkom.
Charlie glimlag senuweeagtig en gaan sit op die rand van die bed. Hy hou sy present, sy enigste present, versigtig in sy hande vas. WONKA SE SJOKOFUDGE-SMULSTAFIE staan daar op die papier.

Die vier oumense, twee aan elke kant van die bed, skuif teen hul kussings op en staar met groot oë na die sjokoladestafie in Charlie se hande.
Meneer en mevrou Bucket kom in en staan by die bed se voetenent en hou Charlie dop.
Die kamer is doodstil. Almal wag dat Charlie sy present moet oopmaak. Charlie kyk af na die sjoko- lade. Hy laat gly sy vingers stadig oor die stafie en streel liefdevol daaroor. Die blink sjokoladepapier maak klein, skerp kraakgeluidjies in die stil kamer.
Toe sê mevrou Bucket sag: "Jy moenie té teleur- gesteld wees as jy nie kry waarna jy soek wanneer jy dit oopmaak nie, skat. Dis min mense wat so gelukkig is."
"Jou ma is reg," sê meneer Bucket.
Charlie sê niks.
"Onthou," sê ouma Josephine, "daar is nog net drie kaartjies in die hele wye wêreld oor."
"En op slot van sake," sê ouma Georgina, "wat ook al gebeur, jy het nog steeds die sjokoladestafie."
"Wonka se Sjokofudge-Smulstafie!" roep oupa Joe uit. "Dis die beste een van almal! Jy gaan *baie* daarvan hou!"
"Ja," sê Charlie skor. "Ek weet."
"Vergeet net heeltemal van die Goue Kaartjies en geniet die sjokolade," sê oupa Joe. "Dink jy jy sal kan?"
Almal weet dis belaglik om te verwag dat hier- die een klein sjokoladestafie 'n towerkaartjie sal inhê en hulle probeer Charlie so sagkens moontlik op die teleurstelling voorberei. Maar die groot- mense weet ook iets anders: al is die kans ook *hoe* klein dat hy gelukkig sal wees, *is daar nogtans 'n kans*.
Daar *is* 'n kans.
Daar kan net so maklik 'n Goue Kaartjie in hier- die spesifieke sjokoladestafie wees as in enige ander een.
En daarom is Charlie se oupas en oumas en pa en ma net so gespanne en opgewonde as hy, al maak hulle asof hulle vreeslik kalm is.
"Maak dit nou oop, of jy sal laat wees vir skool," sê oupa Joe.
"Ja, kry dit oor en verby," sê oupa George.
"Toe nou, my skat," sê ouma Georgina. "Maak dit asseblief nou oop. My senuwees is gedaan."
Stadig begin Charlie se vingers een klein hoekie van die sjokoladepapier oopskeur.
Die oumense in die bed leun almal vorentoe en rek hul plooierige nekke lank uit.
Toe skielik kan Charlie nie meer langer wag nie. Hy skeur die papier heeltemal oop . . . en wat val op sy skoot uit? 'n Ligbruin, romerige sjokolade- stafie.

Daar is nie ’n teken van ’n Goue Kaartjie nie.
“Nou ja, daar het julle dit!” sê oupa Joe. “Nes ons verwag het.”
Charlie kyk op. Vier vriendelike ou gesigte kyk uit die bed na hom. Hy glimlag vir hulle, ’n klein, hartseer glimlaggie, en dan trek hy sy skouers op. Hy vat die sjokoladestafie, hou dit na sy ma toe uit en sê: “Hier Mamma, vat ’n happie. Ons gaan dit deel. Ek wil hê almal moet daarvan proe.”
“Nooit gesien nie!” sê sy ma.
En al die ander sê: “Nog nooit nie! Ons sal nie daarvan droom nie! Dis *alles* joune!”
“Asseblief, ” smeek Charlie. Hy draai om en bied die sjokolade vir oupa Joe aan.
Maar nie hy of een van die ander wil eens ’n klein stukkie hê nie.
“Tyd om skool toe te gaan, skat,” sê mevrou Bucket en sit haar arm om Charlie se skraal skouers. “Kom nou, of jy gaan laat wees.”

Chapter 8

Two More Golden Tickets Found

That evening, Mr Bucket's newspaper announced the finding of not only the third Golden Ticket, but the fourth as well. TWO GOLDEN TICKETS FOUND TODAY, screamed the headlines. ONLY ONE MORE LEFT.

'All right,' said Grandpa Joe, when the whole family was gathered in the old people's room after supper, 'let's hear who found them.'

'The third ticket,' read Mr Bucket, holding the newspaper up close to his face because his eyes were bad and he couldn't afford glasses, 'the third ticket was found by a Miss Violet Beauregarde. There was great excitement in the Beauregarde household when our reporter arrived to interview the lucky young lady — cameras were clicking and flashbulbs were flashing and people were pushing and jostling and trying to get a bit closer to the famous girl. And the famous girl was standing on a chair in the living room waving the Golden Ticket madly at arm's length as though she were flagging a taxi. She was talking very fast and very loudly to everyone, but it was not easy to hear all that she said because she was chewing so ferociously upon a piece of gum at the same time.

'"I'm a gum chewer, normally," she shouted, "but when I heard about these ticket things of
Mr Wonka's, I gave up gum and started on chocolate bars in the hope of striking lucky. Now, of course, I'm back on gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping. To tell you the truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day, I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day."

'"Now, Violet," Mrs Beauregarde said from a far corner of the room where she was standing on the piano to avoid being trampled by the mob.

'"All right, Mother, keep your hair on!" Miss Beauregarde shouted. "And now," she went on, turning to the reporters again, "it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid.

That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornelia Prinzmetel. And was she furious! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At night-time, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings — a bit hard at first, maybe, but it soon softens up again after I've given it a few good chews. Before I started chewing for the world record, I used to change my piece of gum once a day. I used to do it in our lift on the way home from school. Why the lift? Because I liked sticking the gooey piece that I'd just finished with on to one of the control buttons. Then the next person who came along and pressed the button got my old gum on the end of his or her finger. Ha-ha! And what a racket they kicked up, some of them. You get the best results with women who have expensive gloves on. Oh yes, I'm thrilled to be going to Mr Wonka's factory. And I understand that afterwards he's going to give me enough gum to last me for the rest of my whole life. Whoopee! Hooray!"'

'Beastly girl,' said Grandma Josephine.

'Despicable!' said Grandma Georgina. 'She'll come to a sticky end one day, chewing all that gum, you see if she doesn't.'

'And who got the fourth Golden Ticket?' Charlie asked.

'Now, let me see,' said Mr Bucket, peering at the newspaper again. 'Ah yes, here we are. The fourth Golden Ticket,' he read, 'was found by a boy called Mike Teavee.'

'Another bad lot, I'll be bound,' muttered Grandma Josephine.

'Don't interrupt, Grandma,' said Mrs Bucket.

'The Teavee household,' said Mr Bucket, going on with his reading, 'was crammed, like all the others, with excited visitors when our reporter arrived, but young Mike Teavee, the lucky winner, seemed extremely annoyed by the whole business. "Can't you fools see I'm watching television?" he said angrily. "I wish you wouldn't interrupt!"

'The nine-year-old boy was seated before an enormous television set, with his eyes glued to the screen, and he was watching a film in which one bunch of gangsters was shooting up another bunch of gangsters with machine guns. Mike Teavee himself had no less than eighteen toy pistols of various sizes hanging from belts around his body, and every now and again he would leap up into the air and fire off half a dozen rounds from one or another of these weapons.

'"Quiet!" he shouted, when someone tried to ask him a question.

"Didn't I tell you not to interrupt! This show's an absolute whiz-banger! It's terrific! I watch it every day. I watch all of them every day, even the rotten ones, where there's no shooting. I like the gangsters best. They're terrific, those gangsters! Especially when they start pumping each other full of lead, or flashing the old stilettos, or giving each other the one-two-three with their knuckledusters! Gosh,

what wouldn't I give to be doing that myself! It's the life, I tell you! It's terrific!'"

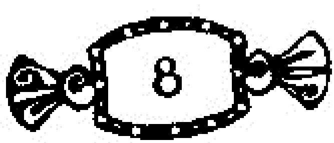
'That's quite enough!' snapped Grandma Josephine. 'I can't bear to listen to it!'

'Nor me,' said Grandma Georgina. 'Do all children behave like this nowadays — like these brats we've been hearing about?'

'Of course not,' said Mr Bucket, smiling at the old lady in the bed. 'Some do, of course. In fact, quite a lot of them do. But not all.'

'And now there's only one ticket left!' said Grandpa George.

'Quite so,' sniffed Grandma Georgina. 'And just as sure as I'll be having cabbage soup for supper tomorrow, that ticket'll go to some nasty little beast who doesn't deserve it!'



Nog twee Goue Kaartjies gekrg

Daardie aand kondig meneer Bucket se koerant aan dat nie net die derde Goue Kaartjie gekry is nie, maar ook die vierde een. TWEE GOUE KAARTJIES VANDAG GEKRY skree die hoofopskrif. NOG NET EEN OOR!

“Nou goed,” sê oupa Joe toe die hele familie ná aandete in die oumense se kamer vergader, “laat ons hoor wie dit gekry het.”

“Die derde kaartjie,” lees meneer Bucket met die koerant teenaan sy gesig omdat sy oë sleg is en hy nie ’n bril kan bekostig nie, “die derde kaartjie is gekry deur ’n juffrou Violet Beauregarde. Daar was groot beroering in die Beauregarde-huishouding toe ons verslaggewer vanmiddag ’n onderhoud met die gelukkige jong dame gedoen het. Kameras het geklik en ligte het geflits en mense het mekaar gestoot en gestamp soos hulle probeer het om naby die beroemde meisie te kom. Die beroemde meisie het op ’n stoel in die sitkamer gestaan en die Goue Kaartjie wild bo haar kop rondgewaai asof sy ’n taxi probeer stop. Sy het vreeslik vinnig en vreeslik hard met almal gepraat, en dit was

moeilik om te hoor wat sy sê, want sy het terselfder- tyd ’n groot bol kougom gekou.

“‘Ek is gewoonlik ’n kougomkouer,’ het sy ge- skree, ‘maar toe ek van meneer Wonka se kaartjies hoor, het ek dit gelos en begin sjokolade koop, want ek wou so graag een van die gelukkige vyf wees. Nou kou ek natuurlik weer kougom. Ek is *mal* oor kougom. Ek kan nie

daarsonder lewe nie. Ek kou dit heeldag lank, behalwe die paar minute wanneer ek eet. Dan haal ek die kougom uit my mond en druk dit veilig agter my oor vas. Weet julle, ek dink ek sal voel daar is iets *verkeerd* as ek nie heeldag en aldag 'n stukkie kougom in my kies het nie. Nee, regtig. My ma sê dis onvroulik en dit lyk lelik as 'n meisie se kake heeltyd so op en af beweeg soos myne, maar ek stem nie saam nie. En wie is sy in elk geval om te praat, want *haar* kake beweeg ook heeltyd op en af soos wat sy heeldag op my *skree*.'

"'Skaam jou, Violet!' sê mevrou Beauregarde uit die hoek van die vertrek waar sy op die klavier staan sodat die spul mense haar nie moet vertrap nie.

"'Ag, Ma, moet net nie histeries raak nie!' skree juffrou Beauregarde. 'En nou,' praat sy verder met die verslaggewers, 'gaan ek vir julle 'n geheim vertel. Ek kou al *drie maande aanmekaar* aan hierdie stuk kougom wat nou in my kies is. Dis 'n rekord. Dis beter as my beste maat, juffrou Cornelia Prinzmetel, se rekord. En sy's woedend daaroor! Dis nou my kosbaarste besitting - hierdie stukkie kougom. Saans plak ek dit teen my bed se poot vas en soggens is dit weer so goed soos nuut - miskien 'n bietjie hard aan die begin, maar ná 'n paar goeie koue is dit gou weer sag. Voor ek vir die wêreldrekord begin kou het, het ek my kougom een keer per dag vir 'n nuwe omgeruil. Ek het dit gewoonlik in ons gebou se hyser gedoen as ek terugkom van die skool. Hoekom in die hyser? Want ek het daarvan gehou om die taai stuk waarmee ek klaar is op een van die knoppies vas te druk. Dan het dit aan die volgende een wat die knoppie druk se vinger vasgesit. Ha-haa! En party mense kan vreeslik te kere gaan. Dit werk die beste met vrouens wat duur handskoene dra. O ja, ek kan nie wag om na meneer Wonka se fabriek te gaan nie. En ek hoor ek gaan ná die tyd genoeg kougom kry vir die res van my lewe. Jippie! Hoera!"

"Ongepoetste meisiekind," sê ouma Josephine.

"Weersinwekkend!" sê ouma Georgina. "Sy gaan nog eendag klippe kou van al haar gekougom- kouery. Wag maar, julle sal sien."

"En wie het die vierde Goue Kaartjie gekry?" vra Charlie.

"Laat ek sien," sê meneer Bucket en hy loer weer in die koerant. "A, ja, hier is dit. Die vierde Goue Kaartjie," lees hy, "is gekry deur 'n seun genaamd Mike Teevee."

"Klink na nóg 'n niksnuts," brom ouma Josephine.

"Laat hom lees, Ouma," sê mevrou Bucket.

"Die Teevees se huis was," lees meneer Bucket verder, "nes al die ander wenners, stampvol opge- wonde besoekers toe ons verslaggewer daar opdaag, maar Mike Teevee, die gelukkige kêrel, het hom bloedig vir die hele gedoente vervies. 'Kan julle idiote nie sien ek kyk televisie nie?' het hy nors gesê. 'Ek wil nie gepla word nie!'

"Die negejarige seun het voor 'n enorme TV-stel gesit, sy oë vasgenael

op die skerm, en gekyk na 'n toneel waarin 'n bende skurke met masjiengewere op 'n ander bende losbrand. Mike self het min- stens agtien verskillende groottes speelgoedpistole aan bande om sy lyf gedra en elke nou en dan opge- spring en 'n halfdosyn skote met een van hulle afgevuur.

"Wanneer iemand hom 'n vraag probeer vra het, was sy antwoord: 'Sjarrap! Ek het mos *gesê* ek wil nie gepla word nie! Dis 'n lekker skopskiet- program hierdie. Ek's mal daaroor! Ek kyk elke dag daarna. Ek kyk elke dag na ál die programme, seifs die simpeles waarin daar nie 'n skietery is nie. Ek hou die meeste van die bendes. Hulle is rêrig *cool.* Veral as hulle mekaar vol lood pomp of hul messe uitpluk of mekaar met hul vuisysters voos slaan! Jissie, ek *wens* ek kan dit ook al doen! Ek wil ook eendag 'n *baddie* wees. Dis rêrig *cool!"* "Dis oorgenoeg!" snak ouma Josephine. "Ek wil nie *een* woord verder hoor nie!"

"Ek ook nie," sê ouma Georgina. "Is *alle* kinders deesdae só . . . soos hierdie misbaksels waarvan ons nou net gehoor het? "

"Natuurlik nie," sê meneer Bucket en glimlag vir die ou dame in die bed. "Net party is so. Of eintlik heelwat van hulle. Maar nie *almal* nie. " "En nou is daar *nog net een kaartjie* oor!" sê oupa George.

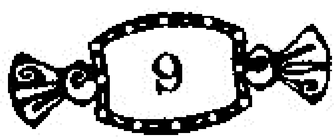
"Einste," snuif ouma Georgina. "En so seker soos wat ek more koolsop vir aandete sal kry, so seker gaan een of ander nare klein pes wat dit nie verdien nie daardie kaartjie kry! "

Chapter 9

Grandpa Joe Takes a Gamble

The next day, when Charlie came home from school and went in to see his grandparents, he found that only Grandpa Joe was awake. The other three were all snoring loudly.
'Ssshh!' whispered Grandpa Joe, and he beckoned Charlie to come closer. Charlie tiptoed over and stood beside the bed. The old man gave Charlie a sly grin, and then he started rummaging under his pillow with one hand; and when the hand came out again, there was an ancient leather purse clutched in the fingers. Under cover of the bedclothes, the old man opened the purse and tipped it upside down. Out fell a single silver sixpence. 'It's my secret hoard,' he whispered. 'The others don't know I've got it. And now, you and I are going to have one more fling at finding that last ticket. How about it, eh? But you'll have to help me.'
'Are you sure you want to spend your money on that, Grandpa?' Charlie whispered.
'Of course I'm sure!' spluttered the old man excitedly. 'Don't stand there arguing! I'm as keen as you are to find that ticket! Here — take the money and run down the street to the nearest shop and buy the first Wonka bar you see and bring it straight back to me, and we'll open it together.'
Charlie took the little silver coin, and slipped quickly out of the room. In five minutes, he was back.
'Have you got it?' whispered Grandpa Joe, his eyes shining with excitement.
Charlie nodded and held out the bar of chocolate. WONKA'S NUTTY CRUNCH SURPRISE, it said on the wrapper.
'Good!' the old man whispered, sitting up in the bed and rubbing his hands. 'Now — come over here and sit close to me and we'll open it together. Are you ready?'
'Yes,' Charlie said. 'I'm ready.'
'All right. You tear off the first bit.'
'No,' Charlie said, 'you paid for it. You do it all.'
The old man's fingers were trembling most terribly as they fumbled with the wrapper. 'We don't have a hope, really,' he whispered, giggling a bit. 'You do know we don't have a hope, don't you?'
'Yes,' Charlie said. 'I know that.'
They looked at each other, and both started giggling nervously.
'Mind you,' said Grandpa Joe, 'there is just that tiny chance that it

might be the one, don't you agree?'
'Yes,' Charlie said. 'Of course. Why don't you open it, Grandpa?'
'All in good time, my boy, all in good time. Which end do you think I ought to open first?'
'That corner. The one furthest from you. Just tear off a tiny bit, but not quite enough for us to see anything.'
'Like that?' said the old man.
'Yes. Now a little bit more.'
'You finish it,' said Grandpa Joe. 'I'm too nervous.'
'No, Grandpa. You must do it yourself.'
'Very well, then. Here goes.' He tore off the wrapper.
They both stared at what lay underneath. It was a bar of chocolate — nothing more.
All at once, they both saw the funny side of the whole thing, and they burst into peals of laughter. 'What on earth's going on!' cried Grandma Josephine, waking up suddenly. 'Nothing,' said Grandpa Joe. 'You go on back to sleep.'



Oupa Joe se dobbelspel
Die volgende dag toe Charlie ná skool by die huis kom en by sy oupas en oumas inloer, sien hy net oupa Joe is wakker. Die ander drie snork salig.
“Sjuut!” fluister oupa Joe en wink Charlie nader. Charlie loop op sy tone tot by die bed. Die oubaas grinnik skelm vir Charlie en begin met sy een hand onder sy kussing rondvroetel. Toe die hand weer uitkom, hou hy ’n ou leerbeursie vas. Oupa Joe maak die beursie onder die beddegoed oop en dop dit om. Een enkele silwer munt val daaruit. “Dis my geheime geldjie,” fluister hy. “Die ander weet nie daarvan nie. Ek en jy gaan nou ’n laaste poging aanwend om daai laaste kaartjie te kry. Wat sê jy daarvan, he? Maar jy sal my moet help.”
“Wil Oupa rêrig Oupa se spaargeld op só iets uitgee?” fluister Charlie.
“Maar natuurlik!” sê die oubaas opgewonde. “Moenie met my staan en stry nie. Ek is so gretig soos jy om daardie kaartjie in die hande te kry! Hier - vat die geld en hardloop met die straat af na die naaste winkel en koop die eerste Wonka-
stafie wat jy sien en bring dit dadelik terug vir my, dan maak ons dit saam oop.”
Charlie kyk na die silwer munt en glip by die kamer uit. Binne vyf

minute is hy terug.
“Het jy dit?” fluister oupa Joe en sy oë blink van opwinding.
Charlie knik en wys vir hom die sjokoladestafie. WONKA SE SJOKONEUT-SENSASIE staan op die papier.
“Mooi so!” fluister die ou man en sit regop in die bed en vryf sy hande. “Korn sit nou hier by my, dan maak ons dit saam oop. Is jy reg?”
“Ja,” sê Charlie. “Ek is reg.”
“Goed, skeur jy die eerste stukkie af.”
“Nee,” sê Charlie. “Oupa het daarvoor betaal. Oupa moet dit oopmaak.”
Die oubaas se vingers voel-voel bewerig aan die sjokoladepapier. “Ons het nie eintlik ’n kans nie,” fluister hy grinnikend. “Jy weet ons het nie regtig ’n kans nie, nê?”
“Ja, Oupa,” sê Charlie. “Ek weet.”
Hulle kyk vir mekaar en al twee begin senuwee- agtig giggel.
“Maar aan die ander kant,” sê oupa Joe, “is daar altyd die *skrale* kans dat die kaartjie wél hierin is.” “Ja,” sê Charlie. “Natuurlik. Hoekom maak Oupa dit nie nou oop nie?”
“Geduld, ou seun, geduld. Watter kant dink jy moet ek eerste oopmaak?”
“Daardie hoekie. Die een verste van Oupa af. Skeur net ’n *klein-klein* stukkie af, maar nie genoeg dat ons enigiets kan sien nie.”
“Soveel?” vra die oubaas.
“Ja. Nou nóg ’n bietjie.”
“Doen jy die res,” sê oupa Joe. “Ek het die rittel- tits.”
“Nee, Oupa moet dit self doen.”
“Nou goed dan. Hier gaan ek.” Oupa Joe skeur die papier oop.
Hulle al twee staar na wat binne-in is.
Dis net die sjokoladestafie - niks meer nie.
Skielik besef hulle hoe snaaks dit alles is en hulle bars uit van die lag.
“Wat op aarde gaan aan?” vra ouma Josephine toe sy wakker skrik.
“Niks,” sê oupa Joe. “Slaap maar verder.”

Chapter 10

The Family Begins to Starve

During the next two weeks, the weather turned very cold. First came the snow. It began very suddenly one morning just as Charlie Bucket was getting dressed for school. Standing by the window, he saw the huge flakes drifting slowly down out of an icy sky that was the colour of steel.

By evening, it lay four feet deep around the tiny house, and Mr Bucket had to dig a path from the front door to the road.

After the snow, there came a freezing gale that blew for days and days without stopping. And oh, how bitter cold it was! Everything that Charlie touched seemed to be made of ice, and each time he stepped outside the door, the wind was like a knife on his cheek.

Inside the house, little jets of freezing air came rushing in through the sides of the windows and under the doors, and there was no place to go to escape them. The four old ones lay silent and huddled in their bed, trying to keep the cold out of their bones. The excitement over the Golden Tickets had long since been forgotten. Nobody in the family gave a thought now to anything except the two vital problems of trying to keep warm and trying to get enough to eat.

There is something about very cold weather that gives one an enormous appetite. Most of us find ourselves beginning to crave rich steaming stews and hot apple pies and all kinds of delicious warming dishes; and because we are all a great deal luckier than we realize, we usually get what we want — or near enough. But Charlie Bucket never got what he wanted because the family couldn't afford it, and as the cold weather went on and on, he became ravenously and desperately hungry. Both bars of chocolate, the birthday one and the one Grandpa Joe had bought, had long since been nibbled away, and all he got now were those thin, cabbagy meals three times a day.

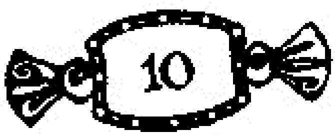
Then all at once, the meals became even thinner.

The reason for this was that the toothpaste factory, the place where Mr Bucket worked, suddenly went bust and had to close down. Quickly, Mr Bucket tried to get another job. But he had no luck. In the end, the only way in which he managed to earn a few pennies was by shovelling snow in the streets. But it wasn't enough to buy even a quarter of the food that seven people needed. The situation became desperate. Breakfast was a single slice of bread for each person now, and lunch was maybe half a boiled potato.

Slowly but surely, everybody in the house began to starve.

And every day, little Charlie Bucket, trudging through the snow on his way to school, would have to pass Mr Willy Wonka's giant chocolate factory. And every day, as he came near to it, he would lift his small pointed nose high in the air and sniff the wonderful sweet smell of melting chocolate. Sometimes, he would stand motionless outside the gates for several minutes on end, taking deep swallowing breaths as though he were trying to eat the smell itself.
'That child,' said Grandpa Joe, poking his head up from under the blanket one icy morning, 'that child has got to have more food. It doesn't matter about us. We're too old to bother with. But a growing boy! He can't go on like this! He's beginning to look like a skeleton!'
'What can one do?' murmured Grandma Josephine miserably. 'He refuses to take any of ours. I hear his mother tried to slip her own piece of bread on to his plate at breakfast this morning, but he wouldn't touch it. He made her take it back.'
'He's a fine little fellow,' said Grandpa George. 'He deserves better than this.'
The cruel weather went on and on.
And every day, Charlie Bucket grew thinner and thinner. His face became frighteningly
white and pinched. The skin was drawn so tightly over the cheeks that you could see the shapes of the bones underneath. It seemed doubtful whether he could go on much longer like this without becoming dangerously ill.
And now, very calmly, with that curious wisdom that seems to come so often to small children in times of hardship, he began to make little changes here and there in some of the things that he did, so as to save his strength. In the mornings, he left the house ten minutes earlier so that he could walk slowly to school, without ever having to run. He sat quietly in the classroom during break, resting himself, while the others rushed outdoors and threw snowballs and wrestled in the snow. Everything he did now, he did slowly and carefully, to prevent exhaustion.
Then one afternoon, walking back home with the icy wind in his face (and incidentally feeling hungrier than he had ever felt before), his eye was caught suddenly by something silvery lying in the gutter, in the snow. Charlie stepped off the kerb and bent down to examine it. Part of it was buried under the snow, but he saw at once what it was.
It was a fifty-pence piece!
Quickly he looked around him.
Had somebody just dropped it?
No — that was impossible because of the way part of it was buried.
Several people went hurrying past him on the pavement, their chins sunk deep in the collars of their coats, their feet crunching in the

snow. None of them was searching for any money; none of them was taking the slightest notice of the small boy crouching in the gutter.
Then was it his, this fifty pence?
Could he have it?
Carefully, Charlie pulled it out from under the snow. It was damp and dirty, but otherwise perfect.
A WHOLE fifty pence!
He held it tightly between his shivering fingers, gazing down at it. It meant one thing to him at that moment, only one thing. It meant FOOD.
Automatically, Charlie turned and began moving towards the nearest shop. It was only ten paces away . . . it was a newspaper and stationery shop, the kind that sells almost everything, including sweets and cigars . . . and what he would do, he whispered quickly to himself . . . he would buy one luscious bar of chocolate and eat it all up, every bit of it, right then and there . . . and the rest of the money he would take straight back home and give to his mother.



Die familie begin honger ly

Gedurende die volgende twee weke word dit baie koud. Die eerste sneeu kom. Dit begin skielik net een oggend terwyl Charlie Bucket aantrek vir skool. Hy staan by die venster en kyk hoe swaar sneeuvlokke stadig uit die ysige staalgrys lug neersif.
Teen die aand lê die sneeu al vier voet diep om die klein huisie en meneer Bucket moet ’n voetpad van die voordeur na die straat toe oopskoffel.
Ná die sneeu kom ’n vriesende stormwind wat dae en dae aaneen waai. En ai, dis bitter koud! Dit voel of alles waaraan Charlie raak van ys gemaak is en elke keer wat hy by die deur uitgaan, sny die wind soos ’n mes deur hom.
Yskoue winde kom aan die kante van die ven- sters en onder die deur by die huisie ingewaai en ’n mens kan nêrens daarvan wegkom nie. Die oupas en oumas lê stil in hul bed opgekrul om die koue uit hul ou beendere te hou. Die opwinding van die Goue Kaartjies is lankal vergete. Niemand in die familie dink nou meer aan enigiets behalwe hul twee grootste probleme nie: hoe om warm te bly en hoe om genoeg te kry om te eet.
Daar is iets aan baie koue weer wat ’n mens ’n geweldige eetlus gee.

Die meeste van ons begin smag na stomende ryk bredies en warm appeltert en allerhande heerlike disse wat ’n mens vol en warm maak, en omdat ons almal baie gelukkiger is as wat ons besef, kry ons gewoonlik wat ons wil hê - of naastenby. Maar Charlie Bucket kry nooit wat hy wil hê nie, want sy familie kan dit nooit bekostig nie, en soos die koue weer voortduur, raak hy heeltemal desperaat van die honger. Die twee sjokoladestafies, die een vir sy verjaardag en die een wat oupa Joe gekoop het, is lankal stukkie vir stukkie opgeëet en al wat hy nou kry, is daardie karige koolmaaltye drie keer ’n dag.
En toe word die kos seifs nóg minder.
Hoekom? Die tandepastafabriek waar meneer Bucket werk, het skielik bankrot geraak en moes toemaak. Meneer Bucket soek oral werk, maar hy kry niks. Op die ou end is die enigste manier hoe hy ’n paar sente kan verdien om sneeu uit die strate te skoffel. Maar dis nie genoeg om eens ’n kwart van die kos wat die sewe mense nodig het te koop nie. Die situasie word kritiek. Vir ontbyt kry elkeen nou net een sny brood en vir middagete miskien ’n gekookte aartappel.
Stadig maar seker begin almal in die huis honger ly.
En elke dag as Charlie Bucket slof-slof deur die sneeu skool toe loop, moet hy by meneer Willy Wonka se reuse sjokoladefabriek verbygaan. En elke dag as hy daar naby kom, lig hy sy spitsneusie hoog in die lug en snuif die wonderlike soet geur van gesmelte sjokolade. Partykeer staan hy vir ’n hele paar minute botstil buite die hekke en asem diep teue in asof hy die geur self probeer *eet.*
“Daai kind,” sê oupa Joe toe hy sy kop een ysige oggend onder die kombers uitsteek, “daai kind *moet* meer kos kry. Ons is nie belangrik nie. Ons is oud en oor die muur. Maar hy’s ’n *groeiende seunl* Hy kan nie so aangaan nie. Hy begin al soos ’n geraamte lyk! ”
“Wat kan ’n mens *doen*?” mompel oupa Josephine treurig. “Hy verseg om van ons vier se kos te vat. Ek hoor sy ma het vanoggend met ont-byt vir horn haar sny brood gegee, maar hy wou nie daaraan raak nie. Hy’t daarop aangedring dat sy dit terugvat. ”
“Hy’s ’n seun duisend,” sê oupa George. “Hy ver- dien beter as dit.”
Die wrede weer hou aan en aan.
En elke dag word Charlie Bucket maerder en maerder. Sy gesig lyk later doodsbleek en ingevalle. Die vel span so styf oor sy wange dat jy die vorm van die bene daaronder kan sien. Dit begin lyk of hy nie meer baie langer sal kan uithou sonder om ernstig siek te word nie.
En nou gebruik hy daardie vreemde wysheid wat kinders dikwels in tye van swaarkry aanleer om party dinge anders te doen sodat hy sy kragte kan spaar. Soggens gaan hy tien minute vroeër by die huis weg sodat hy stadig skool toe kan stap en nooit hoef te hardloop nie. Pouses sit hy stil in die klaskamer om te rus terwyl die ander buite rond- hardloop en sneeuballe gooi en in die sneeu stoei.

Alles wat hy doen, doen hy nou stadig en versig- tig, sodat hy nie moeg moet word nie.
Een middag stap hy stadig terug huis toe met die yswind in sy gesig (en terloops, hy voel hongerder as ooit tevore) toe sy blik skielik op iets kopers val wat in die straatvoor lê. Charlie gaan staan en buk af om te kyk wat dit is. 'n Deel daarvan is toe onder die sneeu, maar hy herken dit dadelik.
Dis 'n vyftigsentstuk!

Hy kyk vinnig om hom rond.
Het iemand dit dalk nou net laat val?
Nee - dis onmoontlik, want hoekom is 'n deel daarvan dan onder die sneeu begrawe?
Mense loop haastig verby hom op die sypaadjie, hul kenne diep in hul jasse se krae ingetrek, hul skoene knarsend op die sneeu. Niemand soek geld nie, niemand neem enige notisie van die seun wat daar hurk nie.
Is hierdie vyftig sent dan nou *syne?*
Kan hy dit maar *vat?*
Charlie haal die munt versigtig onder die sneeu uit. Dis nat en vuil, maar andersins perfek.
'n HELE vyftig sent!

Hy hou die munt styf tussen sy bewende vingers vas en kyk stip daarna. Op hierdie oomblik be- teken dit vir hom net een ding, net *een* ding. Dit beteken KOS.
Outomaties draai Charlie om en stap na die naaste winkel. Dis net 'n paar tree weg ... dis 'n winkel wat koerante en skryfbehoeftes verkoop, en omtrent enigiets anders, ook lekkers en sigare . . . en skielik weet Charlie wat hy gaan doen. Hy gaan een heerlike sjokoladestafie koop en dit *alles* opeet, elke enkele krieseltjie, net daar en dan . . . en dan gaan hy die res van die geld reguit huis toe vat en vir sy ma gee.

Chapter 11

The Miracle

Charlie entered the shop and laid the damp fifty pence on the counter.
'One Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight,' he said, remembering how much he had loved the one he had on his birthday.
The man behind the counter looked fat and well-fed. He had big lips and fat cheeks and a very fat neck. The fat around his neck bulged out all around the top of his collar like a rubber ring. He turned and reached behind him for the chocolate bar, then he turned back again and handed it to Charlie. Charlie grabbed it and quickly tore off the wrapper and took an enormous bite. Then he took another . . . and another . . . and oh, the joy of being able to cram large pieces of something sweet and solid into one's mouth! The sheer blissful joy of being able to fill one's mouth with rich solid food!
'You look like you wanted that one, sonny,' the shopkeeper said pleasantly.
Charlie nodded, his mouth bulging with chocolate.
The shopkeeper put Charlie's change on the counter. 'Take it easy,' he said. 'It'll give you a tummy-ache if you swallow it like that without chewing.'
Charlie went on wolfing the chocolate. He couldn't stop. And in less than half a minute, the whole thing had disappeared down his throat. He was quite out of breath, but he felt marvellously, extraordinarily happy. He reached out a hand to take the change. Then he paused. His eyes were just above the level of the counter. They were staring at the silver coins lying there. The coins were all five-penny pieces. There were nine of them altogether. Surely it wouldn't matter if he spent just one more . . . 'I think,' he said quietly, 'I think . . . I'll have just one more of those chocolate bars. The same kind as before, please.'
'Why not?' the fat shopkeeper said, reaching behind him again and taking another Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight from the shelf. He laid it on the counter.
Charlie picked it up and tore off the wrapper . . . and suddenly . . . from underneath the wrapper . . . there came a brilliant flash of gold.
Charlie's heart stood still.
'It's a Golden Ticket!' screamed the shopkeeper, leaping about a foot in the air. 'You've got a Golden Ticket! You've found the last Golden Ticket! Hey, would you believe it! Come and look at this, everybody! The kid's found Wonka's last Golden Ticket! There it is! It's right here in his hands!'

It seemed as though the shopkeeper might be going to have a fit. 'In my shop, too!' he yelled. 'He found it right here in my own little shop! Somebody call the newspapers quick and let them know! Watch out now, sonny! Don't tear it as you unwrap it! That thing's precious!'
In a few seconds, there was a crowd of about twenty people clustering around Charlie, and many more were pushing their way in from the street. Everybody wanted to get a look at the Golden Ticket and at the lucky finder.
'Where is it?' somebody shouted. 'Hold it up so all of us can see it!'
'There it is, there!' someone else shouted. 'He's holding it in his hands! See the gold shining!'
'How did he manage to find it, I'd like to know?' a large boy shouted angrily. 'Twenty bars a day I've been buying for weeks and weeks!'
'Think of all the free stuff he'll be getting too!' another boy said enviously. 'A lifetime supply!'
'He'll need it, the skinny little shrimp!' a girl said, laughing.
Charlie hadn't moved. He hadn't even unwrapped the Golden Ticket from around the chocolate. He was standing very still, holding it tightly with both hands while the crowd pushed and shouted all around him. He felt quite dizzy. There was a peculiar floating sensation coming over him, as though he were floating up in the air like a balloon. His feet didn't seem to be touching the ground at all.
He could hear his heart thumping away loudly somewhere in his throat.
At that point, he became aware of a hand resting lightly on his shoulder, and when he looked up, he saw a tall man standing over him. 'Listen,' the man whispered. 'I'll buy it from you. I'll give you fifty pounds. How about it, eh? And I'll give you a new bicycle as well. Okay?'
'Are you crazy?' shouted a woman who was standing equally close. 'Why, I'd give him two hundred pounds for that ticket! You want to sell that ticket for two hundred pounds, young man?'
'That's quite enough of that!' the fat shopkeeper shouted, pushing his way through the crowd and taking Charlie firmly by the arm. 'Leave the kid alone, will you! Make way there! Let him out!' And to Charlie, as he led him to the door, he whispered, 'Don't you let anybody have it! Take it straight home, quickly, before you lose it! Run all the way and don't stop till you get there, you understand?'
Charlie nodded.
'You know something,' the fat shopkeeper said, pausing a moment and smiling at Charlie, 'I have a feeling you needed a break like this. I'm awfully glad you got it. Good luck to you, sonny.'
'Thank you,' Charlie said, and off he went, running through the snow as fast as his legs would go. And as he flew past Mr Willy Wonka's

factory, he turned and waved at it and sang out, 'I'll be seeing you! I'll be seeing you soon!' And five minutes later he arrived at his own home.

11

Die wonderwerk

Charlie loop by die winkel in en sit die klam vyftig- sentstuk op die toonbank neer.

“Een Wonka se Sjokofudge-Smulstafie,” sê hy en onthou hoe ontsaglik lekker was die een wat hy vir sy verjaardag gekry het.

Die man agter die toonbank lyk vet en uitgeëet. Sy lippe is groot, sy wange vet en sy nek dik. Die vet peul soos ’n rubberring bo by sy kraag uit. Hy draai om, kry die sjokoladestafie, draai terug en gee dit vir Charlie. Charlie gryp dit en skeur die papier vinnig af en vat ’n groot hap. En hy vat nog een . . . en nog een . . . en o, dis so lekker om sulke groot hompe soliede soetgoed in jou mond te stop! Dis ongelooflik om ’n hele mond vol daarvan te hê!

“Dit lyk of jy lankal daarna smag, seunie,” sê die winkelier vriendelik.

Charlie knik en sy kieste staan bol van die sjoko- lade.

Die winkeleienaar sit Charlie se kleingeld op die toonbank neer. “Stadig nou,” waarsku hy. “Jy sal maagpyn kry as jy dit insluk sonder om te kou.”

Maar Charlie hou aan om die sjokolade te ver-
slind. Hy kan nie ophou nie. En binne minder as ’n halfminuut is die hele stafie by sy keel af. Hy is effens uitasem, maar hy voel wonderlik, ontsaglik gelukkig. Hy steek sy hand uit om die kleingeld te vat. Skielik aarsel hy. Sy oë is net mooi regoor die bokant van die toonbank. Hy staar na die koper- munte wat daar lê. Dis almal vyfsentstukke en daar is altesaam nege van hulle. Dit sal tog seker nie saak maak as hy net nog één op homself uitgee nie . . .

“Ek dink,” sê hy sag, “ek dink . . . ek wil nog een van daai sjokoladestafies hê. Dieselfde as nou net, asseblief.”

“Hoekom nie?” sê die winkelier en draai weer om en haal nog ’n Sjokofudge-Smulstafie van die rak af. Hy sit dit op die toonbank neer.

Charlie tel die stafie op en skeur die papier oop . . . en *skielik* sien hy iets onder die papier blink . . . iets wat goud skitter.

Charlie se hart gaan staan stil.

“Dis ’n Goue Kaartjie!” gil die winkelier en spring omtrent ’n voet in die lug op. “Jy’t ’n Goue Kaartjie gekry! Jy’t die laaste Goue Kaartjie

gekry! Kan jy dit glo? Haai, kom kyk hier, almal! Hierdie seun het Wonka se laaste Goue Kaartjie gekry! Hy staan daarmee in sy hande!"
Die winkelier klink of hy 'n oorval gaan kry. "En dit nogal in my winkel!" gil hy. "Hy't dit sowaar hier in my ou winkeltjie gekry! Iemand, bel die koerante en sê vir hulle, gou! Versigtig nou, seunie! Moenie dit skeur as jy dit uithaal nie! Dis 'n kosbare ding daai!"
Binne 'n paar sekondes drom daar omtrent twintig mense om Charlie saam, en nog ander druk mekaar by die deur weg om nader aan hom te kom. Almal wil sien hoe lyk die Goue Kaartjie en die gelukkige seun.
"Waar is dit?" skree iemand. "Hou dit op sodat ons almal dit kan sien!"
"Daar is dit!" skree iemand anders. "Hy hou dit in sy hande vas. Kyk hoe glinster die goud!"
"Ek wil weet hoe *hy* dit reggekry het!" skree 'n groot seun vies. "Ek koop nou al vir weke en weke elke dag *twintig* stafies!"
"Dink net aan alles wat hy nou nog verniet gaan kry ook!" sê 'n ander seun jaloers. "Lekkers vir die res van sy lewe!"
"Hy't dit nodig; hy's net vel en been!" sê 'n meisie en giggel.
Charlie verroer nie 'n spier nie. Hy het die Goue Kaartjie nog nie eens uit die sjokoladepapier gehaal nie. Hy staan net doodstil en hou dit styf met albei hande vas terwyl die mense oral om hom druk en skree. Hy voel duiselig. Dit begin vir hom voel of hy dryf, of hy in die lug opstyg soos 'n ballon. Dit voel of sy voete glad nie meer aan die grond raak nie. Hy hoor hoe sy hart hard iewers in sy keel klop.
Skielik word hy bewus van 'n hand wat liggies aan sy skouer raak. Hy kyk op en sien 'n lang man wat bo hom uittroon. "Luister," fluister die man, "ek sal dit by jou koop. Vir vyftig rand. Wat sê jy daarvan, he? En ek sal vir jou 'n nuwe fiets ook gee. Reg so?"
"Is jy *mal?"* skree 'n vrou wat naby Charlie staan. "Ek sal hom *tweehonderd* rand vir daai kaartjie gee! Wil jy die kaartjie vir tweehonderd rand ver- koop, jongman?"
"Genoeg hiervan!" skree die vet winkelier. Hy druk tussen die mense deur en kry Charlie stewig aan die arm beet. "Los die kind nou uit! Gee pad voor. Laat ons verbykom!" En terwyl hy Charlie deur toe lei, fluister hy vir hom: "Moet dit vir *nie- mand* gee nie! Vat dit reguit huis toe en maak gou, voor jy dit verloor. Hardloop heelpad en moenie stop voor jy daar kom nie, hoor jy my?"
Charlie knik.
"Jy weet," sê die winkelier en kyk Charlie met 'n glimlag aan, "ek het so 'n gevoel jy't 'n gelukkie soos hierdie nodig gehad. Ek is bly dit het met jou gebeur. Voorspoed, seunie."
"Dankie," sê Charlie, en daar gaan hy! Hy laat spaander so vinnig as wat hy kan deur die sneeu. En toe hy verby meneer Willy Wonka se

fabriek hardloop, waai hy en roep vrolik: “Sien julle! Sien julle sommer gou!”

En vyf minute later is hy by die huis.

Chapter 12

What It Said on the Golden Ticket

Charlie burst through the front door, shouting, 'Mother! Mother! Mother!'
Mrs Bucket was in the old grandparents' room, serving them their evening soup.
'Mother!' yelled Charlie, rushing in on them like a hurricane. 'Look! I've got it! Look, Mother, look! The last Golden Ticket! It's mine! I found some money in the street and I bought two bars of chocolate and the second one had the Golden Ticket and there were crowds of people all around me wanting to see it and the shopkeeper rescued me and I ran all the way home and here I am! IT'S THE FIFTH GOLDEN TICKET, MOTHER, AND I'VE FOUND IT!'
Mrs Bucket simply stood and stared, while the four old grandparents, who were sitting up in bed balancing bowls of soup on their laps, all dropped their spoons with a clatter and froze against their pillows.
For about ten seconds there was absolute silence in the room.
Nobody dared to speak or move. It was a magic moment.
Then, very softly, Grandpa Joe said, 'You're pulling our legs, Charlie, aren't you? You're having a little joke?'
'I am not!' cried Charlie, rushing up to the bed and holding out the large and beautiful Golden Ticket for him to see.
Grandpa Joe leaned forward and took a close look, his nose almost touching the ticket. The others watched him, waiting for the verdict.
Then very slowly, with a slow and marvellous grin spreading all over his face, Grandpa Joe lifted his head and looked straight at Charlie. The colour was rushing to his cheeks, and his eyes were wide open, shining with joy, and in the centre of each eye, right in the very centre, in the black pupil, a little spark of wild excitement was slowly dancing. Then the old man took a deep breath, and suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, an explosion seemed to take place inside him. He threw up his arms and yelled 'Yippeeeeeeee!' And at the same time, his long bony body rose up out of the bed and his bowl of soup went flying into the face of Grandma Josephine, and in one fantastic leap, this old fellow of ninety-six and a half, who hadn't been out of bed these last twenty years, jumped on to the floor and started doing a dance of victory in his pyjamas.
'Yippeeeeeeeeee!' he shouted. 'Three cheers for Charlie! Hip, hip, hooray!'
At this point, the door opened, and Mr Bucket walked into the room.

He was cold and tired, and he looked it. All day long, he had been shovelling snow in the streets.
'Cripes!' he cried. 'What's going on in here?'
It didn't take them long to tell him what had happened.
'I don't believe it!' he said. 'It's not possible.'
'Show him the ticket, Charlie!' shouted Grandpa Joe, who was still dancing around the floor like a dervish in his striped pyjamas. 'Show your father the fifth and last Golden Ticket in the world!'
'Let me see it, Charlie,' Mr Bucket said, collapsing into a chair and holding out his hand. Charlie came forward with the precious document.
It was a very beautiful thing, this Golden Ticket, having been made, so it seemed, from a sheet of pure gold hammered out almost to the thinness of paper. On one side of it, printed by some clever method in jet-black letters, was the invitation itself — from Mr Wonka.
'Read it aloud,' said Grandpa Joe, climbing back into bed again at last. 'Let's all hear exactly what it says.'
Mr Bucket held the lovely Golden Ticket up close to his eyes. His hands were trembling slightly, and he seemed to be overcome by the whole business. He took several deep breaths. Then he cleared his throat, and said, 'All right, I'll read it. Here we go:

'Greetings to you, the lucky finder of this Golden Ticket, from Mr Willy Wonka! I shake you warmly by the hand! Tremendous things are in store for you! Many wonderful surprises await you! For now, I do invite you to come to my factory and be my guest for one whole day — you and all others who are lucky enough to find my Golden Tickets. I, Willy Wonka, will conduct you around the factory myself, showing you everything that there is to see, and afterwards, when it is time to leave, you will be escorted home by a procession of large trucks. These trucks, I can promise you, will be loaded with enough delicious eatables to last you and your entire household for many years. If, at any time thereafter, you should run out of supplies, you have only to come back to the factory and show this Golden Ticket, and I shall be happy to refill your cupboard with whatever you want. In this way, you will be able to keep yourself supplied with tasty morsels for the rest of your life. But this is by no means the most exciting thing that will happen on the day of your visit. I am preparing other surprises that are even more marvellous and more fantastic for you and for all my beloved Golden Ticket holders — mystic and marvellous surprises that will entrance, delight, intrigue, astonish, and perplex you beyond measure. In

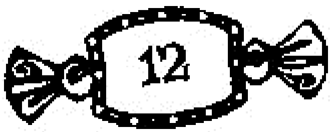
your wildest dreams you could not imagine that such things could happen to you! Just wait and see! And now, here are your instructions:

The day I have chosen for the visit is the first day in the month of February. On this day, and on no other, you must come to the factory gates at ten o'clock sharp in the morning. Don't be late! And you are allowed to bring with you either one or two members of your own family to look after you and to ensure that you don't get into mischief. One more thing — be certain to have this ticket with you, otherwise you will not be admitted.

(Signed) Willy Wonka.'

'The first day of February!' cried Mrs Bucket. 'But that's tomorrow! Today is the last day of January. I know it is!'
'Cripes!' said Mr Bucket. 'I think you're right!'
'You're just in time!' shouted Grandpa Joe. 'There's not a moment to lose. You must start making preparations at once! Wash your face, comb your hair, scrub your hands, brush your teeth, blow your nose, cut your nails, polish your shoes, iron your shirt, and for heaven's sake, get all that mud off your pants! You must get ready, my boy! You must get ready for the biggest day of your life!'
'Now don't over-excite yourself, Grandpa,' Mrs Bucket said. 'And don't fluster poor Charlie. We must all try to keep very calm. Now the first thing to decide is this — who is going to go with Charlie to the factory?'
'I will!' shouted Grandpa Joe, leaping out of bed once again. 'I'll take him! I'll look after him! You leave it to me!'
Mrs Bucket smiled at the old man, then she turned to her husband and said, 'How about you, dear? Don't you think you ought to go?'
'Well . . .' Mr Bucket said, pausing to think about it, 'no . . . I'm not so sure that I should.'
'But you must.'
'There's no must about it, my dear,' Mr Bucket said gently. 'Mind you, I'd love to go. It'll be tremendously exciting. But on the other hand . . . I believe that the person who really deserves to go most of all is Grandpa Joe himself. He seems to know more about it than we do. Provided, of course, that he feels well enough . . .'
'Yippeeeeee!' shouted Grandpa Joe, seizing Charlie by the hands and dancing round the room.
'He certainly seems well enough,' Mrs Bucket said, laughing. 'Yes . . .

perhaps you're right after all. Perhaps Grandpa Joe should be the one to go with him. I certainly can't go myself and leave the other three old people all alone in bed for a whole day.'
'Hallelujah!' yelled Grandpa Joe. 'Praise the Lord!'
At that point, there came a loud knock on the front door. Mr Bucket went to open it, and the next moment, swarms of newspapermen and photographers were pouring into the house.
They had tracked down the finder of the fifth Golden Ticket, and now they all wanted to get the full story for the front pages of the morning papers. For several hours, there was complete pandemonium in the little house, and it must have been nearly midnight before Mr Bucket was able to get rid of them so that Charlie could go to bed.



Wat op die Goue Kaartjie staan

Charlie bars by die voordeur in en roep: *“Mamma! Mamma! Mamma!”*
Mevrou Bucket is besig om vir sy oupas en oumas hul aandsop te gee.
“Mamma!” skree Charlie en storm soos ’n orkaan by die kamer in. “Kyk! Ek het dit gekry! Kyk, Mamma, kyk! Die laaste Goue Kaartjie! Hy’s myne! Ek het geld langs die pad opgetel en twee sjoko-ladestafies gekoop en die tweede een het die Goue Kaartjie in gehad en daar was *hordes* mense oral om my wat dit wou sien en die winkelier het my gered en ek het heelpad huis toe gehardloop en hier is ek nou! DIS DIE VYFDE GOUE KAARTJIE, MAMMA, EN EK HET DIT GEKRY!”
Mevrou Bucket staan en staar horn aan. Sy oupas en oumas, wat regop in die bed met die sopborde op hul skote sit, laat val hul lepels kletterend en sit verstar teen hul kussings.
En toe sê oupa Joe baie sag: “Jy trek ons been, nê, Charlie? Jy skeer die gek met ons.”
“Nee!” roep Charlie uit en hardloop tot by die bed en wys vir horn die pragtige Goue Kaartjie.
Oupa Joe leun vorentoe en sy neus raak omtrent aan die kaartjie soos wat hy dit van naby bekyk. Die ander hou hom dop en wag vir sy uit-spraak.
Toe lig oupa Joe sy kop baie stadig op en kyk na Charlie met ’n glimlag wat al breër en breër word. Daar is eensklaps kleur in sy wange, sy oë is wawyd oop en blink van blydskap en in die mid- del van elke oog, reg in die middel, in die swart pupil, dans daar ’n vonkie

van louter lewenslus. Die ou man asem diep in en skielik, sonder enige waarskuwing, is dit asof iets binne-in hom ontplof. Hy gooi sy arms in die lug en gil: “*Jippieeeeee!”* En terselfdertyd skiet sy lang, benerige lyf so vin- nig regop in die bed dat sy bord sop in oupa Josephine se gesig beland, en met een fantastiese sprong beland hierdie oubaas van ses-en-neëntig en ’n half wat twintig jaar laas uit die bed was op die vloer en begin ’n oorwinningsdans in sy nag- klere dans.

“Jippieeeeee!” skree hy. “Drie hoera’s vir Charlie! Hiep, hiep, hoera!”

Die deur gaan oop en meneer Bucket kom in. Hy kry koud, hy is moeg en hy lyk sleg. Hy het heeldag sneeu uit die strate geskoffel.

“Maggies!” roep hy uit. “Wat gaan hier aan?”

Hulle vertel hom dadelik alles.

“Ek glo dit nie!” sê hy. “Dis onmoontlik.”

“Wys vir hom die kaartjie, Charlie!” skree oupa Joe, wat nog steeds soos ’n besetene in sy gestreepte nagklere op die vloer ronddans. “Wys vir jou pa die vyfde en laaste Goue Kaartjie in die wêreld!”

“Laat ek sien,” sê meneer Bucket. Hy val op ’n stoel neer en hou sy hand uit. Charlie kom nader met die kosbare kaartjie.

Die Goue Kaartjie is baie mooi en spesiaal en dis gemaak van ’n plaat goud wat amper so dun soos papier uitgeklop is. Aan die een kant, op ’n slim manier met pikswart letters gedruk, is die uitnodi- ging self - van meneer Wonka.

“Lees dit hardop,” sê oupa Joe en klim uiteindelik terug in die bed. “Laat ons almal kan hoor presies wat dit sê.”

Meneer Bucket hou die gloeiende Goue Kaartjie naby aan sy oë. Sy hande bewe effens en hy lyk nogal oorweldig deur alles. Hy asem ’n paar keer diep in. Dan maak hy keel skoon en sê: “Goed, ek sal dit lees. Hier gaan ons:

Wees gegroet, gelukke houer *van* hierdie Goue Kaartjie! Ek is meneer Willy Wonka en ek skud jou hand in vriendskap. Daar wag wonderlike dinge op jou! Ongelooflike verrassings! Hiermee nooi ek jou om my fabriek te besoek en een hele dag lank my gas te wees - saam met al die ander met gelukkig genoeg was one my Goue Kaartjies op te spoor. Ek, Willy Wonka, sal julle persoonlik in my jabriek rondneem en vir julle alles wys wat daar te siene is. Daarna, wanneer dit tyd is om huis toe te gaan, sal etlike groot motors julle soontoe vergesel. Hierdie vragmotors sal propvol heerlike lekkergoed wees - genoeg vir jou en jou hele huisgesin vir baie jare lank. En as jou voorraad ooit opraak, hoef jy net terug fabriek toe te kom en hierdie Goue Kaartjie te wys en ek sal jou kaste met graagte volmaak met wat jy ook al kies. Jy sal die res van jou lewe ’n oorvloed heerlike happies hê. Maar dit

is glad nie die opwindendste ding wat op die dag van jou besoek gaan gebeur nie. Ek berei ook ander verrassings voor wat selfs nog wonderliker en fantastieser vir jou en vir al my gewaardeerde Goue Kaartjie-kouers sal wees - fenomenale en fassinerende verras-sings wat julle buitengewoon sal betower en vermaak en verstom en verbyster. Selfs in julle wildste drome sou julle nie kon dink so iets kan met julle gebeur nie! Wag maar, julle sal sien! En nou, hier is die instruksies: Die dag wat ek vir die besoek gekies het, is die eerste dag van die maand Februarie. Op hierdie dag, en geen ander dag nie, moet jy op die kop tienuur die oggend by die fahriek se hekke aanmeld. Moenie laat wees nie! Jy mag ook een of twee van jou familielede saambring sodat hulle jou kan oppas en seker maak jy doen nie kwaad nie. Nog iets - maak seker jy het jou kaartjie by jou, anders sal jy nie toegelaat word om in te kom nie.
Willy Wonka.”

“Die eerste dag van *Februaries* roep mevrou Bucket uit. “Maar dis *more!* Vandag is die laaste dag van Januarie!”
“Maggies!” sê meneer Bucket. “Jy’s reg, dit is.”
“Jy’t die kaartjie net mooi betyds gekry!” skree oupa Joe. “Jy moet onmiddellik aan die werk spring! Jy moet jou dadelik begin regkry vir more. Was jou gesig, kam jou hare, skrop jou hande, borsel jou tande, snuit jou neus, knip jou naels, poets jou skoene, stryk jou hemp, en om hemels- naam, kry al daai modder van jou broek af! Jy moet jou gaan regmaak, mannetjie. Jy moet jou regkry vir die grootste dag in jou lewe!”
“Moet nou nie oorstuur raak nie, Oupa,” sê mevrou Bucket. “En moenie vir arme Charlie aan- jaag nie. Ons moet almal probeer kalm bly. Die eerste ding waaroor ons moet besluit, is: wie gaan saam met Charlie na die fabriek toe?”
“*Ek!*” skree oupa Joe en spring dadelik weer uit die bed. “Ek sal hom neem! Ek sal na hom kyk! Laat dit aan my oor!”
Mevrou Bucket glimlag vir die oubaas, draai dan na haar man en vra: “Wat van jou, skat? Dink jy nie *jy* behoort te gaan nie?”
“Wei...” sê meneer Bucket en dink daaroor na, “nee . . . ek is nie so seker dat ek moet gaan nie.” “Maar jy *moet.* ”
“Dis nie ’n kwessie van *moet* nie, skat,” sê meneer Bucket vriendelik. “Maar ek moet sê, ek sal baie graag *wil* gaan. Dit sal beslis baie opwindend wees. Maar aan die ander kant... Ek dink die een wat dit regtig die meeste *verdien* om te gaan, is oupa Joe. Hy weet baie meer daarvan as ons. Dis natuurlik nou te sê as hy gesond genoeg voel...”
“Jippieeeee!” gil oupa Joe en gryp Charlie se hande en dans met hom

deur die kamer.

"Hy lyk vir my gesond genoeg," sê mevrou Bucket en lag. "Ja . . . miskien is jy reg. Miskien moet oupa Joe saam met hom gaan. Ek kan in elk geval nie gaan en die ander drie oumense heeldag alleen in die bed los nie."

"Halleluja!" jubel oupa Joe. "Prys die Heer!" Net toe klop iemand hard aan die voordeur. Meneer Bucket gaan maak oop en die volgende oomblik stroom 'n swerm joernaliste en fotograwe

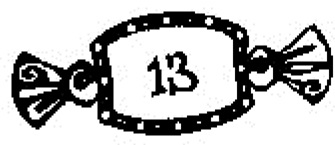
die huis binne. Hulle het die houer van die vyfde Goue Kaartjie opgespoor en wil almal sy storie vir die volgende oggend se koerantvoorblaaie kry. Daar heers vir 'n paar uur totale chaos in die klein huisie en teen die tyd dat meneer Bucket van hulle ontslae geraak het en Charlie uiteindelik bed toe kan gaan, is dit al amper middernag.

Chapter 13

The Big Day Arrives

The sun was shining brightly on the morning of the big day, but the ground was still white with snow and the air was very cold.
Outside the gates of Wonka's factory, enormous crowds of people had gathered to watch the five lucky ticket holders going in. The excitement was tremendous. It was just before ten o'clock. The crowds were pushing and shouting, and policemen with arms linked were trying to hold them back from the gates.
Right beside the gates, in a small group that was carefully shielded from the crowds by the police, stood the five famous children, together with the grown-ups who had come with them.
The tall bony figure of Grandpa Joe could be seen standing quietly among them, and beside him, holding tightly on to his hand, was little Charlie Bucket himself.
All the children, except Charlie, had both their mothers and fathers with them, and it was a good thing that they had, otherwise the whole party might have got out of hand. They were so eager to get going that their parents were having to hold them back by force to prevent them from climbing over the gates. 'Be patient!' cried the fathers. 'Be still! It's not time yet! It's not ten o'clock!'
Behind him, Charlie Bucket could hear the shouts of the people in the crowd as they pushed and fought to get a glimpse of the famous children.
'There's Violet Beauregarde!' he heard someone shouting. 'That's her all right! I can remember her face from the newspapers!'
'And you know what?' somebody else shouted back. 'She's still chewing that dreadful old piece of gum she's had for three months! You look at her jaws! They're still working on it!'
'Who's the big fat boy?'
'That's Augustus Gloop!'
'So it is!'
'Enormous, isn't he!'
'Fantastic!'
'Who's the kid with a picture of The Lone Ranger stencilled on his windcheater?'
'That's Mike Teavee! He's the television fiend!'
'He must be crazy! Look at all those toy pistols he's got hanging all over him!'
'The one I want to see is Veruca Salt!' shouted another voice in the

crowd. 'She's the girl whose father bought up half a million chocolate bars and then made the workers in his peanut factory unwrap every one of them until they found a Golden Ticket! He gives her anything she wants! Absolutely anything! She only has to start screaming for it and she gets it!'
'Dreadful, isn't it?'
'Shocking, I call it!'
'Which do you think is her?'
'That one! Over there on the left! The little girl in the silver mink coat!'
'Which one is Charlie Bucket?' 'Charlie Bucket? He must be that skinny little shrimp standing beside the old fellow who looks like a skeleton. Very close to us. Just there! See him?'
'Why hasn't he got a coat on in this cold weather?'
'Don't ask me. Maybe he can't afford to buy one.'
'Goodness me! He must be freezing!'
Charlie, standing only a few paces away from the speaker, gave Grandpa Joe's hand a squeeze, and the old man looked down at Charlie and smiled.
Somewhere in the distance, a church clock began striking ten.
Very slowly, with a loud creaking of rusty hinges, the great iron gates of the factory began to swing open.
The crowd became suddenly silent. The children stopped jumping about. All eyes were fixed upon the gates.
'There he is!' somebody shouted, 'That's him!'
And so it was!



Die groot dag breek aan

Op die oggend van die groot dag skyn die son helder, maar die grond is nog wit van die sneeu en die lug is baie koud.
’n Groot skare mense drom buite die hekke van meneer Wonka se fabriek saam om te kyk hoe die vyf gelukkige kaartjiehouers ingaan. Daar heers groot opwinding. Dit is knap voor tien. Die skare stoot en skree, en die polisie moet by mekaar inhaak om hulle van die hekke af weg te hou.
Reg voor by die hekke beskerm die polisie ’n klein groepie teen die gedrang: die vyf beroemde kinders en die grootmense wat hulle saamgebring het.

Oupa Joe se lang, benerige lyf staan roerloos tussen die ander, en Charlie Bucket staan langs hom en hou sy hand styf vas.
A1 die kinders behalwe Charlie het hul ma's én pa's by hulle en dis ook maar goed so, want anders sou dinge dalk lelik handuit geruk het. Die kinders is so gretig om in te gaan dat hul ouers hulle moet vashou om te keer dat hulle oor die hekke klim. "Wees geduldig!" sê die pa's. "Bly stil! Dis nog nie tyd nie! Dis nog nie tienuur nie!"
Charlie Bucket hoor hoe skree die mense in die skare agter hom terwyl hulle druk en baklei om die beroemde kinders te probeer sien.
"Daar's Violet Beauregarde!" hoor hy iemand skree. "Dis definitief sy! Ek onthou haar gesig van die koerantfoto's!"
"En weet jy wat?" skree iemand anders terug. "Sy kou nog steeds daai aaklige stuk kougom waaraan sy al drie maande lank kou. Kyk net haar kake! Hulle kou sonder ophou!"
"Wie's die groot vet seun?"
"Dis Augustus Gloop!"
"Sowaar, ja!"
"Hy's reusagtig, he?"
"Ja, omtrent!"
"Wie's die kind met die prent van die Lone Ranger op sy baadjie?"
"Dis Mike Teevee! Hy's mos TV-verskrik!"
"Hy moet mal wees! Kyk net al daai speelgoed- pistole wat om sy lyf hang! "
"Die een wat *ek* wil sien, is Veruca Salt! " skree 'n ander stem. "Sy's die meisie wie se pa 'n halfmiljoen sjokoladestafies gekoop het, en toe moes die wer- kers in sy grondboontjiefabriek hulle een vir een oopmaak tot hulle op 'n Goue Kaartjie afkom! Hy gee vir haar enigiets wat sy wil hê. Absoluut enig- iets! Sy begin net huil, dan kry sy dit dadelik!" "Skandalig, nê?"
"Skokkend!"
"Watter een dink jy is sy?"
"Daai een! Daar links. Die meisie met die silwer pelsjas!"
"En watter een is Charlie Bucket?"
"Charlie Bucket? Hy moet daai uitgeteerde klein mannetjie wees, daar langs die oubaas wat soos 'n geraamte lyk. Naaste aan ons. Daar's hy! Sien jy hom?"
"Hoekom dra hy nie 'n jas in hierdie koue weer nie?"
"Moenie vir my vra nie. Miskien kan hy nie een bekostig nie."
"Foeitog, hy verkluim seker!"
Charlie staan net 'n paar tree weg van die mense wat hulle so bespreek. Hy gee oupa Joe se hand 'n drukkie en die ou man kyk af na Charlie en glimlag.
Iewers in die verte begin 'n kerkklok tienuur slaan.
Die groot ysterhekke se geroeste skarniere kreun en kraak en hulle

begin stadig, baie stadig, oop- gaan.
Skielik word die skare stil. Die kinders hou op rondspring. Almal se oë is op die hekke vasgenael.
“Daar is by!” skree iemand. *“Dis hy!”*
En dit is sowaar!

Chapter 14

Mr Willy Wonka

Mr Wonka was standing all alone just inside the open gates of the factory.
And what an extraordinary little man he was!
He had a black top hat on his head.
He wore a tail coat made of a beautiful plum-coloured velvet.
His trousers were bottle green.
His gloves were pearly grey.
And in one hand he carried a fine gold-topped walking cane.
Covering his chin, there was a small, neat, pointed black beard — a goatee. And his eyes — his eyes were most marvellously bright. They seemed to be sparkling and twinkling at you all the time. The whole face, in fact, was alight with fun and laughter.
And oh, how clever he looked! How quick and sharp and full of life! He kept making quick jerky little movements with his head, cocking it this way and that, and taking everything in with those bright twinkling eyes. He was like a squirrel in the quickness of his movements, like a quick clever old squirrel from the park.
Suddenly, he did a funny little skipping dance in the snow, and he spread his arms wide, and he smiled at the five children who were clustered near the gates, and he called out, 'Welcome, my little friends! Welcome to the factory!'
His voice was high and flutey. 'Will you come forward one at a time, please,' he called out, 'and bring your parents. Then show me your Golden Ticket and give me your name. Who's first?'
The big fat boy stepped up. 'I'm Augustus Gloop,' he said.
'Augustus!' cried Mr Wonka, seizing his hand and pumping it up and down with terrific force. 'My dear boy, how good to see you! Delighted! Charmed! Overjoyed to have you with us! And these are your parents? How nice! Come in! Come in! That's right! Step through the gates!'
Mr Wonka was clearly just as excited as everybody else.
'My name,' said the next child to go forward, 'is Veruca Salt.'
'My dear Veruca! How do you do? What a pleasure this is! You do have an interesting name, don't you? I always thought that a veruca was a sort of wart that you got on the sole of your foot! But I must be wrong, mustn't I? How pretty you look in that lovely mink coat! I'm so glad you could come! Dear me, this is going to be such an exciting day! I do hope you enjoy it! I'm sure you will! I know you will! Your

father? How are you, Mr Salt? And Mrs Salt? Overjoyed to see you! Yes, the ticket is quite in order! Please go in!'
The next two children, Violet Beauregarde and Mike Teavee, came forward to have their tickets examined and then to have their arms practically pumped off their shoulders by the energetic Mr Wonka.
And last of all, a small nervous voice whispered, 'Charlie Bucket.'
'Charlie!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Well, well, well! So there you are! You're the one who found your ticket only yesterday, aren't you? Yes, yes. I read all about it in this morning's papers! Just in time, my dear boy! I'm so glad! So happy for you! And this? Your grandfather? Delighted to meet you, sir! Overjoyed! Enraptured! Enchanted! All right! Excellent! Is everybody in now? Five children? Yes! Good! Now will you please follow me! Our tour is about to begin! But do keep
together! Please don't wander off by yourselves! I shouldn't like to lose any of you at this stage of the proceedings! Oh, dear me, no!'
Charlie glanced back over his shoulder and saw the great iron entrance gates slowly closing behind him. The crowds on the outside were still pushing and shouting. Charlie took a last look at them. Then, as the gates closed with a clang, all sight of the outside world disappeared.
'Here we are!' cried Mr Wonka, trotting along in front of the group. 'Through this big red door, please! That's right! It's nice and warm inside! I have to keep it warm inside the factory because of the workers! My workers are used to an extremely hot climate! They can't stand the cold! They'd perish if they went outdoors in this weather! They'd freeze to death!'
'But who are these workers?' asked Augustus Gloop.
'All in good time, my dear boy!' said Mr Wonka, smiling at Augustus. 'Be patient! You shall see everything as we go along! Are all of you inside? Good! Would you mind closing the door? Thank you!'
Charlie Bucket found himself standing in a long corridor that stretched away in front of him as far as he could see. The corridor was so wide that a car could easily have been driven along it. The walls were pale pink, the lighting was soft and pleasant.
'How lovely and warm!' whispered Charlie.
'I know. And what a marvellous smell!' answered Grandpa Joe, taking a long deep sniff. All the most wonderful smells in the world seemed to be mixed up in the air around them — the smell of roasting coffee and burnt sugar and melting chocolate and mint and violets and crushed hazelnuts and apple blossom and caramel and lemon peel . . .
And far away in the distance, from the heart of the great factory, came a muffled roar of energy as though some monstrous gigantic machine were spinning its wheels at breakneck speed.
'Now this, my dear children,' said Mr Wonka, raising his voice above

the noise, 'this is the main corridor. Will you please hang your coats and hats on those pegs over there, and then follow me. That's the way! Good! Everyone ready? Come on, then! Here we go!' He trotted off rapidly down the corridor with the tails of his plum-coloured velvet coat flapping behind him, and the visitors all hurried after him.
It was quite a large party of people, when you came to think of it. There were nine grownups and five children, fourteen in all. So you can imagine that there was a good deal of pushing and shoving as they hustled and bustled down the passage, trying to keep up with the swift little figure in front of them. 'Come on!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Get a move on, please! We'll never get round today if you dawdle like this!'
Soon, he turned right off the main corridor into another slightly narrower passage.
Then he turned left.
Then left again.
Then right.
Then left.
Then right.
Then right.
Then left.
The place was like a gigantic rabbit warren, with passages leading this way and that in every direction.
'Don't you let go my hand, Charlie,' whispered Grandpa Joe.
'Notice how all these passages are sloping downwards!' called out Mr Wonka. 'We are now going underground! All the most important rooms in my factory are deep down below the surface!'
'Why is that?' somebody asked.
'There wouldn't be nearly enough space for them up on top!' answered Mr Wonka. 'These rooms we are going to see are enormous! They're larger than football fields! No building in the world would be big enough to house them! But down here, underneath the ground, I've got all the
space I want. There's no limit — so long as I hollow it out.'
Mr Wonka turned right.
He turned left.
He turned right again.
The passages were sloping steeper and steeper downhill now.
Then suddenly, Mr Wonka stopped. In front of him, there was a shiny metal door. The party crowded round. On the door, in large letters, it said:
THE CHOCOLATE ROOM

14

Meneer Willie Wonka

Meneer Wonka staan vingeralleen, net binne die fabriek se oop hekke.
En wat 'n uitsonderlike klein mannetjie is hy nie!
Hy het 'n swart pluiskeil op sy kop.
Hy dra 'n swaelstertbaadjie van pragtige pruim- kleurige fluweel.
Sy broek is bottelgroen.
Sy handskoene is pêrelgrys.
En in sy een hand is daar 'n windmaker wandel- stok met 'n goue knop bo-aan.
Op sy ken groei daar 'n netjies gepunte swart bokbaardjie. En sy oë - sy oë is wonderlik blink. Dit lyk of hulle heeltyd vonkel en glinster. Sy hele gesig is die ene pret en plesier.
En o, hy lyk so slim! So pittig en snaaks en vol lewenslus! Sy kop beweeg aanhoudend heen en weer, eers diékant en dan daardie kant toe, en sy helderblink oë kyk niks mis nie. Hy beweeg soos 'n eekhoring, soos 'n vinnige, slim eekhorinkie in die park.
Skielik begin hy huppelend in die sneeu dans. Hy gooi sy arms wyd oop, glimlag vir die vyf kinders
wat naby die hekke saamgebondel staan en roep uit: "Welkom, my vriende! Welkom by die fabriek!" Sy stem klink so hoog en suiwer soos 'n fluit. "Kom asseblief een op 'n slag vorentoe," sê hy, "en bring jou ouers saam. Wys my jou Goue Kaartjie en sê vir my wat is jou naam. Wie's eerste?"
Die vet seun kom nader. "Ek is Augustus Gloop," sê hy.
"Augustus!" roep meneer Wonka uit. Hy gryp die seun se hand en skud dit met mening. "My *liewe* seun, dis *goed* om jou te sien! Bly te kenne! Baie bly! Ek is verheug om jou hier by ons te hê. En is *dit* jou ouers? Wat 'n *voorregl* Kom in, kom in! Dis reg. Kom gerus by die hekke in! "
Meneer Wonka is duidelik net so opgewonde soos al die ander mense.
"My naam," sê die volgende kind wat nader- staan, "is Veruca Salt."
"My *liewe* Veruca! *Bly* te kenne! Wat 'n groot genot! Jy het 'n *baie* interessante naam, jong. Ek het altyd gedog 'n veruca is 'n soort vratjie wat 'n mens onder jou voet kry. Maar ek is seker maar verkeerd, nê? Jy lyk so mooi in jou pragtige pels- jas! Ek is só bly jy kon kom. Liewe land, dit gaan só 'n opwindende dag wees! Ek hoop *regtig* jy gaan dit geniet. Ek is *seker* jy sal. Ek *weet* jy sal! En is dit jou pa? *Bly* te kenne, meneer Salt. En mevrou Salt. Ek is verheug om julle te sien! Ja, die kaartjie is *perfek*. Kom asseblief in."

Die volgende twee kinders, Violet Beauregarde en Mike Teevee, kom nader. Meneer Wonka kyk dat hul kaartjies in orde is en skud dan só hartlik met hulle hand dat dit later voel of hul arms uit hul potjies gaan skeur.
En heel laaste fluister ’n senuweeagtige stem- metjie: “Charlie Bucket.”
“Charlie!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Nou toe nou! So *dis* nou jy! Jy’s die een wat jou kaartjie eers gister gekry het, nie waar nie? Ja, ja. Ek het *alles* daaroor in vanoggend se koerant gelees. Jy’s nét betyds, my liewe seun. Ek is só bly. Baie bly vir jou part! En wie’s dit? Jou oupa? Aangename ken- nis, meneer! Bly te kenne. Baie bly. Baie, baie bly! Reg, uitstekend! Is dit nou almal? Vyf kinders? Ja? Goed! Volg my asseblief nou. Ons toer gaan begin. Maar bly tog net bymekaar. Moet *asseblief* nie op jul eie afdwaal nie. Ek wil nie graag enigeen van julle in *hierdie* stadium van die verrigtinge verloor nie! O liewe land, nee!”
Charlie loer terug oor sy skouer en sien hoe die groot ysterhekke stadig agter hulle toegaan. Die skare buite stoot en skree nog steeds. Charlie kyk vir oulaas na hulle. En toe klap die hekke met ’n gekletter toe en die buitewêreld verdwyn.
“Hier is ons!” kondig meneer Wonka aan terwyl hy voor die groep uittrippel. “Deur hierdie groot rooi deur, asseblief. *Dis* reg! Dis lekker snoesig en warm binne. Ek moet die fabriek warm hou - vir my werkers! Hulle is gewoond aan ’n *besonder* warm klimaat. Hulle kan die koue nie verdra nie. My werkers sal iets oorkom as hulle in hierdie weer moet uitgaan. Hulle sal *doodv*ries van die koue!” “Maar wie *is* hierdie werkers?” vra Augustus Gloop.
“Wag en jy sal sien, my liewe seun,” sê meneer Wonka en glimlag vir hom. “Wees geduldig! Jy sal nog alles sien voor die dag om is. Is almal nou binne? Mooi so! Sal iemand asseblief die deur toe- maak? Dankie!”
Charlie Bucket bevind hom in ’n lang gang wat vir so ver as wat hy kan sien voor hom uitstrek. Die gang is so wyd dat ’n motor maklik daardeur kan ry. Die mure is ligpienk en die beligting sag en vriendelik.
“Lekker warm!” fluister Charlie.
“Heërlik. En wat ’n wonderlike geur!” antwoord oupa Joe en asem diep in. A1 die lekkerste geure op aarde hang in die lug om hulle - die reuk van gebrande koffie en soet suiker en gesmelte sjoko- lade en kruisement en viooltjies en fyngekapte haselneut en appelbloeisels en karamel en lemoen- skil ...
En ver op die agtergrond, diep uit die groot fa- briek se hart, kom daar ’n gedempte gedreun asof een of ander reusagtige monstermasjien se wiele teen die spoed van lig draai.
“En *dit,* liewe kinders,” sê meneer Wonka en verhef sy stem bo die geraas, “dit is die hoofgang. Hang asseblief jul jasse en hoedens aan

daardie kapstokke daar, en volg my dan. *Dis* reg, ja. Mooi! Almal gereed? Komaan! Weg is ons!" Hy trippel rats in die gang af. Sy pruimkleurige fluweeljas se swaelstert flap agter hom en sy besoekers moet uit- haal om by te bly.

Eintlik is hulle nogal 'n groot groep mense. Daar is nege grootmense en vyf kinders, veertien

altesaam. So jy kan dink wat 'n gestamp en gestoot dit in die gang is soos almal by die ratse figuur heel voor probeer byhou. "Komaan!" roep meneer Wonka. "Roer asseblief julle litte! As ons so drentel en draai, gaan ons nooit vandag oral uitkomnie!"

Nie lank nie of hy draai regs uit die hoofgang en gaan by 'n effens nouer gang in.

Toe draai hy links.

Toe weer links.

Toe regs.

Toe links.

Toe regs.

Toe regs.

Toe links.

Die plek is soos 'n yslike groot konynenes met gange wat oral in alle moontlike rigtings afdraai.

"Moenie my hand los nie, Charlie," fluister oupa Joe.

"Let op hoe al hierdie gange afdraand loop!" roep meneer Wonka uit. "Ons gaan nou onder die grond in. *Al* die heel belangrikste vertrekke in my fabriek is diep onder die aarde."

"Hoekom?" vra iemand.

"Want daar is nie *naastenby* genoeg plek daar- voor bo die grond nie," antwoord meneer Wonka. "Die vertrekke wat ons nou gaan sien, is *reusagtige sale*\ Hulle is groter as rugbyvelde! Daar is *nêrens* in die wêreld 'n gebou wat groot genoeg daarvoor is nie! Maar hier onder, diep onder die aarde, het ek *al* die ruimte wat ek nodig het. Daar is geen einde aan nie - ek moet net aanhou grawe."

Meneer Wonka draai regs.

Hy draai links.

Hy draai weer regs.

Die gang loop al steiler en steiler af ondertoe. Skielik gaan meneer Wonka staan. Voor hom is daar 'n blink metaaldeur. Die groep drom om hom saam. Op die deur staan daar in groot letters: SJOKOLADESAAL

Chapter 15

The Chocolate Room

'An important room, this!' cried Mr Wonka, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket and slipping one into the keyhole of the door. 'This is the nerve centre of the whole factory, the heart of the whole business! And so beautiful! I insist upon my rooms being beautiful! I can't abide ugliness in factories! In we go, then! But do be careful, my dear children! Don't lose your heads! Don't get over-excited! Keep very calm!'

Mr Wonka opened the door. Five children and nine grown-ups pushed their ways in — and oh, what an amazing sight it was that now met their eyes!

They were looking down upon a lovely valley. There were green meadows on either side of the valley, and along the bottom of it there flowed a great brown river.

What is more, there was a tremendous waterfall halfway along the river — a steep cliff over which the water curled and rolled in a solid sheet, and then went crashing down into a boiling churning whirlpool of froth and spray.

Below the waterfall (and this was the most astonishing sight of all), a whole mass of enormous glass pipes were dangling down into the river from somewhere high up in the ceiling! They really were enormous, those pipes. There must have been a dozen of them at least, and they were sucking up the brownish muddy water from the river and carrying it away to goodness knows where. And because they were made of glass, you could see the liquid flowing and bubbling along inside them, and above the noise of the waterfall, you could hear the never-ending suck-suck-sucking sound of the pipes as they did their work.

Graceful trees and bushes were growing along the riverbanks — weeping willows and alders and tall clumps of rhododendrons with their pink and red and mauve blossoms. In the meadows there were thousands of buttercups.

'There!' cried Mr Wonka, dancing up and down and pointing his gold-topped cane at the great brown river. 'It's all chocolate! Every drop of that river is hot melted chocolate of the finest quality. The very finest quality. There's enough chocolate in there to fill every bathtub in the entire country! And all the swimming pools as well! Isn't it terrific? And just look at my pipes! They suck up the chocolate and carry it away to all the other rooms in the factory where it is needed!

Thousands of gallons an hour, my dear children! Thousands and thousands of gallons!'

The children and their parents were too flabbergasted to speak. They were staggered. They were dumbfounded. They were bewildered and dazzled. They were completely bowled over by the hugeness of the whole thing. They simply stood and stared.

'The waterfall is most important!' Mr Wonka went on. 'It mixes the chocolate! It churns it up! It pounds it and beats it! It makes it light and frothy! No other factory in the world mixes its chocolate by waterfall! But it's the only way to do it properly! The only way! And do you like my trees?' he cried, pointing with his stick. 'And my lovely bushes? Don't you think they look pretty? I told you I hated ugliness! And of course they are all eatable! All made of something different and delicious! And do you like my meadows? Do you like my grass and my buttercups? The grass you are standing on, my dear little ones, is made of a new kind of soft, minty sugar that I've just invented! I call it swudge! Try a blade! Please do! It's delectable!'

Automatically, everybody bent down and picked one blade of grass — everybody, that is, except Augustus Gloop, who took a big handful.

And Violet Beauregarde, before tasting her blade of grass, took the piece of world-record-breaking chewing-gum out of her mouth and stuck it carefully behind her ear.

'Isn't it wonderful!' whispered Charlie. 'Hasn't it got a wonderful taste, Grandpa?'

'I could eat the whole field!' said Grandpa Joe, grinning with delight. 'I could go around on all fours like a cow and eat every blade of grass in the field!'

'Try a buttercup!' cried Mr Wonka. 'They're even nicer!'

Suddenly, the air was filled with screams of excitement. The screams came from Veruca Salt. She was pointing frantically to the other side of the river. 'Look! Look over there!' she screamed. 'What is it? He's moving! He's walking! It's a little person! It's a little man! Down there below the waterfall!'

Everybody stopped picking buttercups and stared across the river.

'She's right, Grandpa!' cried Charlie. 'It is a little man! Can you see him?'

'I see him, Charlie!' said Grandpa Joe excitedly.

And now everybody started shouting at once.

'There's two of them!'

'My gosh, so there is!'

'There's more than two! There's one, two, three, four, five!'

'What are they doing?'

'Where do they come from?'

'Who are they?'

Children and parents alike rushed down to the edge of the river to get a closer look.
'Aren't they fantastic!'
'No higher than my knee!'
'Look at their funny long hair!'
The tiny men — they were no larger than medium-sized dolls — had stopped what they were doing, and now they were staring back across the river at the visitors. One of them pointed towards the children, and then he whispered something to the other four, and all five of them burst into peals of laughter.
'But they can't be real people,' Charlie said.
'Of course they're real people,' Mr Wonka answered. 'They're Oompa-Loompas.'

15

Die sjokoladesaal

“Dis ’n baie belangrike vertrek hierdie!” kondig meneer Wonka aan terwyl hy ’n bos sleutels uit sy sak haal en een by die deur se sleutelgat insteek. *“Hier* is die senusentrum van die fabriek, die hart van my hele onderneming. En dis so *wonderskoon*\ Ek dring daarop aan dat my sale en vertrekke mooi moet wees. Ek *verafsku* lelike fabrieke! Maar kom ons gaan in. Wees tog net versigtig, liewe kinders. Moenie kop verloor nie. Moenie té opgewonde raak nie. Bly kalm!”
Meneer Wonka maak die deur oop. Vyf kinders en nege grootmense beur by die deur in - en *sjoe*, hulle kan nie glo wat hulle nou sien nie!
Hulle kyk in ’n pragtige vallei af. Daar is groen graslande aan weerskante van die vallei en heel onder vloei ’n breë bruin rivier.
Om alles te kroon, is daar ’n wonderlike water- val halfpad in die rivier - die water val in ’n soliede stroom oor ’n steil krans en stort dan af in ’n brui- sende, kokende maalkolk van skuim en sproei.
Onder die waterval (en dis die verstommendste van alles) is daar ’n menigte massiewe glaspype wat van iewers hoog bo in die plafon tot onder in die rivier afhang. Hierdie pype is werklik *massief.* Daar is ten minste ’n dosyn van hulle en hulle suig die bruin modderwater uit die rivier op en vat dit wie-weet-waarheen. En omdat die pype van glas is, kan jy die vloeistof daardeur sien vloei en bor- rel, en bo die geluid van die waterval kan jy die nimmereindigende gesuig-suig-suig hoor soos wat die pype hul werk doen.
Daar groei pragtige bome en struike op die rivier se oewer - treurwilgers en elsbome en digte bosse bergrose met pienk en rooi en

ligpers blomme. Tussen die gras staan daar duisende botterblomme.
"Kyk!" roep meneer Wonka uit en dans op en af en wys met sy wandelstok met die goue knop na die breë bruin rivier. "Dis *alles* sjokolade! Elke druppel van daardie rivier is warm gesmelte sjokolade van die beste kwaliteit. Die *allerbeste* kwaliteit. Daar is genoeg sjokolade daarin om *al* die baddens in die *ganse* land vol te maak! *En* al die swembad- dens ook! Is dit nie *fantasties* nie? En kyk net my pype! Hulle suig die sjokolade op en neem dit na die ander vertrekke in die fabriek waar ons dit nodig het. Duisende gellings 'n uur, my liewe kinders. Duisende en duisende gellings!"
Die kinders en hul ouers is te verbyster om te praat. Hulle is oorstelp. Hulle is oorbluf. Hulle is stomgeslaan en dronkgeslaan. Hulle is heeltemal oorweldig deur die ontsaglike omvang van alles. Hulle staan stil en staar.
"Die waterval is *geweldig* belangrik," gaan meneer Wonka voort. "Dit meng die sjokolade. Dit roer dit. Dit klop en klits dit. Dit maak dit lig en skuimerig. Geen ander fabriek in die wêreld ge- bruik 'n waterval om sy sjokolade te meng nie! Maar dis *al* manier om dit ordentlik te doen. Die *enigste* manier! En hou julle van my bome?" vra hy en wys met sy wandelstok na hulle. "En my mooi struike? Dink julle nie hulle is lieflik nie? Ek het julle mos gesê ek haat enigiets wat lelik is. En hulle is natuurlik *almal* eetbaar! Elkeen is gemaak van iets anders en iets heerliks! En hou julle van my grasvelde? Hou julle van my gras en my botter- blomme? Die gras waarop julle staan, liewe vriende, is gemaak van 'n nuwe soort sagte kruisement- suiker - een van my uitvindings. Ek noem dit mentspriete! Proe gerus 'n sprietjie. Asseblief! Dis 'n smaaksensasie!"
Almal buk outomaties af en pluk 'n grassprietjie - almal behalwe Augustus Gloop, wat 'n hele hand vol gryp.
Voor sy haar grasspriet proe, haal Violet Beauregarde eers die stuk wêreldrekord-kougom uit haar mond en druk dit versigtig agter haar oor vas.
"Is dit nie *wonderlik* nie?" fluister Charlie. "Smaak dit nie wonderlik nie, Oupa?"
"Ek sal die hele *veld* ka'n opeet!" sê oupa Joe en grinnik gelukkig. "Ek voel ek kan handeviervoet soos 'n koei hier wei en elke enkele grassprietjie opeet!"
"Probeer 'n botterblom!" stel meneer Wonka voor. "Hulle is seifs nog *lekkerderl*"
Skielik is daar 'n gil. Veruca Salt beduie wild na die oorkant van die rivier. *"Kyk!* Kyk daar oorkant!" skree sy. "Wat is *diti* Hy beweeg! Hy loop! Dis 'n klein *mensiel* Dis 'n klein *mannetjiel* Daar onder, anderkant die waterval!"
Almal hou op botterblomme pluk en staar oor die rivier uit.

“Sy’s reg, Oupal” skree Charlie. “Dit *is* ’n man- netjie! Kan Oupa hom *sienV*
“Ja, ek sien hom, Charlie!” sê oupa Joe opge- wonde.
En nou begin almal gelyk skree.
“Daar’s *twee* van hulle!”
“Sowaar, daar’s twee!”
“Daar’s meer as twee! Daar’s een, twee, drie, vier, vyf!”
“Wat *doen* hulle?”
“Waar kom hulle *vandaan\'7d”*
“Wie *is* hulle?”
Die kinders en grootmense hardloop almal af rivier toe om beter te kan sien.
“Is hulle nie *ongelooflik* nie?”
“Niks hoër as my knie nie!”
“En kyk hul snaakse lang hare!”
Die mannetjies - niks groter as gewone poppe nie - het intussen opgehou met waarmee hulle besig was en staar nou ook oor die rivier na die besoekers. Een van hulle wys na die kinders, dan fluister hy vir die ander vier iets en al vyf bars uit van die lag.
“Maar hulle kan nie *regte* mense wees nie,” sê Charlie.
“Natuurlik is hulle regte mense,” antwoord me- neer Wonka. “Hulle is Oempa-Loempas.”

Chapter 16

The Oompa-Loompas

'Oompa-Loompas!' everyone said at once. 'Oompa-Loompas!'
'Imported direct from Loompaland,' said Mr Wonka proudly.
'There's no such place,' said Mrs Salt.
'Excuse me, dear lady, but . . .'
'Mr Wonka,' cried Mrs Salt. 'I'm a teacher of geography.'
'Then you'll know all about it,' said Mr Wonka. 'And oh, what a terrible country it is! Nothing but thick jungles infested by the most dangerous beasts in the world — hornswogglers and snozzwangers and those terrible wicked whangdoodles. A whangdoodle would eat ten Oompa-Loompas for breakfast and come galloping back for a second helping. When I went out there, I found the little Oompa-Loompas living in tree houses. They had to live in tree houses to escape from the whangdoodles and the hornswogglers and the snozzwangers. And they were living on green caterpillars, and the caterpillars tasted revolting, and the Oompa-Loompas spent every moment of their days climbing through the treetops looking for other things to mash up with the caterpillars to make them taste better — red beetles, for instance, and eucalyptus leaves, and the bark of the bong-bong tree, all of them beastly, but not quite so beastly as the caterpillars. Poor little Oompa-Loompas! The one food that they longed for more than any other was the cacao bean. But they couldn't get it. An Oompa-Loompa was lucky if he found three or four cacao beans a year. But oh, how they craved them. They used to dream about cacao beans all night and talk about them all day. You had only to mention the word "cacao" to an Oompa-Loompa and he would start dribbling at the mouth. The cacao bean,' Mr Wonka continued, 'which grows on the cacao tree, happens to be the thing from which all chocolate is made. You cannot make chocolate without the cacao bean. The cacao bean is chocolate. I myself use billions of cacao beans every week in this factory. And so, my dear children, as soon as I discovered that the Oompa-Loompas were crazy about this particular food, I climbed up to their tree-house village and poked my head in through the door of the tree house belonging to the leader of the tribe. The poor little fellow, looking thin and starved, was sitting there trying to eat a bowl full of mashed-up green caterpillars without being sick. "Look here," I said (speaking not in English, of course, but in Oompa-Loompish), "look here, if you and all your people will come back to my country and live in my factory, you can have all the cacao

beans you want! I've got mountains of them in my storehouses! You can have cacao beans for every meal! You can gorge yourselves silly on them! I'll even pay your wages in cacao beans if you wish!"

'"You really mean it?" asked the Oompa-Loompa leader, leaping up from his chair.

'"Of course I mean it," I said. "And you can have chocolate as well. Chocolate tastes even better than cacao beans because it's got milk and sugar added."

'The little man gave a great whoop of joy and threw his bowl of mashed caterpillars right out of the tree-house window. "It's a deal!" he cried. "Come on! Let's go!"

'So I shipped them all over here, every man, woman, and child in the Oompa-Loompa tribe. It was easy. I smuggled them over in large packing cases with holes in them, and they all got here safely. They are wonderful workers. They all speak English now. They love dancing and music. They are always making up songs. I expect you will hear a good deal of singing today from time to time. I must warn you, though, that they are rather mischievous. They like jokes. They still wear the same kind of clothes they wore in the jungle. They insist upon that. The men, as you can see for yourselves across the river, wear only deerskins. The women wear leaves, and the children wear nothing at all. The women use fresh leaves every day . . .'

'Daddy!' shouted Veruca Salt (the girl who got everything she wanted). 'Daddy! I want an Oompa-Loompa! I want you to get me an Oompa-Loompa! I want an Oompa-Loompa right away! I want to take it home with me! Go on, Daddy! Get me an Oompa-Loompa!'

'Now, now, my pet!' her father said to her, 'we mustn't interrupt Mr Wonka.'

"But I want an Oompa-Loompa!' screamed Veruca.

'All right, Veruca, all right. But I can't get it for you this second. Please be patient. I'll see you have one before the day is out.'

'Augustus!' shouted Mrs Gloop. 'Augustus, sweetheart, I don't think you had better do that.' Augustus Gloop, as you might have guessed, had quietly sneaked down to the edge of the river, and he was now kneeling on the riverbank, scooping hot melted chocolate into his mouth as fast as he could.

16

Die Oempa-Loempas

“Oempa-Loempas!” sê almal gelyk. *“Oempa- Loempas! ”*
“Direk van Loempaland af ingevoer,” sê meneer Wonka trots.
“Daar is nie so ’n plek nie,” sê mevrou Salt.
“Verskoon my, geagte dame, maar
“Meneer Wonka!” roep mevrou Salt uit. “Ek is ’n aardrykskunde-onderwyser
“Dan sal jy alles daarvan weet,” sê meneer Wonka. “En ai, wat ’n liederlik lelike land is dit nie! Oral net digte oerwoude wat vervuil is van die wêreld se gevaarlikste ongediertes - swatswadders en knotknotters en daardie aaklige wrede whang- whaddels. Een whangwhaddel vreet tien Oempa- Loempas vir ontbyt en dan is hy nog steeds honger. Toe ek daar was, het ek uitgevind die Oempa-Loempas bly in boomhuise. Hulle *moes* in boomhuise bly, anders het die whangwhaddels en knotknotters en swatswadders hulle gevang. Hulle het van groen ruspes gelewe en die ruspes het afgryslik gesmaak. Die Oempa-Loempas het elke oomblik van die dag in die boomtoppe rondgesoek
na iets anders wat hulle saam met die ruspes kon fynmaal om dit beter te laat smaak - rooikewers, byvoorbeeld, en bloekomblare en bong-bong-boom- bas. Dit proe natuurlik alíes ook aaklig, maar nie heeltemal so aaklig sops die ruspes nie. Die arme klein Oempa-Loempas! Die één soort kos waarna hulle die meeste gesmag het, was kakaobone. Maar hulle kon dit omtrent nooit in die hande kry nie. ’n Oempa-Loempa was baie gelukkig as hy drie of vier kakaobone per jaar kon kry. Maar ai, hulle het so daarna gesmag. Hulle het heelnag van kakaobone gedroom en heeldag van kakaobone gepraat. Jy moes net die woord ‘kakao’ vir ’n Oempa-Loempa *noem* en sy mond het sommer begin water, ’n Kakaoboon,” gaan meneer Wonka voort, “groei aan ’n kakaoboom en is toevallig *die ding* waarvan sjokolade gemaak word. Jy kan nie sjokolade sonder kakaobone maak nie. Kakaobone *is* sjokolade. Ek self gebruik elke week biljoene kakaobone in hierdie fabriek. En toe, my liewe kinders, toe ek uitvind hoe dol die Oempa-Loempas oor hierdie spesifieke boon is, het ek in hul boom-huisdorpie opgeklim en my kop by die stamhoof se voordeur ingedruk. Die arme kêrel het maer en uitgeteer gelyk en was besig om ’n bak fynge- maalde ruspes te probeer eet sonder om naar te word. ‘Luister,’ sê ek (en toe praat ek natuurlik die Oempa-Loempas se taal, Oempa-Loempaans), ‘luister, as jy en al jou mense na my land toe kom en in my fabriek kom bly, kan julle *soveel* kakaobone kry as wat julle wil hê. Ek het berge daarvan in my pakkamers! Julle kan drie keer ’n dag kakaobone eet. Julie kan julle siek eet daaraan! En as julle wil, sal ek julle seifs in kakaobone betaal.’
“‘Bedoel jy dit regtig?’ vra die Oempa-Loempas se leier toe en spring

uit sy stoel op.

"'Natuurlik bedoel ek dit,' sê ek toe. 'En julle kan sjokolade ook kry. Sjokolade is seifs nog lekkerder as kakaobone, want daar is melk en suiker by.'

"Die mannetjie het gegil van blydskap en sy bak gemaalde ruspes net daar by die boomhuis se ven- ster uitgegooi. 'Afgespreek!' het hy uitgeroep. 'Komaan! Weg is ons!'

"Toe bring ek hulle almal op 'n skip hierheen - elke man, vrou en kind van die Oempa-Loempa- stam. Dit was maklik. Ek het hulle in groot kratte met gate ingesmokkel en hulle het almal veilig hier aangekom. Hulle is wonderlike werkers. Hulle praat nou al almal ons taal en hulle is lief vir dans en musiek. Hulle maak gedurig liedjies op. Ek dink julle sal hulle vandag van tyd tot tyd hoor sing. Maar ek moet julle waarsku - hulle is nogal ondeund. Hulle hou van grappe. En hulle dra nog steeds dieselfde klere as in die oerwoud. Hulle dring daarop aan. Soos julle self kan sien, dra die mans net bokvelle. Die vrouens dra blare en die kinders dra niks nie. Die vrouens gebruik elke dag vars blare

"Pappa!"gil Veruca Salt (die meisie wat altyd alles kry wat sy wil hê). "*Pappa!* Ek wil 'n Oempa- Loempa hê! Kry vir my 'n Oempa-Loempa! Ek wil dadelik 'n Oempa-Loempa he! Ek wil hom saam met my huis toe vat! Toe, Pappa! Kry vir my 'n Oempa-Loempa! "

"Stadig nou, my prinses," sê haar pa vir haar, "ons moenie meneer Wonka in die rede val nie."

"Maar ek wil 'n Oempa-Loempa he!" skree Veruca.

"Nou *goed,* Veruca, nou *goed.* Maar ek kan nie nou op hierdie oomblik vir jou een kry nie. Wees asseblief geduldig. Ek sal sorg dat jy een kry voor die dag om is."

"Augustus!" skree mevrou Gloop. "Augustus, skattebol, ek dink jy moet dit liewer nie doen nie." Soos julle seker kan raai, het Augustus Gloop stil- letjies af rivier toe gesluip. Hy kniel nou op die wal en skep so vinnig as wat hy kan hande vol warm gesmelte
sjokolade in sy mond.

Chapter 17

Augustus Gloop Goes up the Pipe

When Mr Wonka turned round and saw what Augustus Gloop was doing, he cried out, 'Oh, no! Please, Augustus, please! I beg of you not to do that. My chocolate must be untouched by human hands!'
'Augustus!' called out Mrs Gloop. 'Didn't you hear what the man said? Come away from that river at once!'

'This stuff is fabulous!' said Augustus, taking not the slightest notice of his mother or Mr Wonka. 'Gosh, I need a bucket to drink it properly!'
'Augustus,' cried Mr Wonka, hopping up and down and waggling his stick in the air, 'you must come away. You are dirtying my chocolate!'
'Augustus!' cried Mrs Gloop.
'Augustus!' cried Mr Gloop.
But Augustus was deaf to everything except the call of his enormous stomach. He was now lying full length on the ground with his head far out over the river, lapping up the chocolate like a dog.
'Augustus!' shouted Mrs Gloop. 'You'll be giving that nasty cold of yours to about a million people all over the country!'
'Be careful, Augustus!' shouted Mr Gloop. 'You're leaning too far out!'
Mr Gloop was absolutely right. For suddenly there was a shriek, and then a splash, and into the river went Augustus Gloop, and in one second he had disappeared under the brown surface.
'Save him!' screamed Mrs Gloop, going white in the face, and waving her umbrella about. 'He'll drown! He can't swim a yard! Save him! Save him!'
'Good heavens, woman,' said Mr Gloop, 'I'm not diving in there! I've got my best suit on!'
Augustus Gloop's face came up again to the surface, painted brown with chocolate. 'Help! Help! Help!' he yelled. 'Fish me out!'
'Don't just stand there!' Mrs Gloop screamed at Mr Gloop. 'Do something!'
'I am doing something!' said Mr Gloop, who was now taking off his jacket and getting ready to dive into the chocolate. But while he was doing this, the wretched boy was being sucked closer and closer towards the mouth of one of the great pipes that was dangling down

into the river. Then all at once, the powerful suction took hold of him completely, and he was pulled under the surface and then into the mouth of the pipe.
The crowd on the riverbank waited breathlessly to see where he would come out.
'There he goes!' somebody shouted, pointing upwards.
And sure enough, because the pipe was made of glass, Augustus Gloop could be clearly seen shooting up inside it, head first, like a torpedo.
'Help! Murder! Police!' screamed Mrs Gloop. 'Augustus, come back at once! Where are you going?'
'It's a wonder to me,' said Mr Gloop, 'how that pipe is big enough for him to go through it.'
'It isn't big enough!' said Charlie Bucket. 'Oh dear, look! He's slowing down!'
'So he is!' said Grandpa Joe.
'He's going to stick!' said Charlie.
'I think he is!' said Grandpa Joe.
'By golly, he has stuck!' said Charlie.
'It's his stomach that's done it!' said Mr Gloop.
'He's blocked the whole pipe!' said Grandpa Joe.
'Smash the pipe!' yelled Mrs Gloop, still waving her umbrella. 'Augustus, come out of there at once!'
The watchers below could see the chocolate swishing around the boy in the pipe, and they could see it building up behind him in a solid mass, pushing against the blockage. The pressure was terrific. Something had to give. Something did give, and that something was Augustus. WHOOF! Up he shot again like a bullet in the barrel of a gun.
'He's disappeared!' yelled Mrs Gloop. 'Where does that pipe go to? Quick! Call the fire brigade!'
'Keep calm!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Keep calm, my dear lady, keep calm. There is no danger! No danger whatsoever! Augustus has gone on a little journey, that's all. A most interesting little journey. But he'll come out of it just fine, you wait and see.'
'How can he possibly come out just fine!' snapped Mrs Gloop. 'He'll be made into marshmallows in five seconds!'
'Impossible!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Unthinkable! Inconceivable! Absurd! He could never be made into marshmallows!'
'And why not, may I ask?' shouted Mrs Gloop.
'Because that pipe doesn't go anywhere near it! That pipe — the one Augustus went up — happens to lead directly to the room where I make a most delicious kind of strawberry-flavoured chocolate-coated fudge . . .'
'Then he'll be made into strawberry-flavoured chocolate-coated fudge!'

screamed Mrs Gloop. 'My poor Augustus! They'll be selling him by the pound all over the country tomorrow morning!'
'Quite right,' said Mr Gloop.
'I know I'm right,' said Mrs Gloop.
'It's beyond a joke,' said Mr Gloop.
'Mr Wonka doesn't seem to think so!' cried Mrs Gloop. 'Just look at him! He's laughing his head off! How dare you laugh like that when my boy's just gone up the pipe! You monster!' she shrieked, pointing her umbrella at Mr Wonka as though she were going to run him through. 'You think it's a joke, do you? You think that sucking my boy up into your Fudge Room like that is just one great big colossal joke?'
'He'll be perfectly safe,' said Mr Wonka, giggling slightly.
'He'll be chocolate fudge!' shrieked Mrs Gloop.
'Never!' cried Mr Wonka.
'Of course he will!' shrieked Mrs Gloop.
'I wouldn't allow it!' cried Mr Wonka.
'And why not?' shrieked Mrs Gloop.
'Because the taste would be terrible,' said Mr Wonka. 'Just imagine it! Augustus-flavoured chocolate-coated Gloop! No one would buy it.'
'They most certainly would!' cried Mr Gloop indignantly.
'I don't want to think about it!' shrieked Mrs Gloop.
'Nor do I,' said Mr Wonka. 'And I do promise you, madam, that your darling boy is perfectly safe.'
'If he's perfectly safe, then where is he?' snapped Mrs Gloop. 'Lead me to him this instant!'
Mr Wonka turned around and clicked his fingers sharply, click, click, click, three times. Immediately, an Oompa-Loompa appeared, as if from nowhere, and stood beside him.
The Oompa-Loompa bowed and smiled, showing beautiful white teeth. His skin was rosy-white, his long hair was golden-brown, and the top of his head came just above the height of Mr Wonka's knee. He wore the usual deerskin slung over his shoulder.
'Now listen to me!' said Mr Wonka, looking down at the tiny man. 'I want you to take Mr and Mrs Gloop up to the Fudge Room and help them to find their son, Augustus. He's just gone up the pipe.'
The Oompa-Loompa took one look at Mrs Gloop and exploded into peals of laughter.
'Oh, do be quiet!' said Mr Wonka. 'Control yourself! Pull yourself together! Mrs Gloop doesn't think it's at all funny!'
'You can say that again!' said Mrs Gloop.
'Go straight to the Fudge Room,' Mr Wonka said to the Oompa-Loompa, 'and when you get there, take a long stick and start poking around inside the big chocolate-mixing barrel. I'm almost certain you'll find him in there. But you'd better look sharp! You'll have to

hurry! If you leave him in the chocolate-mixing barrel too long, he's liable to get poured out into the fudge boiler, and that really would be a disaster, wouldn't it? My fudge would become quite uneatable!'
Mrs Gloop let out a shriek of fury.
'I'm joking,' said Mr Wonka, giggling madly behind his beard. 'I didn't mean it. Forgive me.
I'm so sorry. Good-bye, Mrs Gloop! And Mr Gloop! Good-bye! I'll see you later . . .'
As Mr and Mrs Gloop and their tiny escort hurried away, the five Oompa-Loompas on the far side of the river suddenly began hopping and dancing about and beating wildly upon a number of very small drums. 'Augustus Gloop!' they chanted. 'Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!'
'Grandpa!' cried Charlie. 'Listen to them, Grandpa! What are they doing?'
'Ssshh!' whispered Grandpa Joe. 'I think they're going to sing us a song!'
'Augustus Gloop!' chanted the Oompa-Loompas.
'Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!
The great big greedy nincompoop!
How long could we allow this beast To gorge and guzzle, feed and feast On everything he wanted to?
Great Scott! It simply wouldn't do!
However long this pig might live,
We're positive he'd never give Even the smallest bit of fun Or happiness to anyone.
So what we do in cases such As this, we use the gentle touch,
And carefully we take the brat And turn him into something that Will give great pleasure to us all —
A doll, for instance, or a ball,
Or marbles or a rocking horse.
But this revolting boy, of course,
Was so unutterably vile,
So greedy, foul, and infantile,
He left a most disgusting taste Inside our mouths, and so in haste We chose a thing that, come what may,
Would take the nasty taste away.
"Come on!" we cried. "The time is ripe To send him shooting up the pipe!
He has to go! It has to be!"
And very soon, he's going to see Inside the room to which he's gone Some funny things are going on.
But don't, dear children, be alarmed;
Augustus Gloop will not be harmed,

Although, of course, we must admit He will be altered quite a bit.
He'll be quite changed from what he's been,
When he goes through the fudge machine:
Slowly, the wheels go round and round,
The cogs begin to grind and pound;
A hundred knives go slice, slice, slice;
We add some sugar, cream, and spice;
We boil him for a minute more,
Until we're absolutely sure
That all the greed and all the gall Is boiled away for once and all.
Then out he comes! And now! By grace!
A miracle has taken place!
This boy, who only just before
Was loathed by men from shore to shore,
This greedy brute, this louse's ear,
Is loved by people everywhere!
For who could hate or bear a grudge Against a luscious bit of fudge?'

'I told you they loved singing!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Aren't they delightful? Aren't they charming? But you mustn't believe a word they said. It's all nonsense, every bit of it!'

'Are the Oompa-Loompas really joking, Grandpa?' asked Charlie.

'Of course they're joking,' answered Grandpa Joe. 'They must be joking. At least, I hope they're joking. Don't you?'

17

Augustus Gloop gaan in die pyp op

Meneer Wonka draai om, sien wat Augustus Gloop aanvang en skree: “O nee, *asseblief,* Augustus, *assebliefl* Ek smeek jou! Moenie dit doen nie! Mensehande mag nie aan my sjokolade raak nie!”

“Augustus!” roep mevrou Gloop. “Hoor jy nie wat die man sê nie? Kom dadelik weg van daai rivier af!”

“Hierdie goed is fantasties!” sê Augustus sonder om hom aan sy ma of meneer Wonka te steur. “Jissie, ek het ’n emmer nodig om dit ordentlik te drink!”

“Augustus!” skree meneer Wonka en spring op en af en swaai sy wandelstok in die lug. “Kom *dadelik* weg daar! Jy maak my sjokolade vuil!”

“Augustus!” gil mevrou Gloop.

“Augustus!” gil meneer Gloop.

Maar Augustus hoor net sy geweldige groot maag se gegil. Hy lê plat op die grond met sy kop ver oor die rivier en slurp die sjokolade soos ’n hond op.
“Augustus!” skree mevrou Gloop. “Jy gaan mil- joene mense regoor die land met daai nare verkoue van jou aansteek!”
“Oppas, Augustus!” skree meneer Gloop. “Jy leun te ver oor!”
Meneer Gloop is heeltemal reg. Skielik is daar ’n gil en toe ’n gespat en gespartel, en daar trek Augustus Gloop in die rivier af en binne ’n sekonde verdwyn hy onder die bruin vloeistof.
“Red hom!” gil mevrou Gloop. Haar gesig is bleek en sy swaai haar sambreel wild rond. “Hy gaan verdrink! Hy kan nie swem nie! Red hom! Red hom! ”
“Liewe hemel, vrou,” sê meneer Gloop, “ek gaan nie daar induik nie! Ek het my beste pak aan!”
Augustus Gloop se gesig verskyn bo die opper- vlak, bruin van die sjokolade. “Help! Help! Help!” skree hy. “Kry my hier uit!”
“Moenie net daar *staan* nie!” gil mevrou Gloop vir meneer Gloop. *“Doen* iets!”
“Ek *doen* iets!” sê meneer Gloop, wat nou sy baadjie uittrek en gereed maak om in die sjokolade te duik. Maar terwyl hy besig is, suig een van die groot pype wat bo die rivier hang die gulsige seun al nader en nader. Toe skielik is die suigkrag te sterk en Augustus word onder die oppervlak ingetrek - en by die pyp se bek in.
Die groep op die rivierwal wag met ingehoue asem om te sien waar hy gaan uitkom.
“Daar gaan hy!” skree iemand en wys boontoe.
En so waar, omdat die pyp van glas is, kan almal duidelik sien hoe Augustus Gloop daarin opskiet, kop eerste, soos ’n torpedo.
“Help! Moord! Polisie!” gil mevrou Gloop. “Augustus, kom dadelik terug! Waarheen gaan jy?”
“Ek is verbaas,” sê meneer Gloop, “dat daai pyp groot genoeg is dat hy daar kan deurgaan.”
“Dis *nie* groot genoeg nie!” sê Charlie Bucket. “O gaats, kyk! Hy beweeg al stadiger!”
“Jy’s reg!” sê oupa Joe.
“Hy gaan vassit!” sê Charlie.
“Jy’s reg!” sê oupa Joe.
“O aarde, daar *sit* hy nou vas!” sê Charlie.
“Dis oor sy groot maag!” sê meneer Gloop. “Hy verstop die hele pyp!” sê óupa Joe.
“Breek die pyp!” gil mevrou Gloop en swaai haar sambreel nog steeds rond. “Augustus, kom dade- lik daar uit! ”
Die mense wat die seun dophou, sien hoe die sjokolade agter hom vaspak en teen die versperring begin druk. Die drukking is geweldig.

Iets moet meegee. Uiteindelik gee iets mee, en daardie iets is Augustus. WFíOEFFFF! Hy skiet weer soos ’n koeël uit ’n geweer boontoe.
“Hy’t verdwyn!” gil mevrou Gloop. “Waarheen gaan daai pyp? Gou! Bel die brandweer!”
“Bly kalm!” skree meneer Wonka. “Bly kalm, ge- agte dame, bly kalm. Hy is nie in gevaar nie. Hoege- naamd nie in gevaar nie. Augustus is net op reis, dis al. Op ’n baie interessante reis. Maar hy sal piekfyn anderkant uitkom; wag maar, u sal sien.”
“Floe de ongeluk kan hy piekfyn anderkant uitkom?” snou mevrou Gloop hom toe. “Oor vyf se- kondes word daar malvalekkers van hom gemaak!” “Onmoontlik!” lag meneer Wonka. “Ondenk- baar! Onvoorstelbaar! Absurd! Daar kan nie malvalekkers van hom gemaak word nie! ”
“En hoekom nie, as ek mag vra?” gil mevrou Gloop.
“Omdat daardie pyp glad nie soontoe gaan nie. Daardie pyp - die een waarin Augustus is - lei toe- vallig direk na die vertrek waar ek die allerheerlikste aarbeigegeurde sjokoladefudge maak.”
“Dan sal daai masjien aarbeigegeurde sjokoladefudge van hom maak!” skree mevrou Gloop. “My arme klein Augustus! Teen móreoggend verkoop hulle hom in blokkies - regoor die land!”
“Jy’s reg,” sê meneer Gloop.
“Ek *weet* ek is reg,” sê mevrou Gloop.
“Dis nie meer ’n grap nie,” sê meneer Gloop.
“Meneer Wonka dink blykbaar dit is!” gil mevrou Gloop. “Kyk net na hom! Hy lag hom ’n papie! Hoe *durf* jy so lag omdat my seun in die pyp op is? Jou monster!” skree sy en mik met haar sam- breel na meneer Wonka asof sy hom daarmee wil deurboor. “Jy dink dis ’n grap, nê? Jy dink dis ’n yslike groot grap dat my kind na jou Fudgekamer toe opgesuig word!”
“Hy sal doodveilig wees,” sê meneer Wonka en giggel guitig.
“Hy sal sjokoladefudge wees!” bulder mevrou Gloop.
“Bog!” sê meneer Wonka.
“Hy *sal*” gil mevrou Gloop.
“Ek sal dit nie toelaat nie!” skree meneer Wonka.
“En hoekom nie?” gil mevrou Gloop.
“Omdat dit aaklig sal smaak,” sê meneer Wonka. “Verbeel jou! Augustusgegeurde sjokolade-Gloop! Niemand sal dit wil koop nie.”
“Natuurlik sal hulle!” roep meneer Gloop veront- waardig uit.
“Ek wil eerder nie daaraan dink nie!” kerm mevrou Gloop.
“Ek ook nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “En ek belowe u, geagte mevrou, u lieflingseun is volkome veilig.”
“As hy volkome veilig is, waar is hy nou?” kap mevrou Gloop terug. “ Vat my onmiddellik na hom toe!”

Meneer Wonka draai om en klap sy vingers hard, *klap-klap-klap,* drie keer. Dadelik verskyn daar 'n Oempa-Loempa uit die niet en kom staan langs hom.
Die Oempa-Loempa buig en glimlag. Sy tande is pragtig spierwit, sy vel rosig, sy hare goudbruin en sy kop kom tot net bo meneer Wonka se knie. Hy dra die gebruiklike bokvel los oor sy skouer gegooi.
"Luister hier," sê meneer Wonka en kyk af na die mannetjie. "Ek wil hê jy moet meneer en mevrou Gloop na die Fudgekamer neem en help om hul seun, Augustus, te kry, Hy is nou net in die pyp op."
Die Oempa-Loempa gee mevrou Gloop een kyk en bars uit van die lag.
"Stil!" sê meneer Wonka. "Hou jou in toom! Ruk jou reg. Mevrou Gloop dink glad nie dis snaaks nie!"
"Jy kan dit weer sê," sê mevrou Gloop.
"Gaan reguit na die Fudgekamer," sê meneer Wonka vir die Oempa-Loempa, "en as jy daar kom, vat jy 'n lang stok en voel daarmee in die groot sjokolade-mengbak rond. Ek is amper seker jy sal hom daarin kry. Maar jy moet mooi kyk! En jy sal moet gou maak! As hy te lank in die mengbak bly, word hy in die fudge-kookpot gegooi en dit sal 'n *geweldige* ramp afgee. My fudge sal *totaal* oneet- baarwees!"
Mevrou Gloop los 'n woedende kreet.
"Ek spot net," sê meneer Wonka en giggel onbe- daarlik agter sy baard. "Ek het dit nie bedoel nie. Verge we my. Ek is so jammer. Tot siens, mevrou Gloop! En meneer Gloop! Tot siens! Sien julle later weer ..."
Meneer en mevrou Gloop en die mannetjie wat hulle begelei, beweeg haastig weg. Die vyf Oempa- Loempas anderkant die rivier begin skielik rond- spring en -dans en slaan wild op hul klein tromme. "Augustus Gloop!" sing-praat hulle. "Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!"
"Oupa!" roep Charlie. "Luister daar, Oupa! Wat *doen* hulle?"
"Sjuut!" fluister oupa Joe. "Ek dink hulle gaan vir ons 'n liedjie sing."
"Augustus Gloop!" sing-praat die Oempa-Loem- pas.
"Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!

Die groot, gulsige stommerik

Eet hom dik tot hy skoon hik

En dan eet hy nóg tot hy verstik!
Hy verslind als waarop hy sy hande kan le

En dan tail hy daarna nóg lekkergoed he!
Hy's ongepoets en ongemanierd,

Die grootste, vetste vraat in die buurt!

Hy's met almal net ongeskik

Hy bring vir niemand ooit geluk!
So ons gaan hom 'n bietjie verander Dat by vreugde kan bring aan ander.
Ons wou bom verander in 'n speelding:
'n Elektriese trein of 'n pop wat kan sing, Maar hy was absoluut onsmaaklik En verfoeilik en ondraaglik,
Vol van homselfen onbetaamlik!

Hy los 'n goor smaak in jou mond En toe besluit ons nét daar, terstond,
Hy moet regkom, kom wat wil Voor nóg mense vir hom gril.
Toe skree ons: 'Komaan, die tyd is ryp,

Kom ons stuur hom op in die pyp!'

Nie meer lank nie en hy gaan hom bevind In 'n vertrek waar vreemde dinge plaasvind. Hy gaan hom vers tom, die stomme kind! Maar Augustus Gloop sal ongedeerd wees, Al gaan hy hierna heeltemal anders wees. Want van nou af kry hy tien uit tien Danksy meneer Wonka se fudgemasjien!

Sy wiele draai om en om,

Roer die mengsel deeglik om.

Ons gooi suiker, room en speserye by En 'n honderd messe begin sny.

Ons kook hom nog 'n minuut,

Maak seker hy's splinternuut Al die vraatsigheid weggekook,

Al die gulsige gierigheid ook.

Daar kom hy nou! Die vrug op ons werk! Bid jou dit aan! Dis 'n wonderwerk!

Hierdie seun, bekend as 'n verstoteling,

Is nou die ganse wêreld se gunsteling!
Dis maklik om 'n blokkie fudge te vergewe,

Want hy sit die soet weer terug in jou lewe! "

“Ek het julle mos g*esê* hulle hou van sing!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Is hulle nie verruklik nie? Is hulle nie sjarmant nie? Maar moenie ’n woord glo van wat hulle gesê het nie. Dis alles snert, elke liewe ding!”

“Maak die Oempa-Loempas regtig net ’n grap, Oupa?” vra Charlie.

“Natuurlik maak hulle net ’n grap,” antwoord oupa Joe. “Dit *moet* ’n grap wees. Altans, ek hoop dis net ’n grap. En jy?”

Chapter 18

Down the Chocolate River

'Off we go!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Hurry up, everybody! Follow me to the next room! And please don't worry about Augustus Gloop. He's bound to come out in the wash. They always do. We shall have to make the next part of the journey by boat! Here she comes! Look!'
A steamy mist was rising up now from the great warm chocolate river, and out of the mist there appeared suddenly a most fantastic pink boat. It was a large open row boat with a tall front and a tall back (like a Viking boat of old), and it was of such a shining sparkling glistening pink colour that the whole thing looked as though it were made of bright, pink glass. There were many oars on either side of it, and as the boat came closer, the watchers on the riverbank could see that the oars were being pulled by masses of Oompa-Loompas — at least ten of them to each oar.
'This is my private yacht!' cried Mr Wonka, beaming with pleasure. 'I made her by hollowing out an enormous boiled sweet! Isn't she beautiful! See how she comes cutting through the river!'
The gleaming pink boiled-sweet boat glided up to the riverbank. One hundred Oompa-Loompas rested on their oars and stared up at the visitors. Then suddenly, for some reason best known to themselves, they all burst into shrieks of laughter.
'What's so funny?' asked Violet Beauregarde.
'Oh, don't worry about them!' cried Mr Wonka. 'They're always laughing! They think everything's a colossal joke! Jump into the boat, all of you! Come on! Hurry up!'
As soon as everyone was safely in, the Oompa-Loompas pushed the boat away from the bank and began to row swiftly downriver.
'Hey, there! Mike Teavee!' shouted Mr Wonka. 'Please do not lick the boat with your tongue! It'll only make it sticky!'
'Daddy,' said Veruca Salt, 'I want a boat like this! I want you to buy me a big pink boiled-sweet boat exactly like Mr Wonka's! And I want lots of Oompa-Loompas to row me about, and I want a chocolate river and I want . . . I want . . .'
'She wants a good kick in the pants,' whispered Grandpa Joe to Charlie. The old man was sitting in the back of the boat and little Charlie Bucket was right beside him. Charlie was holding tightly on to his grandfather's bony old hand. He was in a whirl of excitement. Everything that he had seen so far — the great chocolate river, the waterfall, the huge sucking pipes, the minty sugar meadows, the

Oompa-Loompas, the beautiful pink boat, and most of all, Mr Willy Wonka himself
— had been so astonishing that he began to wonder whether there could possibly be any more astonishments left. Where were they going now? What were they going to see? And what in the world was going to happen in the next room?
'Isn't it marvellous?' said Grandpa Joe, grinning at Charlie.
Charlie nodded and smiled up at the old man.
Suddenly, Mr Wonka, who was sitting on Charlie's other side, reached down into the bottom of the boat, picked up a large mug, dipped it into the river, filled it with chocolate, and handed it to Charlie. 'Drink this,' he said. 'It'll do you good! You look starved to death!'
Then Mr Wonka filled a second mug and gave it to Grandpa Joe. 'You, too,' he said. 'You look like a skeleton! What's the matter? Hasn't there been anything to eat in your house lately?' 'Not much,' said Grandpa Joe.
Charlie put the mug to his lips, and as the rich warm creamy chocolate ran down his throat into his empty tummy, his whole body from head to toe began to tingle with pleasure, and a feeling of intense happiness spread over him.
'You like it?' asked Mr Wonka.
'Oh, it's wonderful!' Charlie said.
'The creamiest loveliest chocolate I've ever tasted!' said Grandpa Joe, smacking his lips. 'That's because it's been mixed by waterfall,' Mr Wonka told him.
The boat sped on down the river. The river was getting narrower. There was some kind of a dark tunnel ahead — a great round tunnel that looked like an enormous pipe — and the river was running right into the tunnel. And so was the boat! 'Row on!' shouted Mr Wonka, jumping up and waving his stick in the air. 'Full speed ahead!' And with the Oompa-Loompas rowing faster than ever, the boat shot into the pitch-dark tunnel, and all the passengers screamed with excitement. 'How can they see where they're going?' shrieked Violet Beauregarde in the darkness.
'There's no knowing where they're going!' cried Mr Wonka, hooting with laughter.
'There's no earthly way of knowing Which direction they are going!
There's no knowing where they're rowing,
Or which way the river's flowing!
Not a speck of light is showing,
So the danger must be growing,
For the rowers keep on rowing,
And they're certainly not showing Any signs that they are slowing . . .'
'He's gone off his rocker!' shouted one of the fathers, aghast, and the

other parents joined in the chorus of frightened shouting. 'He's crazy!' they shouted.
'He's balmy!'
'He's nutty!'
'He's screwy!'
'He's batty!'
'He's dippy!'
'He's dotty!'
'He's daffy!'
'He's goofy!'
'He's beany!'
'He's buggy!'
'He's wacky!'
'He's loony!'
'No, he is not!' said Grandpa Joe.
'Switch on the lights!' shouted Mr Wonka. And suddenly, on came the lights and the whole tunnel was brilliantly lit up, and Charlie could see that they were indeed inside a gigantic pipe, and the great upward-curving walls of the pipe were pure white and spotlessly clean. The river of chocolate was flowing very fast inside the pipe, and the Oompa-Loompas were all rowing like mad, and the boat was rocketing along at a furious pace. Mr Wonka was jumping up and down in the back of the boat and calling to the rowers to row faster and faster still. He seemed to love the sensation of whizzing through a white tunnel in a pink boat on a chocolate river, and he clapped his hands and laughed and kept glancing at his passengers to see if they were enjoying it as much as he.
'Look, Grandpa!' cried Charlie. 'There's a door in the wall!' It was a green door and it was set into the wall of the tunnel just above the level of the river. As they flashed past it there was just enough time to read the writing on the door:
STOREROOM NUMBER 54, it said. ALL THE CREAMS — DAIRY CREAM, WHIPPED CREAM, VIOLET CREAM, COFFEE CREAM, PINEAPPLE CREAM, VANILLA CREAM, AND HAIR CREAM.
'Hair cream?' cried Mike Teavee. 'You don't use hair cream?'
'Row on!' shouted Mr Wonka. 'There's no time to answer silly questions!'
They streaked past a black door. STOREROOM NUMBER 71, it said on it. WHIPS — ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.
'Whips!' cried Veruca Salt. 'What on earth do you use whips for?'
'For whipping cream, of course,' said Mr Wonka. 'How can you whip cream without whips? Whipped cream isn't whipped cream at all unless it's been whipped with whips. Just as a poached egg isn't a poached egg unless it's been stolen from the woods in the dead of

night! Row on, please!'
They passed a yellow door on which it said: STOREROOM NUMBER 77 — ALL THE BEANS, CACAO BEANS, COFFEE BEANS, JELLY BEANS, AND HAS BEANS.
'Has beans?' cried Violet Beauregarde.
'You're one yourself!' said Mr Wonka. 'There's no time for arguing! Press on, press on!' But five seconds later, when a bright red door came into sight ahead, he suddenly waved his gold-topped cane in the air and shouted, 'Stop the boat!'

18

Af met die sjokoladerivier
“Weg is ons!” roep meneer Wonka. “Maak gou, almal! Volg my na die tweede vertrek! En moet julle asseblief nie oor Augustus Gloop bekommer nie. Hy sal lewend daar uitkom. Hulle kom almal op die ou end weer lewend uit. Ons gaan die vol- gende deel van ons reis per boot aflê. Hier kom hy'! Kyk!”
’n Mistige wasem styg uit die groot warm sjokoladerivier op en skielik verskyn daar ’n wonder- baarlike pienk boot uit die mis. Dis ’n groot oop roeiboot met ’n hoë voor- en agterkant (soos die Wiking-bote van lank gelede) en hy is so glinste- rend blink en skitterpienk dat dit lyk of die hele ding van helderpienk glas gemaak is. Daar steek ’n magdom roeispane aan weerskante uit en soos die boot naderkom, sien die groep op die rivierwal die roeispane word deur groepies Oempa-Loempas beman - minstens tien per spaan.
“Dis my private seiljag!” kondig meneer Wonka stralend aan. “Ek het hom gemaak deur ’n enorme gekookte lekker uit te hol! Is hy nie pragtig nie? Kyk net hoe statig seil hy oor die rivier!”
Die glinsterende pienk lekkergoedboot gly tot teen die rivierwal. Eenhonderd Oempa-Loempas laat sak hul spane en staar op na die besoekers. Toe skielik, en net hulle sal weet hoekom, bars almal uit van die lag.
“Wat is so snaaks?” vra Violet Beauregarde. “Ag, moenie julle aan *hulle* steur nie!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Hulle lag altyd! Hulle dink alles is ’n vreeslike grap. Spring in die boot, almal van julle. Komaan, maak gou!”
Toe almal veilig in is, stoot die Oempa-Loempas die boot weg van die wal en begin vinnig met die rivier af roei.
“Hei, jy daar! Mike Teevee!” skree meneer Wonka. “Moet asseblief nie aan die boot lek nie. Dit sal horn taai maak!”

“Pappa,” sê Veruca Salt. “Ek wil so ’n boot hê! Ek wil hê jy moet vir my ’n pienk lekkergoedboot koop, presies nes meneer Wonka s’n! En ek wil ’n klomp Oempa-Loempas hê wat my rondroei en ek wil ’n sjokoladerivier hê en ek wil. . . ek wil...” “Sy wil ’n harde skop op haar agterstewe hê,” fluister oupa Joe vir Charlie. Die ou man sit agter in die boot, met Charlie Bucket reg langs horn. Charlie hou sy oupa se benerige ou hand styf vas. Sy ore suis skoon van opwinding. Alles wat hy sover gesien het - die groot sjokoladerivier, die waterval, die reuse suigpype, die grasvelde van kruisement- suiker, die Oempa-Loempas, die pragtige pienk boot, en die meeste van alles, meneer Wonka self - is so verstommend dat hy begin wonder of daar nóg verstommende dinge oor is om te sien. Waarheen gaan hulle nou? Wat gaan hulle nóg sien? En wat op aarde gaan in die volgende vertrek gebeur?
“Is dit nie wonderbaarlik nie?” vra oupa Joe en grinnik vir Charlie.
Charlie knik en glimlag vir die oubaas.
Meneer Wonka, wat aan Charlie se ander kant sit, buk af en tel ’n groot beker van die boot se bodem af op. Hy hou dit in die rivier tot dit vol sjokolade is en gee dit vir Charlie. “Drink,” sê hy. “Dit sal jou goed doen! Jy lyk asvaal van die honger!”
Meneer Wonka maak ’n tweede beker vol en gee dit vir oupa Joe. “Jy ook,” sê hy. “Jy lyk soos ’n geraamte! Wat makeer? Het julle nie kos in julle huis nie?”
“Nie juis nie,” sê oupa Joe.
Charlie sit die beker teen sy lippe en die ryk, warm, romerige sjokolade loop by sy keel af en tot in sy leë maag. Sy lyf begin van kop tot tone tintel van plesier en ’n salige gevoel van geluk spoel oor hom.
“Hou jy daarvan?” vra meneer Wonka.
“O, dis heerlik!” sê Charlie.
“Die heerlikste, romerigste sjokolade wat ek nog ooit geproe het!” sê oupa Joe en klap sy lippe van lekkerkry.
“Dis omdat die waterval dit gemeng het,” sê meneer Wonka vir hom.
Die boot ry al vinniger. Die rivier word nou smaller. Voor hulle is daar ’n donker tonnel - ’n groot ronde tonnel wat soos ’n enorme pyp lyk - en die rivier loop daarin. En die boot ook! “Roei!” skree meneer Wonka en spring op en swaai sy wandelstok in die lug. “Volspoed vorentoe!” Die Oempa-Loempas roei vinniger as ooit en die boot skiet by die pikdonker tonnel in en al die passasiers gil en skree.
“Hoe kan hulle sien waarheen hulle gaan?” gil Violet Beauregarde in die donkerte.
“Niemand weet waarheen ons gaan nie!” skree meneer Wonka en lag lekker.
“W*at help dit ,n mens probeer vra hulle nog Hoe lank nog, hoe ver nog is ons tog?*
Wie weet waarheen hulle roei Of waarheen die rivier nou vloei?

Hoe verder ons die donker invaar,

Hoe groter word die gevaar.

Maar die roeiers hou aan en aan roei,

Ek hoor hulle met die spane stoei! Ons bestemming is onbekend,

Ons lot dalk ’n bittere end!”
“Hy’s die kluts kwyt!” skree een van die pa’s ontsteld, en die ander ouers val net so ontstoke in. “Hy’s mal!” skree hulle.
“Hy’s kranksinnig!”
“Hy’s waansinnig!”
“Hy’s besete!”
“Hy’s berserk!”
“Hy’s bedinges!”
“Hy’s betjoins!”
“Hy’s koekoes!”
“Hy’s kens!”
“Hy’s gek!”
“Hy’s getik!”
“Hy’s van sy wysie af!”
“Hy’s van sy trollie af! ”
“Hy’s van sy kop af!”
“Nee, hy is me!” sê oupa Joe.
“Skakel aan die ligte!” skree meneer Wonka. Skielik gaan die ligte aan en die hele tonnel is helder verlig. Charlie sien hulle is sowaar binne-in ’n enorme pyp en die pyp se ronde mure en dak is spierwit en silwerskoon. Die sjokoladerivier vloei hier baie vinnig. Die Oempa-Loempas roei vir ’n vale en die boot skiet met ’n geweldige spoed vorentoe. Meneer Wonka spring op en af agter in die boot en skree vir die roeiers om nog vinniger te roei. Charlie kan sien hy is gek daaroor om in ’n pienk boot op ’n bruin sjokoladerivier deur ’n wit tonnel te jaag. Meneer Wonka klap sy hande opgewonde en lag en kyk aanhoudend na sy pas- sasiers om te sien of hulle dit net soveel soos hy geniet.
“Kyk, Oupa!” skree Charlie. “Daar’s ’n deur in die muur!” Dis ’n groen deur en dit steek net bo die oppervlak uit. Hulle skiet verby en het net genoeg tyd om te lees wat op die deur staan: PAKKAMER NOMMER 54. AL DIE ROME - SUIWEL- ROOM, GEKLITSTE ROOM, VIOOLTJIE-ROOM, KOFFIEROOM, PYNAPPELROOM, VANIELJEROOM EN HAARROOM.
“Haarroom?” vra Mike Teevee. “Gebruik julle *haarroom*?”

“Roei verder!” skree meneer Wonka. “Daar’s nie tyd om lawwe vrae te beantwoord nie!”

Hulle jaag verby ’n swart deur. PAKKAMER NOMMER 71 staan daarop. KLITSERS - ALLE VORMS EN GROOTTES.

“Klitsers?” vra Violet Beauregarde. “Vir wat op aarde gebruik julle klitsers?”

“Om die room mee te klits, natuurlik,” sê meneer Wonka. “Roei verder, asseblief!”

Hulle gaan verby ’n geel deur waarop daar staan PAKKAMER NOMMER 77, AL DIE BONE - KAKAOBONE, KOFFIEBONE, JELLIEBONE EN WILHÊBONE.

“Wilhêbone?” vra Veruca Salt.

“Spesiaal vir meisies soos jy!” sê meneer Wonka. “Maar ons het nie tyd om daaroor te redekawel nie! Verder, roei verder!” Vyf minute later sien almal ’n helderrooi deur en skielik swaai hy sy wandelstok met die goue knop in die lug en skree: “Hou stil!”

Chapter 19

The Inventing Room — Everlasting Gobstoppers and Hair Toffee

When Mr Wonka shouted 'Stop the boat!' the Oompa-Loompas jammed their oars into the river and backed water furiously. The boat stopped. The Oompa-Loompas guided the boat alongside the red door. On the door it said, INVENTING ROOM — PRIVATE — KEEP OUT. Mr Wonka took a key from his pocket, leaned over the side of the boat, and put the key in the keyhole.

'This is the most important room in the entire factory!' he said. 'All my most secret new inventions are cooking and simmering in here! Old Fickelgruber would give his front teeth to be allowed inside just for three minutes! So would Prodnose and Slugworth and all the other rotten chocolate makers! But now, listen to me! I want no messing about when you go in! No touching, no meddling, and no tasting! Is that agreed?'

'Yes, yes!' the children cried. 'We won't touch a thing!'

'Up to now,' Mr Wonka said, 'nobody else, not even an Oompa-Loompa, has ever been allowed in here!' He opened the door and stepped out of the boat into the room. The four children and their parents all scrambled after him.

'Don't touch!' shouted Mr Wonka. 'And don't knock anything over!'

Charlie Bucket stared around the gigantic room in which he now found himself. The place was like a witch's kitchen! All about him black metal pots were boiling and bubbling on huge stoves, and kettles were hissing and pans were sizzling, and strange iron machines were clanking and spluttering, and there were pipes running all over the ceiling and walls, and the whole place was filled with smoke and steam and delicious rich smells.

Mr Wonka himself had suddenly become even more excited than usual, and anyone could see that this was the room he loved best of all. He was hopping about among the saucepans and the machines like a child among his Christmas presents, not knowing which thing to look at first. He lifted the lid from a huge pot and took a sniff; then he rushed over and dipped a finger into a barrel of sticky yellow stuff and had a taste; then he skipped across to one of the machines and turned half a dozen knobs this way and that; then he peered anxiously through the glass door of a gigantic oven, rubbing his hands and cackling with delight at what he saw inside. Then he ran over to another machine, a small shiny affair that kept going phut-phut-phut-

phut-phut, and every time it went phut, a large green marble dropped out of it into a basket on the floor. At least it looked like a marble.
'Everlasting Gobstoppers!' cried Mr Wonka proudly. 'They're completely new! I am inventing them for children who are given very little pocket money. You can put an Everlasting Gobstopper in your mouth and you can suck it and suck it and suck it and suck it and it will never get any smaller!'
'It's like gum!' cried Violet Beauregarde.
'It is not like gum,' Mr Wonka said. 'Gum is for chewing, and if you tried chewing one of these Gobstoppers here you'd break your teeth off! And they never get any smaller! They never disappear! NEVER! At least I don't think they do. There's one of them being tested this very moment in the Testing Room next door. An Oompa-Loompa is sucking it. He's been sucking it for very nearly a year now without stopping, and it's still just as good as ever!
'Now, over here,' Mr Wonka went on, skipping excitedly across the room to the opposite wall, 'over here I am inventing a completely new line in toffees!' He stopped beside a large saucepan. The saucepan was full of a thick gooey purplish treacle, boiling and bubbling. By standing on his toes, little Charlie could just see inside it.
'That's Hair Toffee!' cried Mr Wonka. 'You eat just one tiny bit of that, and in exactly half an hour a brand-new luscious thick silky beautiful crop of hair will start growing out all over the top of your head! And a moustache! And a beard!'
'A beard!' cried Veruca Salt. 'Who wants a beard, for heaven's sake?'
'It would suit you very well,' said Mr Wonka, 'but unfortunately the mixture is not quite right yet. I've got it too strong. It works too well. I tried it on an Oompa-Loompa yesterday in the Testing Room and immediately a huge black beard started shooting out of his chin, and the beard grew so fast that soon it was trailing all over the floor in a thick hairy carpet. It was growing faster
than we could cut it! In the end we had to use a lawn mower to keep it in check! But I'll get the mixture right soon! And when I do, then there'll be no excuse any more for little boys and girls going about with bald heads!'
'But Mr Wonka,' said Mike Teavee, 'little boys and girls never do go about with . . .'
'Don't argue, my dear child, please don't argue!' cried Mr Wonka. 'It's such a waste of precious time! Now, over here, if you will all step this way, I will show you something that I am terrifically proud of. Oh, do be careful! Don't knock anything over! Stand back!'

19

Die Uitvindingsaal - permanente Smoelstoppers en Haretoffies

Toe meneer Wonka "Hou stil!" skree, steek die Oempa-Loempas hul spane in die rivier en begin agteruit roei. Die boot kom tot stilstand.

Die Oempa-Loempas stuur die boot tot by die rooi deur. Op die deur staan daar UITVINDING- SAAL - PRIVAAT - BLY WEG. Meneer Wonka haal 'n sleutel uit sy sak, leun oor die kant van die boot en steek die sleutel in die sleutelgat.

"Dis die belangrikste kamer in die hele fabriek!" sê by. "Al my mees geheime nuwe uitvindings prut en kook hier binne. Ou Fickelgruber sal sy voor- tande gee om net vir drie minute hier te kan rond- kyk. Om nie van Prodnose en Slugworth en al die ander vrot sjokolademakers te praat nie. Maar luister nou na my: ek wil nie enige knoeiery hê wanneer julle ingaan nie. Julie vat, peuter en proe aan niks! Akkoord?"

"Ja, ja!" roep die kinders. "Ons sal aan niks raak nie!"

"Tot nou toe," sê meneer Wonka, "is niemand anders, nie eens 'n Oempa-Loempa, nog ooit hier toegelaat nie." Hy maak die deur oop en klim uit die boot tot in die kamer. Die vier kinders en hul ouers skarrel agter hom aan.

"Moet aan niks raak nie!" skree meneer Wonka. "En moet niks omstamp nie!"

Charlie Bucket kyk in die reusagtige vertrek rond. Dit lyk soos 'n heks se kombuis! Oral om hom borrel en kook daar swart metaalpotte op tamaai stowe, ketels sis en panne rammel en rinkel, vreemde ystermasjiene sputter en spat, daar is pype wat al met die plafon en mure langs loop, en die hele plek is vol rook en stoom en heerlike ryk geure.

Meneer Wonka is seifs nog meer opgewonde as gewoonlik en enigiemand kan sien dis sy gunste- ling-vertrek. Hy huppel tussen die kastrolle rond soos 'n kind wat nie weet watter Kerspresent om eerste oop te maak nie. Hy lig 'n yslike pot se dek- sel op en ruik nuuskierig, dan hardloop hy na 'n balie met taai geel goed en steek sy vinger daarin en proe dit, dan trippel hy oor na een van die masjiene en draai 'n halfdosyn knoppe hiernatoe en daarnatoe, dan loer hy opgewonde deur 'n enorme oond se glasdeur en vryf sy hande en giggel uitgelate oor wat hy binne-in sien. Nou hardloop hy na 'n ander masjien, 'n klein blinketjie wat aan- houdend *poef-poef-poef-poef-poef* maak en elke keer wat dit poef maak, laat val dit 'n groot groen albaster in 'n mandjie op die vloer. Of liewer, dit lyk soos 'n albaster.

"Permanente Smoelstoppers!" kondig meneer Wonka trots aan. "Hulle is splinternuut! Ek het hulle ontwerp vir kinders wat baie min sakgeld

kry.
Jy kan ’n Permanente Smoelstopper in jou mond sit en jy kan dit suig en suig en suig en suig en dit sal *nooit* kleiner word nie!”
“Dis soos kougom!” roep Violet Beauregarde uit. “Dis *nie* soos kougom nie,” sê meneer Wonka, “’n Mens kou kougom, en as jy probeer om een van hierdie Smoelstoppers te kou, sal jou tande afbreek! Hulle word *nooit* kleiner nie. Hulle ver- dwyn *nooit* nie. NOOIT! Altans, ek dink nie so nie. Een van hulle word op hierdie einste oomblik in die Toetskamer hier langsaan getoets. ’n Oempa- Loempa suig daaraan. Hy suig nou al amper ’n jaar sonder ophou, en dis nog steeds so goed soos nuut!” “En hier,” gaan meneer Wonka voort, “hier is ek besig om ’n totaal nuwe soort toffie te maak!” Hy gaan staan langs ’n groot kastrol. Die kastrol is tot bo vol met ’n dik, taai, perserige stroop wat borrel en kook. Charlie moet op sy tone staan om binne-in te kan sien.
“Dis Haretoffie!” kondig meneer Wonka aan. “Jy eet net een klein stukkie daarvan en presies ’n halfuur later begin groei daar splinternuwe welige dik hare oral op jou kop. En ’n snor! En ’n baard!” “’n Baard!” roep Veruca Salt uit. “Wie wil nou ’n baard he?”
“Dit sal jou baie goed pas,” sê meneer Wonka, “maar ongelukkig is die mengsel nog nie heel- temal reg nie. Dis nog effens te sterk. Dit werk té goed. Ek het dit gister op ’n Oempa-Loempa in die Toetskamer getoets en daar het dadelik ’n welige swart baard op sy ken begin groei. Die baard het só vinnig gegroei dat daar kort daarna ’n dik haar- tapyt op die vloer gelê het. Dit het vinniger gegroei as wat ons dit kon knip! Op die ou end moes ons ’n grassnyer gebruik om dit te beheer. Maar ek sal die mengsel een van die dae regkry. Dan sal daar geen verskoning meer wees vir seuns en dogters om met bleskoppe rond te loop nie. ”
“Maar meneer Wonka,” sê Mike Teevee, “seuns en dogters is mos nooit *bles* nie!”
“Moenie stry nie, my liewe kind, moet *asseblief* nie stry nie!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Dis só ’n vermorsing van kosbare tyd! Hierdie kant toe, asseblief; kom kyk nou ’n bietjie *hier*. Ek wil vir julle iets wys waarop ek geweldig trots is. O, ver- sigtig net! Moet niks omstamp nie! Staan terug!”

Chapter 20

The Great Gum Machine

Mr Wonka led the party over to a gigantic machine that stood in the very centre of the Inventing Room. It was a mountain of gleaming metal that towered high above the children and their parents. Out of the very top of it there sprouted hundreds and hundreds of thin glass tubes, and the glass tubes all curled downwards and came together in a bunch and hung suspended over an enormous round tub as big as a bath.

'Here we go!' cried Mr Wonka, and he pressed three different buttons on the side of the machine. A second later, a mighty rumbling sound came from inside it, and the whole machine began to shake most frighteningly, and steam began hissing out of it all over, and then suddenly the watchers noticed that runny stuff was pouring down the insides of all the hundreds of little glass tubes and squirting out into the great tub below. And in every single tube the runny stuff was of a different colour, so that all the colours of the rainbow (and many others as well) came sloshing and splashing into the tub. It was a lovely sight. And when the tub was nearly full, Mr Wonka pressed another button, and immediately the runny stuff disappeared, and a whizzing whirring noise took its place; and then a giant whizzer started whizzing round inside the enormous tub, mixing up all the different coloured liquids like an ice-cream soda. Gradually, the mixture began to froth. It became frothier and frothier, and it turned from blue to white to green to brown to yellow, then back to blue again.

'Watch!' said Mr Wonka.

Click went the machine, and the whizzer stopped whizzing. And now there came a sort of sucking noise, and very quickly all the blue frothy mixture in the huge basin was sucked back into the stomach of the machine. There was a moment of silence. Then a few queer rumblings were heard. Then silence again. Then suddenly, the machine let out a monstrous mighty groan, and at the same moment a tiny drawer (no bigger than the drawer in a slot machine) popped out of the side of the machine, and in the drawer there lay something so small and thin and grey that everyone thought it must be a mistake. The thing looked like a little strip of grey cardboard.

The children and their parents stared at the little grey strip lying in the drawer.

'You mean that's all?' said Mike Teavee, disgusted.

'That's all,' answered Mr Wonka, gazing proudly at the result. 'Don't you know what it is?' There was a pause. Then suddenly, Violet Beauregarde, the silly gum-chewing girl, let out a yell of excitement. 'By gum, it's gum!' she shrieked. 'It's a stick of chewing-gum!'
'Right you are!' cried Mr Wonka, slapping Violet hard on the back. 'It's a stick of gum! It's a stick of the most amazing and fabulous and sensational gum in the world!'

20

Die groot kougommasjien

Meneer Wonka lei die groep na ’n enorme masjien wat reg in die middel van die Uitvindingsaal staan. Dis ’n berg van blink metaal wat hoog bo die kin- ders en hul ouers uittroon. Bo uit die masjien kom daar honderde en honderde dun glasbuisies wat almal deurmekaar ondertoe loop en in ’n bondel bo-oor ’n kolossale ronde balie hang.
“Hier gaan ons! ” skree meneer Wonka en hy druk drie verskillende knoppies aan die kant van die masjien. ’n Oomblik later kom daar ’n geweldige gerammel uit die masjien en die hele ding begin verskriklik skud en stoom sis oral daaruit en toe skielik sien die besoekers loperige goed by die honderde klein glasbuisies afloop en in die groot balie drup. Elke enkele buisie se vloeistof het ’n ander kleur, en al die kleure van die reënboog (en baie ander ook) plas en plons in die balie. Wat ’n lieflike gesig! En toe die balie amper vol is, druk meneer Wonka nog ’n knoppie en die gedrup hou dadelik op en daar is ’n gesuis en gedruis en ’n groot klitser begin alles in die balie klits en al die verskillende kleure vloeistowwe met mekaar meng.
Die mengsel begin geleidelik skuim. Dit word al skuimeriger en skuimeriger en verander van blou na wit na groen na bruin na geel, en toe weer terug na blou.
“Kyk!” sê meneer Wonka.
Klik maak die masjien en die klitser hou op klits. Daar volg ’n soort suiggeluid en in ’n oogwenk word die skuimerige blou mengsel in die yslike balie Weer terug in die masjien se maag opgesuig. Vir ’n oomblik is dit stil. Toe is daar vreemde ram- melgeluide. Toe is dit weer stil. En toe skielik gee die masjien ’n geweldige kreun en terselfdertyd spring daar ’n laaitjie (so groot soos ’n munt-outo- maat s’n) aan die kant van die masjien oop en in die laaitjie lê daar iets so klein en dun en grys dat almal dink dit moet ’n fout wees. Die

dingetjie lyk soos ’n stukkie karton.
Die kinders en hul ouers staar na die grys strokie in die laaitjie.
“Is dit regtig *al*?” vra Mike Teevee vies.
“Dis al,” antwoord meneer Wonka en kyk trots na die resultaat. “Weet julle nie wat dit is nie?”
Vir ’n oomblik is dit weer stil. Dan gil Violet Beauregarde, die lawwe kougommeisie, skielik op- gewonde. “Dis *kougomV* skree sy. “Dis ’n stukkie kougom!”
“Doodreg!” roep meneer Wonka uit en klop Violet hard op die rug. “Dis kougom. Dis die wêreld se *tnees ongelooflike, mees fantastiese, mees sen- sasionele* kougom!”

Chapter 21

Good-bye Violet

'This gum,' Mr Wonka went on, 'is my latest, my greatest, my most fascinating invention! It's a chewing-gum meal! It's . . . it's . . . it's . . . That tiny little strip of gum lying there is a whole three-course dinner all by itself!'

'What sort of nonsense is this?' said one of the fathers.

'My dear sir!' cried Mr Wonka, 'when I start selling this gum in the shops it will change everything! It will be the end of all kitchens and all cooking! There will be no more shopping to do! No more buying of meat and groceries! There'll be no knives and forks at mealtimes! No plates! No washing up! No rubbish! No mess! Just a little strip of Wonka's magic chewing-gum — and that's all you'll ever need at breakfast, lunch, and supper! This piece of gum I've just made happens to be tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie, but you can have almost anything you want!'

'What do you mean, it's tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie?' said Violet Beauregarde.

'If you were to start chewing it,' said Mr Wonka, 'then that is exactly what you would get on the menu. It's absolutely amazing! You can actually feel the food going down your throat and into your tummy! And you can taste it perfectly! And it fills you up! It satisfies you! It's terrific!'

'It's utterly impossible,' said Veruca Salt.

'Just so long as it's gum,' shouted Violet Beauregarde, 'just so long as it's a piece of gum and I can chew it, then that's for me!' And quickly she took her own world-record piece of chewing-gum out of her mouth and stuck it behind her left ear. 'Come on, Mr Wonka,' she said, 'hand over this magic gum of yours and we'll see if the thing works.'

'Now, Violet,' said Mrs Beauregarde, her mother; 'don't let's do anything silly, Violet.'

'I want the gum!' Violet said obstinately. 'What's so silly?'

'I would rather you didn't take it,' Mr Wonka told her gently. 'You see, I haven't got it quite right yet. There are still one or two things . . .'

'Oh, to blazes with that!' said Violet, and suddenly, before Mr Wonka could stop her, she shot out a fat hand and grabbed the stick of gum out of the little drawer and popped it into her mouth. At once, her huge, well-trained jaws started chewing away on it like a pair of tongs.

'Don't!' said Mr Wonka.

'Fabulous!' shouted Violet. 'It's tomato soup! It's hot and creamy and delicious! I can feel it running down my throat!'
'Stop!' said Mr Wonka. 'The gum isn't ready yet! It's not right!'
'Of course it's right!' said Violet. 'It's working beautifully! Oh my, what lovely soup this is!'
'Spit it out!' said Mr Wonka.
'It's changing!' shouted Violet, chewing and grinning both at the same time. 'The second course is coming up! It's roast beef! It's tender and juicy! Oh boy, what a flavour! The baked potato is marvellous, too! It's got a crispy skin and it's all filled with butter inside!'
'But how in-teresting, Violet,' said Mrs Beauregarde. 'You are a clever girl.'
'Keep chewing, baby!' said Mr Beauregarde. 'Keep right on chewing!
This is a great day for the Beauregardes! Our little girl is the first person in the world to have a chewing-gum meal!'
Everybody was watching Violet Beauregarde as she stood there chewing this extraordinary gum. Little Charlie Bucket was staring at her absolutely spellbound, watching her huge rubbery lips as they pressed and unpressed with the chewing, and Grandpa Joe stood beside him, gaping at the girl. Mr Wonka was wringing his hands and saying, 'No, no, no, no, no! It isn't ready for eating! It isn't right! You mustn't do it!'
'Blueberry pie and cream!' shouted Violet. 'Here it comes! Oh my, it's perfect! It's beautiful! It's . . . it's exactly as though I'm swallowing it! It's as though I'm chewing and swallowing great big spoonfuls of the most marvellous blueberry pie in the world!'
'Good heavens, girl!' shrieked Mrs Beauregarde suddenly, staring at Violet, 'what's happening to your nose!'
'Oh, be quiet, mother, and let me finish!' said Violet.
'It's turning blue!' screamed Mrs Beauregarde. 'Your nose is turning blue as a blueberry!'
'Your mother is right!' shouted Mr Beauregarde. 'Your whole nose has gone purple!'
'What do you mean?' said Violet, still chewing away.
'Your cheeks!' screamed Mrs Beauregarde. 'They're turning blue as well! So is your chin! Your whole face is turning blue!'
'Spit that gum out at once!' ordered Mr Beauregarde.
'Mercy! Save us!' yelled Mrs Beauregarde. 'The girl's going blue and purple all over! Even her hair is changing colour! Violet, you're turning violet, Violet! What is happening to you?'
'I told you I hadn't got it quite right,' sighed Mr Wonka, shaking his head sadly.
'I'll say you haven't!' cried Mrs Beauregarde. 'Just look at the girl now!'
Everybody was staring at Violet. And what a terrible, peculiar sight

she was! Her face and hands and legs and neck, in fact the skin all over her body, as well as her great big mop of curly hair, had turned a brilliant, purplish-blue, the colour of blueberry juice!
'It always goes wrong when we come to the dessert,' sighed Mr Wonka. 'It's the blueberry pie that does it. But I'll get it right one day, you wait and see.'
'Violet,' screamed Mrs Beauregarde, 'you're swelling up!'
'I feel sick,' Violet said.
'You're swelling up!' screamed Mrs Beauregarde again.
'I feel most peculiar!' gasped Violet.
'I'm not surprised!' said Mr Beauregarde.
'Great heavens, girl!' screeched Mrs Beauregarde. 'You're blowing up like a balloon!'
'Like a blueberry,' said Mr Wonka.
'Call a doctor!' shouted Mr Beauregarde.
'Prick her with a pin!' said one of the other fathers.
'Save her!' cried Mrs Beauregarde, wringing her hands.
But there was no saving her now. Her body was swelling up and changing shape at such a rate that within a minute it had turned into nothing less than an enormous round blue ball — a gigantic blueberry, in fact — and all that remained of Violet Beauregarde herself was a tiny pair of legs and a tiny pair of arms sticking out of the great round fruit and little head on top.
'It always happens like that,' sighed Mr Wonka. 'I've tried it twenty times in the Testing Room on twenty Oompa-Loompas, and every one of them finished up as a blueberry. It's most annoying. I just can't understand it.'
'But I don't want a blueberry for a daughter!' yelled Mrs Beauregarde. 'Put her back to what she was this instant!'
Mr Wonka clicked his fingers, and ten Oompa-Loompas appeared immediately at his side.
'Roll Miss Beauregarde into the boat,' he said to them, 'and take her along to the Juicing Room at once.'
'The Juicing Room?' cried Mrs Beauregarde. 'What are they going to do to her there?'
'Squeeze her,' said Mr Wonka. 'We've got to squeeze the juice out of her immediately. After that, we'll just have to see how she comes out. But don't worry, my dear Mrs Beauregarde. We'll get her repaired if it's the last thing we do. I am sorry about it all, I really am . . .'
Already the ten Oompa-Loompas were rolling the enormous blueberry across the floor of the Inventing Room towards the door that led to the chocolate river where the boat was waiting. Mr and Mrs Beauregarde hurried after them. The rest of the party, including little Charlie Bucket and Grandpa Joe, stood absolutely still and watched

them go.
'Listen!' whispered Charlie. 'Listen, Grandpa! The Oompa-Loompas in the boat outside are starting to sing!'
The voices, one hundred of them singing together, came loud and clear into the room:

'Dear friends, we surely all agree

There's almost nothing worse to see

Than some repulsive little bum

Who's always chewing chewing-gum.

(It's very near as bad as those

Who sit around and pick the nose.)

So please believe us when we say

That chewing gum will never pay;

This sticky habit's bound to send

The chewer to a sticky end.

Did any of you ever know

A person called Miss Bigelow?

This dreadful woman saw no wrong

In chewing, chewing all day long.

She chewed while bathing in the tub,

She chewed while dancing at her club,

She chewed in church and on the bus;

It really was quite ludicrous!

And when she couldn't find her gum,

She'd chew up the linoleum,

Or anything that happened near —

A pair of boots, the postman's ear,

Or other people's underclothes,

And once she chewed her boy-friend's nose.

She went on chewing till, at last,

Her chewing muscles grew so vast

That from her face her giant chin

Stuck out just like a violin.

For years and years she chewed away,

Consuming fifty bits a day,

Until one summer's eve, alas,

A horrid business came to pass.

Miss Bigelow went late to bed,

For half an hour she lay and read,

Chewing and chewing all the while

Like some great clockwork crocodile.

At last, she put her gum away

Upon a special little tray,

And settled back and went to sleep —

(She managed this by counting sheep).

But now, how strange! Although she slept,

Those massive jaws of hers still kept

On chewing, chewing through the night,

Even with nothing there to bite.

They were, you see, in such a groove

They positively had to move.

And very grim it was to hear

In pitchy darkness, loud and clear,

This sleeping woman's great big trap

Opening and shutting, snap-snap-snap!

Faster and faster, chop-chop-chop,

The noise went on, it wouldn't stop.

Until at last her jaws decide

To pause and open extra wide,

And with the most tremendous chew

They bit the lady's tongue in two.

Thereafter, just from chewing gum,

Miss Bigelow was always dumb,

And spent her life shut up in some

Disgusting sanatorium.

And that is why we'll try so hard

To save Miss Violet Beauregarde

From suffering an equal fate.

She's still quite young. It's not too late,

Provided she survives the cure.

We hope she does. We can't be sure.'

21

Tot siens, Violet

"Hierdie kougom," gaan meneer Wonka voort, "is my jongste, my beste, my mees fassinerende uitvinding! Dis soos 'n kougommaaltyd! Dis . . . dis . . . dis . . . Daardie klein stukkie kougom wat daar lê, is 'n hele driegangmaal op sy eie!"
"Watse bog is dit?" vra een van die pa's.
"My liewe meneer!" roep meneer Wonka uit, "sodra ek hierdie kougom in die winkels begin verkoop, gaan dit *alles* verander! Dit sal die einde van alle kombuise en alle koskook wees. Niemand sal meer inkopies hoef te doen nie. Niemand sal meer vleis of kos hoef te koop nie. Jy sal nie meer messe en vurke aan die etenstafel nodig hê nie. Ook nie borde nie. Daar sal nie meer skottelgoed wees nie. Niks om skoon te maak nie! Net 'n stukkie van Wonka se towerkougom - dis al wat jy ooit hoef te eet: soggens, smiddae en saans! Hierdie stukkie kougom wat nou net gemaak is, is toevallig tamatiesop, braaiboud en bloubessie- pastei, maar jy kan kies net wat jou hart begeer!" "Wat *bedoel* jy: dis tamatiesop, braaiboud en bloubessiepastei?" vra Violet Beauregarde.
"As jy dit begin kou," antwoord meneer Wonka, "is dit presies wat jy op die spyskaart sal kry. Dis absoluut ongelooflik! Jy kan *voel* hoe die kos by jou keel afgaan en in jou maag beland. En jy kan dit proe. En dit maak jou vol. En dit stil jou honger. Dis fantasties!"
"Dis onmoontlik," sê Veruca Salt.
"Solank dit net kougom is," sê Violet Beaure- garde, "solank dit net 'n stuk kougom is en ek dit kan kou, is dit *al* wat ek wil hê!" Sy haal haar eie wêreldrekord-kougom uit haar mond en druk dit agter haar linkeroor vas. "Komaan, meneer Wonka," sê sy, "gee vir my van jou towerkougom, dan kyk ons of dit werk."
"Stadig nou, Violet," waarsku haar ma, mevrou Beauregarde. "Moenie

iets doms aanvang nie."
"Ek wil net sy kougom proe!" sê Violet koppig. "Wat is nou so dom daaraan?"
"Ek dink jy moet liewer nie," sê meneer Wonka vriendelik. "Jy sien, dis nog nie *heeltemal* reg nie. Daar is nog een of twee dingetjies wat ek -"
"Dit traak my nie!" sê Violet en skielik, voor meneer Wonka nog kan keer, skiet haar een vet hand uit en gryp die kougom uit die laaitjie en stop dit in haar mond. Haar geoefende kake begin dadelik kou.
"Moenie!" se meneer Wonka.
"Lekker!" roep Violet uit. "Dis tamatiesop! Dis warm en romerig en heerlik. Ek kan voel hoe dit by my keel afloop!"
"Stop!" skree meneer Wonka. "Die kougom is nog nie gereed nie! Dis nog nie reg nie!"
"Natuurlik is dit reg!" sê Violet. "Dit werk per- fek! Dis heerlike lekker sop!"
"Spoeg dit uit!" gil meneer Wonka.
"Dit verander!" sê Violet en kou en grinnik gelyk. "Dis die tweede ding op die spyskaart! Dis braai- boud! Dis sag en sappig. O, dis heerlik! En die gebakte aartappel is net so lekker! Die skil is bros en daar's botter op gesmelt."
"Interessant, Violet," sê mevrou Beauregarde. "Jy's 'n slim meisie."
"Hou aan kou, liefie!" sê meneer Beauregarde. "Hou aan kou! Dis 'n groot dag vir die Beauregardes! Ons dogtertjie is die eerste mens in die wêreld wat 'n kougommaaltyd geniet!"
Almal kyk hoe Violet Beauregarde die seldsame kougom kou. Charlie Bucket staan totaal gehip- notiseer en kyk hoe haar groot rubberlippe op en af blaas terwyl sy kou. Oupa Joe staan langs Charlie en vergaap horn ook aan die meisie. Meneer Wonka wring sy hande en sê: "Nee, nee, nee, nee, nee! Dis nie gereed om geëet te word nie! Dis nog nie reg nie! Moenie dit doen nie!"
"Bloubessies en room!" roep Violet uit. "Hier kom dit! O, dis lekker! Dis heerlik! Dis ... dis pre- sies asof ek dit nou eet! Dis asof ek groot lepels vol van die wêreld se wonderlikste bloubessiepastei kou en insluk!"
"Goeie hemel, kind!" skree mevrou Beauregarde. "Jou neus word so blou soos 'n bloubessie!"
"Jou ma is reg! " skree meneer Beauregarde. "Jou hele neus word pers!"
"Wat bedoel julle?" vra Violet al kouende.
"Jou wange!" skree mevrou Beauregarde. "Hulle word ook blou! *En* jou ken! Jou hele gesig word blou!"
"Spoeg onmiddellik daai kougom uit!" beveel meneer Beauregarde.
"Die hemel help ons!" gil mevrou Beauregarde. "Die kind raak

heeltemal blou en pers. Selfs haar hare verander van kleur! Violet, jy word viooltjie- blou. Violet, wat *gebeur* met jou?"
"Ek het mos *gesê* dis nog nie heeltemal reg nie," sug meneer Wonka en skud sy kop hartseer.
"Wat help dit?" roep mevrou Beauregarde uit. "Kyk net hoe lyk die kind nou!"
Almal staar na Violet. Wat 'n eienaardige gesig! Haar gesig en hande en bene en nek, haar hele lyf én haar groot bos krulhare is 'n blink persblou, die kleur van bloubessiesap!
"lets loop *altyd* verkeerd wanneer ons by die nagereg kom," sug meneer Wonka. "Dis die blou- bessiepastei se skuld. Maar ek sal dit nog eendag regkry. Wag maar, julle sal sien."
"Violet!" gil mevrou Beauregarde. "Jy swel op!" "Ek voel siek," sê Violet.
"Jy swel op!" gil mevrou Beauregarde weer.
"Ek voel baie snaaks!" snak Violet.
"Ek is nie verbaas nie!" sê meneer Beauregarde. "Hemel, kind!" skree mevrou Beauregarde. "Jy blaas op soos 'n ballon!"
"Soos 'n bloubessie," sê meneer Wonka.
"Kry 'n dokter!" skree meneer Beauregarde. "Prik haar met 'n speld!" sê een van die ander pa's.
"Red haar!" huil mevrou Beauregarde en vryf haar hande.
Maar niemand kan iets vir Violet doen nie. Haar lyf swel op en verander só vinnig van vorm dat dit in 'n ommesientjie 'n enorme ronde blou bal is - eintlik 'n reuse bloubessie. A1 wat daar van Violet Beauregarde oorbly, is twee klein beentjies en twee klein armpies en 'n klein koppie wat by die groot ronde vrug uitsteek.
"Dit gebeur *altyd,*" sug meneer Wonka. "Ek het dit al twintig keer in die Toetskamer op twintig Oempa-Loempas getoets, en elkeen van hulle het in so 'n yslike bloubessie verander. Dis regtig irriterend. Ek kan dit eenvoudig nie verstaan nie." "Maar ek wil nie 'n bloubessie vir 'n dogter hê nie!" gil mevrou Beauregarde. "Maak haar weer soos wat sy was! Onmiddellik!"
Meneer Wonka klap sy vingers en tien Oempa- Loempas verskyn skielik langs horn.
"Rol jufffrou Beauregarde tot in die boot," sê hy vir hulle, "en neem haar dadelik na die Versap- kamer."
"Die *Versapkamer?"* gil mevrou Beauregarde. "Wat gaan hulle daar met haar doen?"
"Haar uitdruk," sê meneer Wonka. "Ons moet die sap dadelik uit haar druk. Daarna sal ons maar moet sien hoe sy lyk. Maar moenie bekommerd wees nie, geagte mevrou Beauregarde. Ons sal haar regkry, al is dit die laaste ding wat ons doen. Ek is *regtig* jammer oor alles. Regtig."

Die tien Oempa-Loempas rol die enorme bloubessie alreeds oor die Uitvindingsaal se vloer na die deur wat lei na die sjokoladerivier waar die boot wag. Meneer en mevrou Beauregarde sit hulle haastig agterna. Die res van die besoekers, Charlie Bucket en oupa Joe inkluis, staan hulle doodstil en dophou.
"Luister!" fluister Charlie. "Luister, Oupa! Die Oempa-Loempas buite in die boot begin sing." Van waar hulle staan, hoor die besoekers die hon- derd stemme hard en duidelik sing:
"Liewe vriende, daar is niks wat 'n mens so irriteer

Niks wat 'n mens se senuwees so kan verrinneweer

As *om te kyk hoe iemand sonder ophou Sit en kougom kou en hul afvee aan jou.*
(Dis amper soos 'n onsmaaklike grap,

Of iemand wat heeldag in sy neus krap.)

En glo ons, iemand wat gedurig kougom kou, Sal dit nooit op die lange duur kan uithou.

Dis 'n gewoonte wat jou sal berou As jy te lank daarmee aanhou.

Al gehoor van juffrou Knaend Kou,

Die vrou wat dag in en dag uit kon kou?

Sy't gekou terwyl sy lê in die bad,
Sy't gekou terwyl sy loop in die stad.

Sy't gekou in die kerk en in die bus,

Sy't gekou en gekou na hartelus!

En raak haar kougom op,

Dan raap sy iets anders op Om dit in haar mond te stop.

Sy vergryp haar aan die tapyt

Of iets anders, net vir ontbyt:

Sy kou aan haar man se stewels Dankie tog hulle's sulke knewels.

Sy knaag aan haar rok se kraag Voel vere vir haar arme maag.

Haar kouspiere raak toe so sterk Van al die vreeslike oortyd werk Dat sy 'n yslike ken ontwikkel Van haar kake wat so rondwikkel.

Sy kou vir jare en jare aaneen Eet alles om haar tot op die been,

Maar toe, laat een somernag, helaas,

Tref 'n ramp haar in haar kouende haas. Juffrou Knaend Kou lees die aand in die bed 'n Boek oor hoe om haar van raserny te red. Terwyl sy lees, kou sy dat die bed so dril Kou sy soos 'n uitgehongerde krokodil. Uiteindelik sit sy haar kougom in 'n bakkie Langs haar bed, op 'n spesiale rakkie En lê terug in die bed om te slaap (sy tel gewoonlik skape tot sy gaap).
Maar iets is vanaand vreemd!

Al slaap die juffrou,

Hou haar massiewe kake nog steeds aan met kou.

Hulle kan eenvoudig nie ophou kou nie,

Al is daar op dees aarde niks om te kou nie. Hulle kou nou al sonder dat sy wil Dis iets wat mens lelik kan laat gril.

Dit was aaklig om in die pikdonker te hoor Hoe klink Juffrou Knaend Kou se kakekoor: Dis 'n gehap-hap-hap
En 'n geklap-klap-klap!
Dis 'n onaardse geknaag;

Hulle's allesbehalwe traag!

Die geraas tvil nïe stop nie,
Haar kake hou nie op nie.

Maar toe stop hulle wél 'n sekonde En maak reg vir die tweede ronde En val weer weg, geduldig en gedwee,
En byt die juffrou se tong in twee.
Juffrou Knaend Kou was van toe af stom En dit alles oor haar liefde vir kougom. Hulle sluit haar toe op in 'n tehuis.
Sy sit daar so stil soos 'n muis.
Daarom probeer ons met alles wat ons het Om juffrou Violet Beauregarde te red.

Ons wil keer dat so iets met haar gebeur,
Want foei tog, sy is darem nog in haar fleur.
Dis gelukkig nog nie te laat

Ons moet mekaar net moed inpraat

En glo ons kan haar genees

Sodat sy normaal kan wees. "

Chapter 22

Along the Corridor

'Well, well, well,' sighed Mr Willy Wonka, 'two naughty little children gone. Three good little children left. I think we'd better get out of this room quickly before we lose anyone else!'
'But Mr Wonka,' said Charlie Bucket anxiously, 'will Violet Beauregarde ever be all right again or will she always be a blueberry?'
'They'll de-juice her in no time flat!' declared Mr Wonka. 'They'll roll her into the de-juicing machine, and she'll come out just as thin as a whistle!'
'But will she still be blue all over?' asked Charlie.
'She'll be purple? cried Mr Wonka. 'A fine rich purple from head to toe! But there you are! That's what comes from chewing disgusting gum all day long!'
'If you think gum is so disgusting,' said Mike Teavee, 'then why do you make it in your factory?'
'I do wish you wouldn't mumble,' said Mr Wonka. 'I can't hear a word you're saying. Come on! Off we go! Hurry up! Follow me! We're going into the corridors again!' And so saying, Mr Wonka scuttled across to the far end of the Inventing Room and went out through a small secret door hidden behind a lot of pipes and stoves. The three remaining children — Veruca Salt, Mike Teavee, and Charlie Bucket — together with the five remaining grown-ups, followed after him.
Charlie Bucket saw that they were now back in one of those long pink corridors with many other pink corridors leading out of it. Mr Wonka was rushing along in front, turning left and right and right and left, and Grandpa Joe was saying, 'Keep a good hold of my hand, Charlie. It would be terrible to get lost in here.'
Mr Wonka was saying, 'No time for any more messing about! We'll never get anywhere at the rate we've been going!' And on he rushed, down the endless pink corridors, with his black top hat perched on the top of his head and his plum-coloured velvet coat-tails flying out behind him like a flag in the wind.
They passed a door in the wall. 'No time to go in!' shouted Mr Wonka. 'Press on! Press on!'
They passed another door, then another and another. There were doors every twenty paces or so along the corridor now, and they all had something written on them, and strange clanking noises were coming from behind several of them, and delicious smells came wafting through the keyholes, and sometimes little jets of coloured

steam shot out from the cracks underneath.
Grandpa Joe and Charlie were half running and half walking to keep up with Mr Wonka, but they were able to read what it said on quite a few of the doors as they hurried by. EATABLE MARSHMALLOW PILLOWS, it said on one.
'Marshmallow pillows are terrific!' shouted Mr Wonka as he dashed by. 'They'll be all the rage when I get them into the shops! No time to go in, though! No time to go in!'
LICKABLE WALLPAPER FOR NURSERIES, it said on the next door.
'Lovely stuff, lickable wallpaper!' cried Mr Wonka, rushing past. 'It has pictures of fruits on it — bananas, apples, oranges, grapes, pineapples, strawberries, and snozzberries . . .'
'Snozzberries?' said Mike Teavee.
'Don't interrupt!' said Mr Wonka. 'The wallpaper has pictures of all these fruits printed on it, and when you lick the picture of a banana, it tastes of banana. When you lick a strawberry, it tastes of strawberry. And when you lick a snozzberry, it tastes just exactly like a snozzberry . . .'
'But what does a snozzberry taste like?'
'You're mumbling again,' said Mr Wonka. 'Speak louder next time. On we go! Hurry up!'
HOT ICE CREAMS FOR COLD DAYS, it said on the next door.
'Extremely useful in the winter,' said Mr Wonka, rushing on. 'Hot ice cream warms you up no end in freezing weather. I also make hot ice cubes for putting in hot drinks. Hot ice cubes make hot drinks hotter.'
COWS THAT GIVE CHOCOLATE MILK, it said on the next door.
'Ah, my pretty little cows!' cried Mr Wonka. 'How I love those cows!'
'But why can't we see them?' asked Veruca Salt. 'Why do we have to go rushing on past all these lovely rooms?'
'We shall stop in time!' called out Mr Wonka. 'Don't be so madly impatient!'
FIZZY LIFTING DRINKS, it said on the next door.
'Oh, those are fabulous!' cried Mr Wonka. 'They fill you with bubbles, and the bubbles are full of a special kind of gas, and this gas is so terrifically lifting that it lifts you right off the ground just like a balloon, and up you go until your head hits the ceiling — and there you stay.'
'But how do you come down again?' asked little Charlie.
'You do a burp, of course,' said Mr Wonka. 'You do a great big long rude burp, and up comes the gas and down comes you! But don't drink it outdoors! There's no knowing how high up you'll be carried if you do that. I gave some to an old Oompa-Loompa once out in the back yard and he went up and up and disappeared out of sight! It was very sad. I never saw him again.'

'He should have burped,' Charlie said.
'Of course he should have burped,' said Mr Wonka. 'I stood there shouting, "Burp, you silly ass, burp, or you'll never come down again!" But he didn't or couldn't or wouldn't, I don't know which. Maybe he was too polite. He must be on the moon by now.'
On the next door, it said, SQUARE SWEETS THAT LOOK ROUND.
'Wait!' cried Mr Wonka, skidding suddenly to a halt. 'I am very proud of my square sweets that look round. Let's take a peek.'

22

In die gang af

“Nou toe nou,” sug meneer Willy Wonka. “Twee stout kinders weg. Nog drie soetes oor. Ek dink ons moet vinnig hier uitkom, voor ons nog iemand verloor! ”
“Maar meneer Wonka,” vra Charlie benoud, “sal Violet Beauregarde *ooit* weer regkom, of sal sy vir altyd ’n bloubessie bly?”
“Hulle sal haar sap in ’n japtrap uittap,” ver- klaar meneer Wonka. “Hulle sal haar by die sap- tapmasjien inrol en sy sal rietskraal daar uitkom!” “Maar sal sy nog steeds so blou wees?” vra Charlie.
“Sy sal *pers* wees!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Diep pers, van kop tot tone! So, daar het julle dit. Dit kom daarvan as mens heeldag vieslike kougom kou.”
“As jy dink kougom is so vieslik,” vra Mike Teevee, “hoekom maak jy dit dan in jou fabriek?” “Ek wens jy wil nie so mompel nie,” sê meneer Wonka, “ek hoor nie ’n woord wat jy sê nie. Komaan, weg is ons! Maak gou! Volg my! Ons gaan weer by die gange in.” Hy trippel haastig na
die oorkant van die Uitvindingsaal en gaan uit by ’n klein geheime deurtjie wat agter ’n magdom pype en stowe weggesteek is. Die drie oorblywende kinders - Veruca Salt, Mike Teevee en Charlie Bucket - en die vyf oorblywende grootmense volg hom.
Charlie Bucket sien hulle is nou terug in een van daardie lang pienk gange met baie ander pienk gange wat daaruit lei. Meneer Wonka loop voor en draai links en regs en regs en links, en oupa Joe sê: “Hou my hand styf vas, Charlie. Dit sal vreeslik wees om hier te verdwaal.”
Meneer Wonka sê: “Daar’s nie nou tyd om te mors nie. Ons moet wikkel, of ons gaan nooit *nêrens* uitkom nie!” Hy stap vinnig verder, in die eindelose pienk gange af, met sy swart pluiskeil op sy kop en sy

pruimkleurige fluweelswaelstert- baadjie met die pante wat soos ’n vlag in die wind agter hom waai.
Hulle loop verby ’n deur in die muur. “Nie tyd om daar in te gaan nie!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Voorwaarts! Voorwaarts!”
Hulle loop verby nog ’n deur, toe nóg een en nóg een. Daar is nou elke twintig tree of so ’n deur en daar staan op elkeen iets geskryf, en agter baie van hulle is daar ’n vreemde gerammel en heerlike geure kom deur die sleutelgate aangesweef en soms spuit daar straaltjies gekleurde stoom onder die deure uit.
Oupa Joe en Charlie is op ’n drafstap agter meneer Wonka, maar hulle kan darem nog lees wat op party van die deure staan. EETBARE MALVA- LEKKER-KUSSINGS sê die een.
“Malvalekker-kussings is ongelooflik!” roep meneer Wonka sommerso in die loop. “Hulle gaan die wêreld oorrompel wanneer hulle in die winkels beland. Maar ons het nie tyd om daar in te gaan nie. Ons tyd is te min.”
LEKBARE PLAKPAPIER VIR KLEUTER- KAMERS sê die volgende deur.
“Lekbare plakpapier is fantasties!” roep meneer Wonka in die verbygaan uit. “Daar is prente van vrugte op - piesangs, appels, lemoene, druiwe, pyn- appels, aarbeie, bloubessies en snozzbessies
“Snozzbessies?” vra Mike Teevee.
“Moenie my in die rede val nie!” sê meneer Wonka. “Daar is prentjies van al hierdie vrugte op die plakpapier en as jy ’n prentjie van ’n piesang lek, proe dit na piesang. As jy ’n aarbei lek, proe dit soos ’n aarbei. En as jy ’n snozzbessie lek, proe dit presies nes ’n snozzbessie
“Maar *hoe* proe ’n snozzbessie?” vra Mike Teevee.
“Jy mompel al weer,” sê meneer Wonka. “Praat volgende keer harder. Weg is ons! Toe, gou!” WARM ROOMYS VIR KOUE DAE sê die volgende deur.
“Besonder nuttig in die winter,” sê meneer Wonka en beweeg haastig verder. “Warm roomys maak jou lekker warm van binne in die snerpende koue. Ek maak ook warm ysblokkies om in warm drankies te gooi. Warm ysblokkies maak warm drankies warmer. ”
KOEIE WAT SJOKOLADEMELK GEE sê die volgende deur.
“A, my lieflike koeie!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Ek is só lief vir hulle!”
“Maar kan ons hulle nie *sien* nie?” vra Veruca Salt. “Hoekom moet ons verby al hierdie wonderlike kamers hardloop?”
“Ons sal wél op die regte tyd stop,” sê meneer Wonka. “Moenie so ongeduldig wees nie.” GASDRANKIES WAT JOU LIGHOOFDIG MAAK sê die volgende deur.
“O, hulle is wonderlik!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Hulle maak jou vol borrels, en die borrels bevat ’n spesiale soort gas, en hierdie gas maak jou só lig in die kop dat dit jou soos ’n ballon van die grond af oplig

tot jy bo aan die plafon raak - en dan bly jy daar.”
“Maar hoe kom jy weer terug op die vloer?” vra Charlie.
“Jy breek ’n wind op, wat anders?” sê meneer Wonka. “Jy breek ’n yslike groot en lang en onge- skikte wind, en die gas kom *op* en jy kom *af!* Maar moenie dit buite drink nie. Mens weet nooit hoe lighoofdig die gas jou sal maak en hoe hoog jy in die lug sal opgaan nie. Ek het eenkeer vir ’n Oempa-Loempa in die agterplaas daarvan gegee en hy het net opper en opper gegaan en toe heel- temal verdwyn. Dit was baie hartseer. Ek het hom nooit weer gesien nie.”
“Hy moes ’n wind opgebreek het,” sê Charlie.
“Natuurlik moes hy ’n wind opgebreek het,” sê meneer Wonka. “Ek het daar gestaan en geskree: ‘Breek ’n wind op, jou dom donkie, of jy kom nooit weer af ondertoe nie!’ Maar hy het nie of kon nie of wou nie, ek weet nie wat nie. Miskien was hy net te goed gemanierd. Hy is seker nou al op die maan.”
Die volgende deur sê: VIERKANTIGE LEKKERS WAT ROND LYK.
“Wag!” skree meneer Wonka en stop in sy spore. “Ek is baie trots op my vierkantige lekkers wat rondkyk. Kom ons gaan loer bietjie.”

Chapter 23

Square Sweets That Look Round

Everybody stopped and crowded to the door. The top half of the door was made of glass. Grandpa Joe lifted Charlie up so that he could get a better view, and looking in, Charlie saw a long table, and on the table there were rows and rows of small white square-shaped sweets. The sweets looked very much like square sugar lumps — except that each of them had a funny little pink face painted on one side. At the end of the table, a number of Oompa-Loompas were busily painting more faces on more sweets.
'There you are!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Square sweets that look round!'
'They don't look round to me,' said Mike Teavee.
'They look square,' said Veruca Salt. 'They look completely square.'
'But they are square,' said Mr Wonka. 'I never said they weren't.'
'You said they were round!' said Veruca Salt.
'I never said anything of the sort,' said Mr Wonka. 'I said they looked round.'
'But they don't look round!' said Veruca Salt.' They look square!'
'They look round,' insisted Mr Wonka.
'They most certainly do not look round!' cried Veruca Salt.
'Veruca, darling,' said Mrs Salt, 'pay no attention to Mr Wonka! He's lying to you!'
'My dear old fish,' said Mr Wonka, 'go and boil your head!'
'How dare you speak to me like that!' shouted Mrs Salt.
'Oh, do shut up,' said Mr Wonka. 'Now watch this!'
He took a key from his pocket, and unlocked the door, and flung it open . . . and suddenly . . . at the sound of the door opening, all the rows of little square sweets looked quickly round to see who was coming in. The tiny faces actually turned towards the door and stared at Mr Wonka.
'There you are!' he cried triumphantly. 'They're looking round! There's no argument about it! They are square sweets that look round!'
'By golly, he's right!' said Grandpa Joe.
'Come on!' said Mr Wonka, starting off down the corridor again. 'On we go! We mustn't dawdle!'
BUTTERSCOTCH AND BUTTERGIN, it said on the next door they passed.
'Now that sounds a bit more interesting,' said Mr Salt, Veruca's father.
'Glorious stuff!' said Mr Wonka. 'The Oompa-Loompas all adore it. It makes them tiddly. Listen! You can hear them in there now, whooping

it up.'
Shrieks of laughter and snatches of singing could be heard coming through the closed door.
'They're drunk as lords,' said Mr Wonka. 'They're drinking butter scotch and soda. They like that best of all. Buttergin and tonic is also very popular. Follow me, please! We really mustn't keep stopping like this.' He turned left. He turned right. They came to a long flight of stairs. Mr Wonka slid down the banisters. The three children did the same. Mrs Salt and Mrs Teavee, the only women now left in the party, were getting very out of breath. Mrs Salt was a great fat creature with short legs, and she was blowing like a rhinoceros. 'This way!' cried Mr Wonka, turning left at the bottom of the stairs.
'Go slower!' panted Mrs Salt.
'Impossible,' said Mr Wonka. 'We should never get there in time if I did.'
'Get where?' asked Veruca Salt.
'Never you mind,' said Mr Wonka. 'You just wait and see.'

23

Vierkantige lekkers wat rond lyk

Almal stop en drom by die deur saam. Die boonste helfte van die deur is van glas. Oupa Joe lig Charlie op en binne sien Charlie ’n lang tafel, en op die tafel is daar rye en rye klein, wit, vierkantige lekkers. Die lekkers lyk baie soos vierkantige suikerklon- tjies - behalwe dat daar ’n snaakse pienk gesiggie op elkeen geverf is. Aan die punt van die tafel is ’n paar Oempa-Loempas druk besig om nog gesigte op nuwe lekkers te verf.
“Daar het julle dit!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “My nuutste lekkers!”
“Hulle lyk nie vir my rond nie,” sê Mike Teevee. “Hulle lyk vierkantig,” sê Veruca Salt. “Hulle lyk heeltemal vierkantig.”
“Maar hulle *is* vierkantig,” sê meneer Wonka. “Ek het nooit gesê hulle is nie.”
“Jy’t gesê hulle is *rondl* ” sê Veruca Salt.
“Ek het niks van dié aard gesê nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Ek het gesê hulle *kyk* rond.”
“Hulle kyk nie rond nie!” roep Veruca Salt uit. “Veruca, liefling,” sê mevrou Salt, “moenie na meneer Wonka luister nie. Hy jok vir jou!”
“Ag, ou heks,” sê meneer Wonka, “gaan blaas doppies!”
“Hoe durf jy so met my praat?” skree mevrou Salt.
“Stil!” sê meneer Wonka. “Kyk hier, almal!”
Hy haal ’n sleutel uit sy sak, sluit die deur oop en maak dit wyd oop . .

. en skielik, soos hulle die deur hoor oopgaan, kyk die rye vierkantige lekkers vinnig rond om te sien wie inkom. Hul ogies kyk oral rond, sien meneer Wonka en staar hom aan.
“Sien! ” roep hy triomfantlik uit. “Hulle kyk rond! Niemand kan dit ontken nie. ”
“Genugtig, hy’s reg!” sê oupa Joe.
“Komaan!” sê meneer Wonka en begin weer in die gang afstap. “Opskud! Ons moenie draai nie.” WONKA-WHISKY EN WONKA-WODKA sê die volgende deur waar hulle verbyloop.
“Dit klink ’n bietjie interessanter,” sê meneer Salt, Veruca se pa.
“Voortreflike drankies!” sê meneer Wonka. “Die Oempa-Loempas is almal dol daaroor. Dit maak hulle hoenderkop. Luister! ’n Mens kan hoor hoe gaan hulle te kere daar binne. ”
Die besoekers hoor ’n gelag en gesing van agter die toe deur.
“Hulle is so dronk soos matrose,” sê meneer Wonka. “Hulle drink Wonka-whisky en soda. Hulle hou die meeste daarvan. Maar my Wonka- wodka is ook baie gewild. Volg my, assseblief! Ons kan nie aanhoudend so gaan staan nie.” Hy draai links. Hy draai regs. Hulle kom by ’n lang trap. Meneer Wonka gly by die trapreling af. Die drie kinders volg sy voorbeeld. Mevrou Salt en mevrou Teevee, die enigste vroue wat in die groep oor is, raak heeltemal uit-asem. Mevrou Salt is ’n potjierol met koddige kort bene en sy blaas soos ’n renoster. “Hierlangs!” roep meneer Wonka en draai links aan die onderpunt van die trap.
“*Stadiger!”* hyg mevrou Salt.
“Onmoontlik,” sê meneer Wonka. “Anders kom ons nooit betyds daar nie.”
“Waar?” vra Veruca Salt.
“Maak nie saak nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Wag en jy sal sien.”

Chapter 24

Veruca in the Nut Room

Mr Wonka rushed on down the corridor. THE NUT ROOM, it said on the next door they came to.
'All right,' said Mr Wonka, 'stop here for a moment and catch your breath, and take a peek through the glass panel of this door. But don't go in! Whatever you do, don't go into THE NUT ROOM! If you go in, you'll disturb the squirrels!'
Everyone crowded around the door.
'Oh look, Grandpa, look!' cried Charlie.
'Squirrels!' shouted Veruca Salt.
'Crikey!' said Mike Teavee.
It was an amazing sight. One hundred squirrels were seated upon high stools around a large table. On the table, there were mounds and mounds of walnuts, and the squirrels were all working away like mad, shelling the walnuts at a tremendous speed.
'These squirrels are specially trained for getting the nuts out of walnuts,' Mr Wonka explained.
'Why use squirrels?' Mike Teavee asked. 'Why not use Oompa-Loompas?'
'Because,' said Mr Wonka, 'Oompa-Loompas can't get walnuts out of walnut shells in one piece. They always break them in two. Nobody except squirrels can get walnuts whole out of walnut shells every time. It is extremely difficult. But in my factory, I insist upon only whole walnuts. Therefore I have to have squirrels to do the job. Aren't they wonderful, the way they get those nuts out! And see how they first tap each walnut with their knuckles to be sure it's not a bad one! If it's bad, it makes a hollow sound, and they don't bother to open it. They just throw it down the rubbish chute. There! Look! Watch that squirrel nearest to us! I think he's got a bad one now!'
They watched the little squirrel as he tapped the walnut shell with his knuckles. He cocked his head to one side, listening intently, then suddenly he threw the nut over his shoulder into a large hole in the floor.
'Hey, Mummy!' shouted Veruca Salt suddenly, 'I've decided I want a squirrel! Get me one of those squirrels!'
'Don't be silly, sweetheart,' said Mrs Salt. 'These all belong to Mr Wonka.'
'I don't care about that!' shouted Veruca. 'I want one. All I've got at home is two dogs and four cats and six bunny rabbits and two

parakeets and three canaries and a green parrot and a turtle and a bowl of goldfish and a cage of white mice and a silly old hamster! I want a squirrel!'
'All right, my pet,' Mrs Salt said soothingly. 'Mummy'll get you a squirrel just as soon as she possibly can.'
'But I don't want any old squirrel!' Veruca shouted. 'I want a trained squirrel!'
At this point, Mr Salt, Veruca's father, stepped forward. 'Very well, Wonka,' he said importantly, taking out a wallet full of money, 'how much d'you want for one of these squirrels? Name your price.'
'They're not for sale,' Mr Wonka answered. 'She can't have one.'
'Who says I can't!' shouted Veruca. 'I'm going in to get myself one this very minute!'
'Don't!' said Mr Wonka quickly, but he was too late. The girl had already thrown open the door and rushed in.
The moment she entered the room, one hundred squirrels stopped what they were doing and turned their heads and stared at her with small black beady eyes.
Veruca Salt stopped also, and stared back at them. Then her gaze fell upon a pretty little squirrel sitting nearest to her at the end of the table. The squirrel was holding a walnut in its paws.
'All right,' Veruca said, 'I'll have you!'
She reached out her hands to grab the squirrel . . . but as she did so . . . in that first split second when her hands started to go forward, there was a sudden flash of movement in the room, like a flash of brown lightning, and every single squirrel around the table took a flying leap towards her and landed on her body.
Twenty-five of them caught hold of her right arm, and pinned it down.
Twenty-five more caught hold of her left arm, and pinned that down.
Twenty-five caught hold of her right leg and anchored it to the ground.
Twenty-four caught hold of her left leg.
And the one remaining squirrel (obviously the leader of them all) climbed up on to her shoulder and started tap-tap-tapping the wretched girl's head with its knuckles.
'Save her!' screamed Mrs Salt. 'Veruca! Come back! What are they doing to her?'
'They're testing her to see if she's a bad nut,' said Mr Wonka. 'You watch.'
Veruca struggled furiously, but the squirrels held her tight and she couldn't move. The squirrel on her shoulder went tap-tap-tapping the side of her head with his knuckles.
Then all at once, the squirrels pulled Veruca to the ground and started carrying her across the floor.

'My goodness, she is a bad nut after all,' said Mr Wonka. 'Her head must have sounded quite hollow.'
Veruca kicked and screamed, but it was no use. The tiny strong paws held her tightly and she couldn't escape.
'Where are they taking her?' shrieked Mrs Salt.
'She's going where all the other bad nuts go,' said Mr Willy Wonka. 'Down the rubbish
chute.'
'By golly, she is going down the chute!' said Mr Salt, staring through the glass door at his daughter.
'Then save her!' cried Mrs Salt.
'Too late,' said Mr Wonka. 'She's gone!'
And indeed she had.
'But where?' shrieked Mrs Salt, flapping her arms. 'What happens to the bad nuts? Where does the chute go to?'
'That particular chute,' Mr Wonka told her, 'runs directly into the great big main rubbish pipe which carries away all the rubbish from every part of the factory — all the floor sweepings and potato peelings and rotten cabbages and fish heads and stuff like that.'
'Who eats fish and cabbage and potatoes in this factory, I'd like to know?' said Mike Teavee.
'I do, of course,' answered Mr Wonka. 'You don't think I live on cacao beans, do you?'
'But . . . but . . . but . . .' shrieked Mrs Salt, 'where does the great big pipe go to in the end?'
'Why, to the furnace, of course,' Mr Wonka said calmly. 'To the incinerator.'
Mrs Salt opened her huge red mouth and started to scream.
'Don't worry,' said Mr Wonka, 'there's always a chance that they've decided not to light it today.'
'A chance!' yelled Mrs Salt. 'My darling Veruca! She'll . . . she'll . . . she'll be sizzled like a sausage!'
'Quite right, my dear,' said Mr Salt. 'Now see here, Wonka,' he added, 'I think you've gone just a shade too far this time, I do indeed. My daughter may be a bit of a frump — I don't mind admitting it — but that doesn't mean you can roast her to a crisp. I'll have you know I'm extremely cross about this, I really am.'
'Oh, don't be cross, my dear sir!' said Mr Wonka. 'I expect she'll turn up again sooner or later. She may not even have gone down at all. She may be stuck in the chute just below the entrance hole, and if that's the case, all you'll have to do is go in and pull her up again.'
Hearing this, both Mr and Mrs Salt dashed into the Nut Room and ran over to the hole in the floor and peered in.
'Veruca!' shouted Mrs Salt. 'Are you down there!'

There was no answer.
Mrs Salt bent further forward to get a closer look. She was now kneeling right on the edge of the hole with her head down and her enormous behind sticking up in the air like a giant mushroom. It was a dangerous position to be in. She needed only one tiny little push . . . one gentle nudge in the right place . . . and that is exactly what the squirrels gave her! Over she toppled, into the hole head first, screeching like a parrot.
'Good gracious me!' said Mr Salt, as he watched his fat wife go tumbling down the hole, 'what a lot of rubbish there's going to be today!' He saw her disappearing into the darkness. 'What's it like down there, Angina?' he called out. He leaned further forward.
The squirrels rushed up behind him . . .
'Help!' he shouted.
But he was already toppling forward, and down the chute he went, just as his wife had done before him — and his daughter.
'Oh dear!' cried Charlie, who was watching with the others through the door, 'what on earth's going to happen to them now?'
'I expect someone will catch them at the bottom of the chute,' said Mr Wonka.
'But what about the great fiery incinerator?' asked Charlie.
'They only light it every other day,' said Mr Wonka. 'Perhaps this is one of the days when they let it go out. You never know . . . they might be lucky . . .'
'Ssshh!' said Grandpa Joe. 'Listen! Here comes another song!'
From far away down the corridor came the beating of drums. Then the singing began.
'Veruca Salt!' sang the Oompa-Loompas.
'Veruca Salt, the little brute,
Has just gone down the rubbish chute (And as we very rightly thought
That in a case like this we ought To see the thing completely through,
We've polished off her parents, too).
Down goes Veruca! Down the drain!
And here, perhaps, we should explain That she will meet, as she descends,
A rather different set of friends To those that she has left behind —
These won't be nearly so refined.
A fish head, for example, cut This morning from a halibut.
"Hello! Good morning! How d'you do? How nice to meet you! How are you?"
And then a little further down A mass of others gather round:
A bacon rind, some rancid lard,
A loaf of bread gone stale and hard,
A steak that nobody could chew,

An oyster from an oyster stew,
Some liverwurst so old and grey One swelled it from a mile away,
A rotten nut, a reeky pear,
A thing the cat left on the stair,
And lots of other things as well,
Each with a rather horrid smell.
These are Veruca's new-found friends That she will meet as she descends,
And this is the price she has to pay For going so very far astray.
But now, my dears, we think you might Be wondering — is it really right That every single bit of blame And all the scolding and the shame Should fall upon Veruca Salt?
Is she the only one at fault?
For though she's spoiled, and dreadfully so, A girl can't spoil herself, you know.
Who spoiled her, then? Ah, who indeed? Who pandered to her every need?
Who turned her into such a brat?
Who are the culprits? Who did that?
Alas! You needn't look so far To find out who these sinners are.
They are (and this is very sad)
Her loving parents, MUM and DAD.
And that is why we're glad they fell Into the rubbish chute as well.'

24

Veruca in die Neutekamer

Meneer Wonka loop vinnig in die gang af. Op die volgende deur waarby hulle kom, staan daar NEUTEKAMER.
“Nou goed,” sê meneer Wonka, “stop ’n oom- blik hier en skep asem en loer by hierdie deur se glaspaneel in. Maar moenie ingaan nie! Wat julle ook al doen, móet net nie by die NEUTEKAMER ingaan nie. As julle dit doen, sal julle die eekhorings hinder!”
Almal drom by die deur saam.
“Haai kyk, Oupa, kyk!” skree Charlie.
“Eekhorings!” roep Veruca Salt uit.
“Wow!” sê Mike Teevee.
Wat ’n ongelooflike toneel. Eenhonderd eekhorings sit op hoë stoele om ’n groot tafel waarop daar hope en hope okkerneute lê. Die eekhorings werk dat dit so klap.
“Hierdie eekhorings is'spesiaal opgelei om okkerneute uit te dop,”

verduidelik meneer Wonka.
“Hoekom gebruik jy eekhorings?” vra Mike Teevee. “Hoekom nie Oempa-Loempas nie?”
“Omdat Oempa-Loempas die okkerneute nie heel uit die doppe kan kry nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Hulle breek dit altyd middeldeur. Net eekhorings kry die okkerneute *heel* uit hul doppe. Dis baie moeilik, hoor. Maar in my fabriek dring ek daarop aan om *net* heel okkerneute te gebruik. En daarvoor het ek die eekhorings nodig. Is hulle nie wonderlik nie? Kyk hoe kry hulle die okkerneute uit. Hulle tik die dop eers met hul kneukels om te sien of die okkerneut gesond is. As hy vrot is, hoor hulle ’n hoi geluid en dan dop hulle hom nie uit nie. Hulle gooi horn eenvoudig in die vullispyp af. Kyk daai eekho- ring naaste aan ons! Ek dink hy’t nou ’n vrotte!” Hulle kyk hoe die eekhoring die okkerneutdop met sy kneukels tik. Hy draai sy kop skuins, luister mooi, en dan gooi hy die okkerneut oor sy skouer by die gat in die vloer in.
“Mamma!” gil Veruca Salt skielik. “Ek het besluit ek wil ’n eekhoring hê! Kry vir my een van daardie eekhorings!”
“Moenie laf wees nie, skat,” sê mevrou Salt. “Hulle behoort almal aan meneer Wonka.”
“Ek gee nie om nie!” gil Veruca. “Ek wil een hê. A1 wat ek by die huis het, is twee honde en vier katte en ses konyne en twee parkiete en drie kanaries en ’n groen papegaai en ’n waterskilpad en ’n bak goudvissies en ’n draadhok vol wit muise en ’n simpele ou hamster. Ek wil ’n *eekhoring* he!” “Goed, my skat,” paai mevrou Salt. “Mamma sal so gou moontlik vir jou ’n eekhoring kry.”
“Maar ek wil nie sommer *enige* ou eekhoring hê nie!” skree Veruca. “Ek wil ’n *opgeleide* eekhoring hê!”
Meneer Salt, Veruca se pa, tree vorentoe. “Nou goed, meneer Wonka,” sê hy belangrik en haal ’n beursie vol geld uit. “Hoeveel wil jy vir een van jou eekhorings hê? Wat is jou prys?”
“Hulle is nie te koop nie,” antwoord meneer Wonka. “Sy kan nie een kry nie.”
“Wie sê ek kan nie?” gil Veruca. “Ek gaan som- mer nou dadelik vir my een haal!”
“Moenie!” sê meneer Wonka vinnig, maar dis te laat. Die meisie het die deur al klaar oopgepluk en by die vertrek ingehardloop.
Die eenhonderd eekhorings hou dadelik op met werk. Hulle draai hul koppe en staar haar met klein swart kraalogies aan.
Veruca Salt steek vas en staar terug. Toe sien sy die mooi klein eekhorinkie wat naaste aan haar by die tafel sit. Hy hou ’n okkerneut tussen sy pote vas.
“Kom!” sê Veruca. “Ek wil *jou* he!”
Sy steek haar hand uit om die eekhoring te gryp . . . maar soos sy dit

doen, in die breukdeel van ’n sekonde wat haar hand vorentoe begin beweeg, is daar skielik ’n blitsige beweging, amper soos ’n bruin weerligstraal, en elke enkele eekhoring om die tafel skiet vorentoe en spring op haar.

Vyf-en-twintig van hulle gryp haar regterarm en druk dit vas.

Vyf-en-twintig ander gryp haar linkerarm en druk dit vas.

Vyf-en-twintig gryp haar regterbeen en anker dit teen die vloer.

Vier-en-twintig gryp haar linkerbeen.

En die een oorblywende eekhoring (beslis die leier) klim op haar een skouer en begin met sy kneu- kel teen die arme meisie se kop klop-klop-klop.

“Red haar!” gil mevrou Salt. “Veruca! Kom te- rug! Wat *doen* hulle met haar?”

“Hulle kyk of sy nie ’n vrot neut is nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Kyk mooi.”

Veruca spartel wild, maar die eekhorings hou haar so styf vas dat sy skaars kan beweeg. Die eekhoring op haar skouer klop-klop-klop nog steeds met sy kneukels teen die kant van haar kop.

Toe skielik gooi die eekhorings Veruca plat op die grond neer en begin haar na die gat toe sleep.

“My maggies, sy is toe *sowaar* vrot,” sê meneer Wonka. “Haar kop klink seker heeltemal hoi.”

Veruca skop en skree, maar dit help niks. Die klein, sterk pootjies hou haar stewig vas en sy kan nie ontsnap nie.

“Wat gaan hulle met haar doen?” gil mevrou Salt.

“Wat hulle met al die ander vrot neute doen,” antwoord meneer Wonka. “Hulle gaan haar by die vullispyp afgooi.”

“Genade, hulle gaan dit *sowaar* doen!” snak meneer Salt, wat sy dogter deur die glasdeur dop- hou.

“Red haar!” skree mevrou Salt.

“Te laat,” sê meneer Wonka. “Sy’s weg!”

En sy is.

“Maar waarheen is sy?” gil mevrou Salt met waaiende arms. “Wat word van die vrot neute? Waarheen gaan die vullispyp?”

“Daardie *spesifieke* pyp,” verduidelik meneer Wonka, “loop direk in die hoofvullispyp wat al die vullis uit elke deel van die fabriek wegvoer - alles wat van die vloer af opgevee word, al die aartappel- skille en ou stukke kool, viskoppe en sulke goed.”

“Wie eet vis en kool en aartappels in *hierdie* fabriek?” vra Mike Teevee.

“Ek, natuurlik,” antwoord meneer Wonka. “Jy dink tog seker nie ek lewe van kakaobone nie?”

“Maar ... maar .. . maar ...” hyg mevrou Salt, “waar loop die hoofpyp op die ou end uit?”

"In die groot oond, natuurlik," antwoord meneer Wonka kalm. "Daar waar alles verbrand word."
Mevrou Salt se reuse rooi mond gaan oop en sy begin gil.
"Bedaar," sê meneer Wonka, "daar is altyd 'n moontlikheid dat hulle dit nie vandag aangesteek het nie."
"'n *Moontlikheid!*' skree mevrou Salt. "Arme Veruca! Sy . . . sy gaan soos 'n stuk wors gebraai word!"
"Inderdaad, skat," sê meneer Salt. "Luister, Wonka," voeg hy by, "ek dink jy het dié keer 'n tikkie té ver gegaan. My dogter is miskien ietwat van 'n morsjors - ek erken dit ruiterlik - maar dit beteken nie jy kan haar soos 'n wors braai nie. Jy moet weet, ek is omgekrap hieroor, lelik omgekrap."
"Moenie u so ontstel nie, my liewe meneer!" sê meneer Wonka. "Ek is seker sy sal vroeër of later weer iewers opduik. Miskien is sy glad nie eens in die pyp af nie. Miskien sit sy iewers net onder die gat in die vloer vas en as *dit* die geval is, hoef julle haar mos maar net weer daar uit te trek."
Toe hulle dit hoor, storm meneer en mevrou Salt saam by die Neutekamer in en hardloop na die gat in die vloer en kyk benoud daarin af.
"Veruca!" gil mevrou Salt. "Is jy daar?"
Niemand antwoord nie.
Mevrou Salt buig verder vorentoe om beter te kan sien. Sy kniel nou reg op die rand van die gat met haar kop na onder en haar enorme agterstewe steek soos 'n reuse sampioen in die lug op. Dis 'n gevaarlike posisie om in te wees. As iemand haar nou net saggies moet stoot. . . net liggies op die regte plek . . . en dis *presies* wat die eekhorings doen!
Sy tuimel holderstebolder by die gat in en skree soos 'n maer vark.
"Goeie genade!" sê meneer Salt, wat sien hoe sy vet vrou in die gat afstort. "Vandag gaan daar 'n *groot* gemors wees!" Hy tuur agter haar aan in die donkerte. "Hoe lyk dit daar onder, Angina?" gil hy en leun verder vorentoe.
Die eekhorings bestorm horn van agter . . .
"Help!" skree hy.
Maar hy val al klaar by die gat in en af met die pyp, net soos sy vrou voor horn - en sy dogter.
"O gaats!" roep Charlie, wat hulle saam met die ander van agter die deur dophou. "Wat op aarde gaan nou met hulle gebeur?"
"Iemand sal hulle seker daar onder vang," sê meneer Wonka.
"Maar sê nou die groot oond is aan?" vra Charlie.
"Hulle steek dit net elke tweede dag aan," sê meneer Wonka. "Miskien is vandag een van die dae wat dit nie brand nie. Mens weet nooit . . . Miskien is hulle gelukkig."

“Sjuut!” sê Oupa Toe. “Luister! Hier kom nog ’n liedjie! ”
Ver onder in die gang hoor hulle die geroffel van tromme. En toe begin die singery.
“Veruca Salt!” sing die Oempa-Loempas. *“Veruca Salt is lelik in die knyp,*
Want sy’s af met die vullispyp.

(En omdat ons glo in regverdigheid En ook in reg en geregtigheid,

Omdat ons voel dat almal ’n les hieruit moet leer, Het ons besluit om haar ouers ook te elimineer.) Weg is Veruca! Weg saam met die vullis Terwyl sy met afgryse en afkeer vervul is.

Op pad gaan sy nuwe vriende maak Wat enigiemand lelik siek sal maak - ’n Kuiken wat dood is aan kroep,

’n Viskop wat agter haar aanroep:

‘Aangename kennis. Bly om te ontmoet!

Gee my jou hand, laat ons ordentlik groet!’ Nog ’n entjie verder af Om haar ordentlik te straf:

’n Rou stuk spek, ’n stukkende rek,

’n Flentertjie wars, ’n brood se kors,

Goed wat jou laat gril,

Goed wat jou laat ril.

Stinkes wat jy van hoe ver kan ruik,

Lelikes wat jou weg wil laat duik.

’n Vrot okkerneut, ’n pap peer Wat maak dat sy die naar moet keer.
Sy sien net al hoe meer en meer Om haar ’n dure les te leer.
So laag het Veruca Salt nou gedaal So hoog is die prys wat sy moet betaal.
Maar julle begin dalk nou wonder Hoekom ons net haar uitsonder.
Is dit alles dan net haar skuldf Wie bet tot nou al haar streke geduld? Wie bet vir haar gegee wat sy wou hê?
Wie het altyd gespring as sy net sê whê?
Wie bet haar so gruwelik bederf?
Haar grootgemaak vir die verderff Dis twee mense wat sy om haar pinkie

draai Twee mense wat haar die septer laat swaai. Hulle is haar gelukkig haastig agterna Haar ouers, haar liewe MA en PA.
Daarom is ons verlig en bly Dat hulle ook in die pyp afgly. ”

Chapter 25

The Great Glass Lift

'I've never seen anything like it!' cried Mr Wonka. 'The children are disappearing like rabbits! But you mustn't worry about it! They'll all come out in the wash!'
Mr Wonka looked at the little group that stood beside him in the corridor. There were only two children left now — Mike Teavee and Charlie Bucket. And there were three grown-ups, Mr and Mrs Teavee and Grandpa Joe. 'Shall we move on?' Mr Wonka asked.
'Oh, yes!' cried Charlie and Grandpa Joe, both together.
'My feet are getting tired,' said Mike Teavee. 'I want to watch television.'
'If you're tired then we'd better take the lift,' said Mr Wonka. 'It's over here. Come on! In we go!' He skipped across the passage to a pair of double doors. The doors slid open. The two children and the grown-ups went in.
'Now then,' cried Mr Wonka, 'which button shall we press first? Take your pick!'
Charlie Bucket stared around him in astonishment. This was the craziest lift he had ever seen. There were buttons everywhere! The walls, and even the ceiling, were covered all over with rows and rows and rows of small, black push buttons! There must have been a thousand of them on each wall, and another thousand on the ceiling! And now Charlie noticed that every single button had a tiny printed label beside it telling you which room you would be taken to if you pressed it.
'This isn't just an ordinary up-and-down lift!' announced Mr Wonka proudly. 'This lift can go sideways and longways and slantways and any other way you can think of! It can visit any single room in the whole factory, no matter where it is! You simply press the button . . . and zing! . . . you're off!'
'Fantastic!' murmured Grandpa Joe. His eyes were shining with excitement as he stared at the rows of buttons.
'The whole lift is made of thick, clear glass!' Mr Wonka declared. 'Walls, doors, ceiling, floor, everything is made of glass so that you can see out!'
'But there's nothing to see,' said Mike Teavee.
'Choose a button!' said Mr Wonka. 'The two children may press one button each. So take your pick! Hurry up! In every room, something delicious and wonderful is being made.'

Quickly, Charlie started reading some of the labels alongside the buttons.

THE ROCK-CANDY MINE - 10,000 FEET DEEP, it said on one.

COKERNUT-ICE SKATING RINKS, it said on another.

Then . . . STRAWBERRY-JUICE WATER PISTOLS.

TOFFEE-APPLE TREES FOR PLANTING OUT IN YOUR GARDEN - ALL SIZES.

EXPLODING SWEETS FOR YOUR ENEMIES.

LUMINOUS LOLLIES FOR EATING IN BED AT NIGHT.

MINT JUJUBES FOR THE BOY NEXT DOOR - THEY'LL GIVE HIM GREEN TEETH FOR A MONTH. CAVITY-FILLING CARAMELS - NO MORE DENTISTS.

STICKJAW FOR TALKATIVE PARENTS.

WRIGGLE-SWEETS THAT WRIGGLE DELIGHTFULLY IN YOUR TUMMY AFTER SWALLOWING.

INVISIBLE CHOCOLATE BARS FOR EATING IN CLASS.

SUGAR-COATED PENCILS FOR SUCKING.

FIZZY LEMONADE SWIMMING POOLS.

MAGIC HAND-FUDGE - WHEN YOU HOLD IT IN YOUR HAND, YOU TASTE IT IN YOUR MOUTH.

RAINBOW DROPS - SUCK THEM AND YOU CAN SPIT IN SIX DIFFERENT COLOURS.

'Come on, come on!' cried Mr Wonka. 'We can't wait all day!'
'Isn't there a Television Room in all this lot?' asked Mike Teavee.
'Certainly there's a television room,' Mr Wonka said. 'That button over there.' He pointed with his finger. Everybody looked. TELEVISION

CHOCOLATE, it said on the tiny label beside the button.
'Whoopee!' shouted Mike Teavee. 'That's for me!' He stuck out his thumb and pressed the button. Instantly, there was a tremendous whizzing noise. The doors clanged shut and the lift leaped away as though it had been stung by a wasp. But it leapt sideways! And all the passengers (except Mr Wonka, who was holding on to a strap from the ceiling) were flung off their feet on to the floor.
'Get up, get up!' cried Mr Wonka, roaring with laughter. But just as they were staggering to their feet, the lift changed direction and swerved violently round a corner. And over they went once more.
'Help!' shouted Mrs Teavee.
'Take my hand, madam,' said Mr Wonka gallantly. 'There you are! Now grab this strap! Everybody grab a strap. The journey's not over yet!'
Old Grandpa Joe staggered to his feet and caught hold of a strap. Little Charlie, who couldn't possibly reach as high as that, put his arms around Grandpa Joe's legs and hung on tight.
The lift rushed on at the speed of a rocket. Now it was beginning to climb. It was shooting up and up and up on a steep slanty course as if it were climbing a very steep hill. Then suddenly, as though it had come to the top of the hill and gone over a precipice, it dropped like a stone and Charlie felt his tummy coming right up into his throat, and Grandpa Joe shouted, 'Yippee! Here we go!' and Mrs Teavee cried out, 'The rope has broken! We're going to crash!' And Mr Wonka said, 'Calm yourself, my dear lady,' and patted her comfortingly on the arm. And then Grandpa Joe looked down at Charlie who was clinging to his legs, and he said, 'Are you all right, Charlie?' Charlie shouted, 'I love it! It's like being on a roller coaster!' And through the glass walls of the lift, as it rushed along, they caught sudden glimpses of strange and wonderful things going on in some of the other rooms:
An enormous spout with brown sticky stuff oozing out of it on to the floor . . .
A great, craggy mountain made entirely of fudge, with Oompa-Loompas (all roped together for safety) hacking huge hunks of fudge out of its sides . . .
A machine with white powder spraying out of it like a snowstorm . . .
A lake of hot caramel with steam coming off it . . .
A village of Oompa-Loompas, with tiny houses and streets and hundreds of Oompa-Loompa children no more than four inches high playing in the streets . . .
And now the lift began flattening out again, but it seemed to be going faster than ever, and Charlie could hear the scream of the wind outside as it hurtled forward . . . and it twisted . . . and it turned . . . and it went up . . . and it went down . . . and . . .

'I'm going to be sick!' yelled Mrs Teavee, turning green in the face.
'Please don't be sick,' said Mr Wonka.
'Try and stop me!' said Mrs Teavee.
'Then you'd better take this,' said Mr Wonka, and he swept his magnificent black top hat off his head, and held it out, upside down, in front of Mrs Teavee's mouth.
'Make this awful thing stop!' ordered Mr Teavee.
'Can't do that,' said Mr Wonka. 'It won't stop till we get there. I only hope no one's using the other lift at this moment.'
'What other lift?' screamed Mrs Teavee.
'The one that goes the opposite way on the same track as this one,' said Mr Wonka.
'Holy mackerel!' cried Mr Teavee. 'You mean we might have a collision?'
'I've always been lucky so far,' said Mr Wonka.
'Now I am going to be sick!' yelled Mrs Teavee.
'No, no!' said Mr Wonka. 'Not now! We're nearly there! Don't spoil my hat!'
The next moment, there was a screaming of brakes, and the lift began to slow down. Then it stopped altogether.
'Some ride!' said Mr Teavee, wiping his great sweaty face with a handkerchief.
'Never again!' gasped Mrs Teavee. And then the doors of the lift slid open and Mr Wonka said, 'Just a minute now! Listen to me! I want everybody to be very careful in this room. There is dangerous stuff around in here and you must not tamper with it.'

25

Die groot glashyser

"Ek het nog nooit so iets beleef nie!" roep meneer Wonka uit. "Die kinders verdwyn soos konyne! Maar moenie bekommerd wees nie. Hulle kom *almal* op die ou end weer lewend uit! " Hy kyk na die groepie wat langs hom in die gang staan. Daar is nou net twee kinders oor - Mike Teevee en Charlie Bucket. En nog drie grootmense, meneer en mevrou Teevee en oupa Joe. "Sal ons verder gaan?" vra meneer Wonka.
"O ja!" roep Charlie en oupa Joe saam uit.
"My voete raak moeg," kla Mike Teevee. Ek wil TV kyk."
"As jy moeg is, sal ons seker maar die hyser moet neem," sê meneer

Wonka. “Hier is dit. Komaan, in is julle!” Hy trippel deur die gang tot by ’n dubbel- deur. Die deure gly oop. Die twee kinders en die grootmense gaan in.
“Nou ja,” sê meneer Wonka, “watter knoppie sal ons eerste druk? Kies julle!”
Charlie Bucket kyk verstom om hom rond. Dit is die vreemdste hyser wat hy nog ooit gesien het. Daar is oral knoppies. Knoppies teen die kante en
knoppies teen die plafon, rye en rye en rye klein swart knoppies. Daar is minstens ’n duisend van hulle teen elke kant en nog ’n duisend teen die plafon. En nou sien Charlie daar is ’n klein etiket langs elke enkele knoppie wat vir jou sê waarheen die hyser jou sal neem as jy daardie knoppie druk.
“Dis nie net ’n gewone op-en-af-hyser nie!” kon- dig meneer Wonka trots aan. “Hierdie hyser kan skuins en dwars gaan, en sywaarts en hoekwaarts en enige ander waarts waaraan jy kan dink. Hy kan jou na enige vertrek in die fabriek vat, maak nie saak waar dit is nie. Jy druk net die knoppie . . . en *zieng*!. . . weg is jy.”
“Fantasties!” mompel oupa Joe. Hy verkyk hom aan die rye en rye knoppies en sy oë blink behoor- lik van opwinding.
“Die hele hyser is van dik deurskynende glas ge- maak,” vertel meneer Wonka. “Die kante, deure, plafon, vloer, alles is van glas gemaak sodat mens kan uitkyk buitentoe.”
“Maar daar is niks om te sien nie,” sê Mike Teevee.
“Kies ’n knoppie,” bied meneer Wonka aan. “Die twee kinders mag elkeen een knoppie druk. Ko- maan, kies en kry klaar! Daar word in elke kamer ’n smullekker lekkerny gemaak.”
Charlie lees vinnig ’n paar van die etikette langs die knoppies.
SUIKERKRISTALMYN - 10 000 VOET DIEP sê die een.
KLAPPER-YSSKAATSBANE sê ’n ander een.
En toe . . . AARBEISAP-WATERPISTOLE.
TOFFIE-APPELBOME OM IN DIE TUIN TE PLANT - ALLE GROOTTES.
LEKKERS WAT IN JOU VYAND SE MOND ONTPLOE
GLOEILOLLIES VIR SAANS NA LIGTE-AF KRUISEMENTKOEKIES VIR DIE BURE SE SEUN - SY TANDE SAL VIR ’N MAAND GROEN BLY.
SUIKER-STOPSELST OPPERS - TATTA, TAND- ARTS.
KAAKGOM VIR OUERS WAT TE VEEL BABBEL.
KIELIEKLONTJIES WAT JOU KIESTE KIELIE EN IN JOU MAAG KRIEWEL.
ONSIGBARE SJOKOLADESTOKKIES OM IN DIE KLAS TE EET.
SUIKERPOTLODE OM AAN TE SUIG. BORRELENDE LIMONADE-SWEMBADDENS. TOWER HAND-FUDGE - HOU DIT IN JOU HAND EN PROE DIT IN JOU MOND.
REËNBOOGSUIGSTOKKIES - SUIG HULLE EN SPOEG IN SES

VERSKILLENDE KLEURE.
“Komaan, komaan!” jaag meneer Wonka hulle aan. “Ons kan nie heeldag wag nie.”
“Is daar nie iewers tussen al hierdie gemors ’n *televisiekamer* nie?” vra Mike Teevee.
“Natuurlik is daar ’n televisiekamer,” sê meneer Wonka. “Daai knoppie daar.” Hy wys met sy vinger. Almal kyk. TV-SJOKOLADE sê die etiket langs die knoppie.
“*Wowwwww!”* skree Mike Teevee. “Net wat ek soek!” Hy druk die knoppie met sy duim. Daar is dadelik ’n geweldige gezoem. Die deure klap toe en die hyser spring weg asof ’n perdeby hom gesteek het. Maar hy spring *sywaarts*\ En al die passasiers (behalwe meneer Wonka wat vashou aan ’n leer- band wat uit die plafon hang) word op die vloer neergeslinger.
“Staan op, staan op!” skree meneer Wonka en skater van die lag. Maar net toe hulle wankelend op hul voete kom, verander die hyser van rigting en gaan wild om ’n draai. En hulle slaan almal weer op die vloer neer.
“Help!” skree mevrou Teevee.
“Neem my hand, geagte dame,” bied meneer Wonka galant aan. “Daar’s hy. Hou nou aan die leerband vas. Hou almal aan ’n leerband vas. Die reis is nog lank nie verby nie!”
Oupa Joe kom sukkelend op sy voete en gryp ’n leerband. Charlie, wat onmoontlik so hoog kan by- kom, slaan sy arms om oupa Joe se bene en klou styf vas.
Die hyser skiet teen die spoed van ’n vuurpyl vorentoe. Hulle klim geleidelik hoër en hoër en hoër asof hulle ’n hoë berg uitklim. Maar skielik is dit asof hulle die berg se piek bereik en soos ’n klip by die afgrond afval. Charlie voel sy maag in sy keel opstoot en oupa Joe skree: “Jippie! Hier gaan ons!” en mevrou Teevee gil: “Die kabel het gebreek! Ons gaan ons te pletter val!” en meneer Wonka sê: “Bedaar, geagte dame,” en streel haar arm gerus- stellend en oupa Joe kyk af na Charlie wat aan sy bene vashou en vra: “Alles nog reg, Charlie?” en
Charlie skree: “Ek is mal hieroor! Dit voel of ons by die pretpark is!”
Deur die voortsnellende hyser se glaskante sien hulle elke nou en dan die vreemd- ste en wonderlikste dinge wat in party van die ander kamers gebeur:
’n Enorme tuit waaruit taai bruin goed op die vloer drup . . .
’n Groot, rotsagtige fudgeberg waaruit Oempa- Loempas (almal vir veiligheid met toue aan mekaar vasgebind) yslike hompe fudge loskap . . .
’n Masjien waaruit wit poeier soos ’n sneeu- storm spuit . . .
’n Warm karamelmeer waaruit die stoom trek ...
’n Oempa-Loempa-dorpie met klein huisies en straatjies waarin

honderde Oempa-Loempa-kinders wat skaars vier duim lank is, speel . . .
En nou begin die hyser weer regop kom, maar dit voel of hy vinniger as ooit jaag en Charlie hoor hoe huil die wind buite soos hulle vorentoe vlieg . . . en draai . . . en swaai . . . en opskiet . . . en afskiet. . . en . . .
“Ek gaan naar word!” gil mevrou Teevee groen in die gesig.
“Moet asseblief nie naar word nie,” vra meneer Wonka.
“Probeer my keer! ” sê mevrou Teevee.
“Dan gaan u *dit* nodig hê,” sê meneer Wonka. Hy haal sy pragtige swart pluiskeil van sy kop af en hou dit onderstebo voor mevrou Teevee se mond.
“Stop hierdie dekselse ding!” beveel meneer Teevee.
“Ek kan dit nie doen nie,” sê meneer Wonka.
“Die hyser sal nie stop voor ons daar aankom nie. Ek hoop net nie iemand anders gebruik op die oom- blik die *ander* hyser nie.”
“Waiter ander hyser?” gil mevrou Teevee.
“Die een wat op dieselfde baan as hierdie een loop, maar in die teenoorgestelde rigting,” sê me- neer Wonka.
“Die hemel behoed ons!” skree meneer Teevee. “Bedoel jy ons kan hots?”
“Ek was tot nou toe nog altyd gelukkig,” sê meneer Wonka.
“Nou gaan ek *regtig* naar word!” gil mevrou Teevee.
“Nee, nee!” keer meneer Wonka. “Nie nou nie! Ons is amper daar! Moenie my mooi keil verwoes nie!”
Die volgende oomblik hoor hulle remme raas en skree en die hyser begin stadiger ry. Toe stop hy.
“Wat ’n rit!” sê meneer Teevee terwyl hy die sweet met ’n sakdoek van sy groot gesig afvee.
“Nooit weer nie!” hyg mevrou Teevee.
En toe gly die hyser se deure oop en meneer Wonka sê: “Net ’n oomblik! Luister nou eers na my. Ek wil hê julle moet almal baie versigtig in hierdie kamer wees. Dis vol gevaarlike goed en julle *moenie* daarmee lol nie.”

Chapter 26

The Television-Chocolate Room

The Teavee family, together with Charlie and Grandpa Joe, stepped out of the lift into a room so dazzlingly bright and dazzlingly white that they screwed up their eyes in pain and stopped walking. Mr Wonka handed each of them a pair of dark glasses and said, 'Put these on quick! And don't take them off in here whatever you do! This light could blind you!'

As soon as Charlie had his dark glasses on, he was able to look around him in comfort. He saw a long narrow room. The room was painted white all over. Even the floor was white, and there wasn't a speck of dust anywhere. From the ceiling, huge lamps hung down and bathed the room in a brilliant blue-white light. The room was completely bare except at the far ends. At one of these ends there was an enormous camera on wheels, and a whole army of Oompa-Loompas was clustering around it, oiling its joints and adjusting its knobs and polishing its great glass lens. The Oompa-Loompas were all dressed in the most extraordinary way. They were wearing bright-red space suits, complete with helmets and goggles — at least they looked like space suits — and they were working in complete silence. Watching them, Charlie experienced a queer sense of danger. There was something dangerous about this whole business, and the Oompa-Loompas knew it. There was no chattering or singing among them here, and they moved about over the huge black camera slowly and carefully in their scarlet space suits.

At the other end of the room, about fifty paces away from the camera, a single Oompa-Loompa (also wearing a space suit) was sitting at a black table gazing at the screen of a very large television set.

'Here we go!' cried Mr Wonka, hopping up and down with excitement. 'This is the Testing Room for my very latest and greatest invention — Television Chocolate!'

'But what is Television Chocolate?' asked Mike Teavee.

'Good heavens, child, stop interrupting me!' said Mr Wonka. 'It works by television. I don't like television myself. I suppose it's all right in small doses, but children never seem to be able to take it in small doses. They want to sit there all day long staring and staring at the screen . . .'

'That's me!' said Mike Teavee.

'Shut up!' said Mr Teavee.

'Thank you,' said Mr Wonka. 'I shall now tell you how this amazing

television set of mine works. But first of all, do you know how ordinary television works? It is very simple. At one end, where the picture is being taken, you have a large cine camera and you start photographing something. The photographs are then split up into millions of tiny little pieces which are so small that you can't see them, and these little pieces are shot out into the sky by electricity. In the sky, they go whizzing around all over the place until suddenly they hit the antenna on the roof of somebody's house. They then go flashing down the wire that leads right into the back of the television set, and in there they get jiggled and joggled around until at last every single one of those millions of tiny pieces is fitted back into its right place (just like a jigsaw puzzle), and presto!
— the photograph appears on the screen . . .'
'That isn't exactly how it works,' Mike Teavee said.
'I am a little deaf in my left ear,' Mr Wonka said. 'You must forgive me if I don't hear everything you say.'
'I said, that isn't exactly how it works!' shouted Mike Teavee.
'You're a nice boy,' Mr Wonka said, 'but you talk too much. Now then! The very first time I saw ordinary television working, I was struck by a tremendous idea. "Look here!" I shouted. "If these people can break up a photograph into millions of pieces and send the pieces whizzing through the air and then put them together again at the other end, why can't I do the same thing with a bar of chocolate? Why can't I send a real bar of chocolate whizzing through the air in tiny pieces and then put the pieces together at the other end, all ready to be eaten?"'
'Impossible!' said Mike Teavee.
'You think so?' cried Mr Wonka. 'Well, watch this! I shall now send a bar of my very best chocolate from one end of this room to the other — by television! Get ready, there! Bring in the chocolate!'
Immediately, six Oompa-Loompas marched forward carrying on their shoulders the most enormous bar of chocolate Charlie had ever seen. It was about the size of the mattress he slept on at home.
'It has to be big,' Mr Wonka explained, 'because whenever you send something by television, it always comes out much smaller than it was when it went in. Even with ordinary television, when you photograph a big man, he never comes out on your screen any taller than a pencil, does he? Here we go, then! Get ready! No, no! Stop! Hold everything! You there! Mike Teavee! Stand back! You're too close to the camera! There are dangerous rays coming out of that thing! They could break you up into a million tiny pieces in one second! That's why the Oompa-Loompas are wearing space suits! The suits protect them! All right! That's better! Now, then! Switch on!'
One of the Oompa-Loompas caught hold of a large switch and pulled

it down.
There was a blinding flash.
'The chocolate's gone!' shouted Grandpa Joe, waving his arms.
He was quite right! The whole enormous bar of chocolate had disappeared completely into thin air!
'It's on its way!' cried Mr Wonka. 'It is now rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny pieces. Quick! Come over here!' He dashed over to the other end of the room where the large television set was standing, and the others followed him. 'Watch the screen!' he cried. 'Here it comes! Look!'
The screen flickered and lit up. Then suddenly, a small bar of chocolate appeared in the middle of the screen.
'Take it!' shouted Mr Wonka, growing more and more excited.
'How can you take it?' asked Mike Teavee, laughing. 'It's just a picture on a television screen!'
'Charlie Bucket!' cried Mr Wonka. 'You take it! Reach out and grab it!'
Charlie put out his hand and touched the screen, and suddenly, miraculously, the bar of chocolate came away in his fingers. He was so surprised he nearly dropped it.
'Eat it!' shouted Mr Wonka. 'Go on and eat it! It'll be delicious! It's the same bar! It's got smaller on the journey, that's all!'
'It's absolutely fantastic!' gasped Grandpa Joe. 'It's . . . it's . . . it's a miracle!'
'Just imagine,' cried Mr Wonka, 'when I start using this across the country . . . you'll be sitting at home watching television and suddenly a commercial will flash on to the screen and a voice will say, "EAT WONKA'S CHOCOLATES! THEY'RE THE BEST IN THE WORLD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, TRY ONE FOR YOURSELF — NOW!" And you simply reach out and take one! How about that, eh?'
'Terrific!' cried Grandpa Joe. 'It will change the world!'

26

Die TV-sjokoladekamer

Die hyser gaan oop en die Teevee-familie, Charlie en oupa Joe stap in by ’n vertrek wat so verblin- dend helder en so verblindend wit is dat hulle hul oë toeknyp en net daar vassteek. Meneer Wonka gee vir elkeen ’n donkerbril en sê: “Gou, sit dit op. En moet dit nie afhaal nie, al gebeur wat. Die ligte kan julle verblind.”

Charlie sit sy donkerbril op en begin rondkyk. Hy sien ’n lang, smal vertrek. Die hele plek is wit geverf. Selfs die vloer is wit en daar is nêrens ’n korreltjie stof nie. Yslike lampe hang van die plafon af en baai die vertrek in ’n helder, blouwit lig. Die vertrek is heel- temal leeg, behalwe aan die twee uithoeke. Aan die een kant staan daar ’n enorme kamera op wiele en ’n hele taakmag Oempa-Loempas drom daarom saam. Hulle olie die skarniere en verstel die knoppe en vryf die groot glaslens silwerskoon. Die Oempa- Loempas het die vreemdste klere aan. Hulle dra almal helderrooi ruimtepakke - altans, dit lyk na ruimtepakke - met helms en skermbrille en hulle werk in doodse stilte. Charlie hou hulle dop en kry ’n vreemde gevoel van gevaar. lets aan hierdie hele affêre is gevaarlik, en die Oempa-Loempas weet dit. Hulle babbel en sing nie hier nie, en hulle beweeg stadig en versigtig in hul skarlaken ruimte- pakke om die reuse swart kamera.
Aan die ander kant van die vertrek, omtrent vyftig tree van die kamera af, sit ’n Oempa-Loempa (ook in ’n ruimtepak) by ’n swart tafel en staar na ’n baie groot televisiestel se skerm.
“Hier gaan ons!” roep meneer Wonka uit en trippel opgewonde rond. “Dit is die Toetskamer vir my heel jongste en heel grootste uitvinding - TV-sjokolade!”
“Wat is TV-sjokolade?” vra Mike Teevee.
“Hemel, kind, hou op om my so in die rede te val!” sê meneer Wonka. “Dit werk met televisie. Nie dat ek van televisie hou nie. In klein dosisse is daar seker niks mee verkeerd nie, maar klein dosisse is blykbaar nooit genoeg vir kinders nie. Hulle wil gewoonlik heeldag na die skerm sit en staar en staar.”
“Ek’s mal daaroor!” roep Mike Teevee uit.
“Stil!” sê meneer Teevee.
“Dankie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Ek gaan nou vir julle verduidelik hoe hierdie buitengewone televisie van my werk. Maar sê eers vir my, weet julle hoe ’n gewone televisie werk? Dis baie eenvoudig. Aan die een kant het jy ’n groot rolprentkamera waarmee jy iets afneem. Die foto’s wat jy geneem het, word opgebreek in miljoene stukkies wat so klein is dat jy hulle nie kan sien nie, en hierdie stukkies word dan met elektrisiteit die lug ingeskiet. Hulle zirts dan oral rond tot hulle ’n lugdraad op iemand se dak tref. Dan flits hulle met die draad af tot in die huis en agter by die televisiestel in en daar word hulle rondgeskommel en geskud tot elke enkele een van daardie miljoene stukkies weer op sy regte plek inpas (nes ’n legkaart) en siedaar! - die foto verskyn op die skerm. ”
“Dis nie *eintlik* hoe dit werk nie,” sê Mike Teevee.
“Ek is ’n bietjie doof in my linkeroor,” antwoord meneer Wonka. “Vergewe my as ek nie alles hoor wat jy sê nie.”

“Ek sê: dis nie *eintlik* hoe dit werk nie!” skree Mike Teevee.
“Jy’s ’n gawe seun,” sê meneer Wonka, “maar jy praat te veel. Nou ja, die eerste keer toe ek sien hoe gewone televisie werk, het ’n wonderlike idee my te binne geskiet. ‘Hokaai!’ het ek uitgeroep. ‘As mense ’n *foto* in miljoene stukkies kan opbreek en die stukkies deur die lug kan laat rondzirts en hulle dan weer aan die ander kant bymekaar kan sit, dan kan ek mos dieselfde met sjokolade doen! Ek kan ’n groot stuk sjokolade in klein stukkies opbreek en deur die lug laat zirts en die stukkies dan aan die ander kant weer bymekaarsit, reg om geëet te word!”
“Onmoontlik!” sê Mike Teevee.
“Jy dink so?” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Wel, kyk bietjie hier. Ek gaan nou ’n stuk van my beste sjokolade via TV van die een kant van die vertrek na die ander kant stuur. Is almal gereed? Bring die sjokolade!”
Ses Oempa-Loempas kom dadelik met die groot- ste blok sjokolade wat Charlie nog ooit gesien het op hul skouers aangemarsjeer. Dis omtrent so groot soos die matras waarop hy by die huis slaap.
“Dit *moet* baie groot wees,” verduidelik meneer Wonka, “want as jy iets op TV uitsaai, kom dit altyd baie kleiner uit as wat dit ingegaan het. Selfs met ’n *gewone* televisie lyk ’n groot man niks langer as ’n potlood op jou skerm nie, of hoe? Reg, hier gaan ons! Gereed? *Nee, nee! Stop! Skakel af!* Jy daar, Mike Teevee! Staan terug! Jy’s te na aan die kamera. Daar kom gevaarlike strale uit daai ding. Dit kan jou binne ’n sekonde in miljoene stukkies opbreek. Dis hoekom die Oempa-Loempas ruimte- pakke dra. Die pakke beskerm hulle. Reg, dis beter. Goed, skakel aan!”
Een van die Oempa-Loempas kry ’n groot skake- laar beet en druk dit in.
Daar is ’n verblindende flits.
“Die sjokolade is weg!” skree oupa Joe en waai met sy arms.
En hy is heeltemal reg. Die hele yslike blok sjoko- lade het spoorloos verdwyn.
“Dis op pad!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Dit zirts nou in miljoene stukkies deur die lug bo ons koppe. Kom kyk gou hier!” Hy beweeg soos blits na die ander kant van die vertrek waar die groot televisie-stel staan en die ander volg horn. “Hou die skerm dop!” roep hy. “Hier kom dit! Kyk!”
Die skerm flikker en word helder. Skielik verskyn daar ’n klein sjokoladeblokkie in die middel van die skerm.
“Vat dit!” skree meneer Wonka, wat al hoe meer opgewonde raak.
“Hoe kan mens dit vat?” vra Mike Teevee laggend. “Dis net ’n prentjie op ’n TV-skerm.”
“Charlie Bucket!” roep meneer Wonka. “Vat *jy* dit! Steek jou hand uit en vat dit.”

Charlie steek sy hand uit en raak aan die skerm. En skielik, wonder bo wonder, staan hy met die sjokoladeblokkie in sy hand. Hy is *so* verbaas dat hy dit amper laat val.
“Eet dit! ” sê meneer Wonka. “Komaan, eet dit. Dit gaan heerlik wees! Dis dieselfde blok sjokolade. Dit het net langs die pad kleiner geword, dis al.” “Dis absoluut ongelooflik,” stotter oupa Joe. “Dis ... dis ... dis ’n wonderwerk!”
“Dink net,” sê meneer Wonka, “wat gaan gebeur as ek dit landwyd bekendstel... Jy kyk TV by die huis en skielik is daar ’n advertensie op die skerm en ’n stem sê: ‘EET WONKA SE SJOKOLADE! DIS DIE BESTE IN DIE WÊRELD! AS JY ONS NIE GLO NIE, PROE SELF - *NOU!'* En dan steek jy eenvoudig net jou hand uit en vat ’n hap en siedaar!”
“Wonderbaarlik!” roep oupa Joe uit. “Dit gaan die hele wêreld verander!”

Chapter 27

Mike Teavee is Sent by Television

Mike Teavee was even more excited than Grandpa Joe at seeing a bar of chocolate being sent by television. 'But Mr Wonka,' he shouted, 'can you send other things through the air in the same way? Breakfast cereal, for instance?'
'Oh, my sainted aunt!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Don't mention that disgusting stuff in front of me! Do you know what breakfast cereal is made of? It's made of all those little curly wooden shavings you find in pencil sharpeners!'
'But could you send it by television if you wanted to, as you do chocolate?' asked Mike Teavee.
'Of course I could!'
'And what about people?' asked Mike Teavee. 'Could you send a real live person from one place to another in the same way?'
'A person!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Are you off your rocker?'
'But could it be done?'
'Good heavens, child, I really don't know . . . I suppose it could . . . yes. I'm pretty sure it could . . . of course it could . . . I wouldn't like to risk it, though . . . it might have some very nasty results . . .'
But Mike Teavee was already off and running. The moment he heard Mr Wonka saying, 'I'm pretty sure it could . . . of course it could,' he turned away and started running as fast as he could towards the other end of the room where the great camera was standing. 'Look at me!' he shouted as he ran. 'I'm going to be the first person in the world to be sent by television!'
'No, no, no, no!' cried Mr Wonka.
'Mike!' screamed Mrs Teavee. 'Stop! Come back! You'll be turned into a million tiny pieces!'
But there was no stopping Mike Teavee now. The crazy boy rushed on, and when he reached the enormous camera, he jumped straight for the switch, scattering Oompa-Loompas right and left as he went.
'See you later, alligator!' he shouted, and he pulled down the switch, and as he did so, he leaped out into the full glare of the mighty lens.
There was a blinding flash.
Then there was silence.
Then Mrs Teavee ran forward . . . but she stopped dead in the middle of the room . . . and she stood there . . . she stood staring at the place where her son had been . . . and her great red mouth opened wide and she screamed, 'He's gone! He's gone!'

'Great heavens, he has gone!' shouted Mr Teavee.
Mr Wonka hurried forward and placed a hand gently on Mrs Teavee's shoulder. 'We shall have to hope for the best,' he said. 'We must pray that your little boy will come out unharmed at the other end.'
'Mike!' screamed Mrs Teavee, clasping her head in her hands. 'Where are you?'
'I'll tell you where he is,' said Mr Teavee, 'he's whizzing around above our heads in a million tiny pieces!'
'Don't talk about it!' wailed Mrs Teavee.
'We must watch the television set,' said Mr Wonka. 'He may come through any moment.'
Mr and Mrs Teavee and Grandpa Joe and little Charlie and Mr Wonka all gathered round the television and stared tensely at the screen. The screen was quite blank.
'He's taking a heck of a long time to come across,' said Mr Teavee, wiping his brow.
'Oh dear, oh dear,' said Mr Wonka, 'I do hope that no part of him gets left behind.'
'What on earth do you mean?' asked Mr Teavee sharply.
'I don't wish to alarm you,' said Mr Wonka, 'but it does sometimes happen that only about half the little pieces find their way into the television set. It happened last week. I don't know why, but the result was that only half a bar of chocolate came through.'
Mrs Teavee let out a scream of horror. 'You mean only a half of Mike is coming back to us?' she cried.
'Let's hope it's the top half,' said Mr Teavee.
'Hold everything!' said Mr Wonka. 'Watch the screen! Something's happening!'
The screen had suddenly begun to flicker.
Then some wavy lines appeared.
Mr Wonka adjusted one of the knobs and the wavy lines went away.
And now, very slowly, the screen began to get brighter and brighter.
'Here he comes!' yelled Mr Wonka. 'Yes, that's him all right!'
'Is he all in one piece?' cried Mrs Teavee.
'I'm not sure,' said Mr Wonka. 'It's too early to tell.'
Faintly at first, but becoming clearer and clearer every second, the picture of Mike Teavee appeared on the screen. He was standing up and waving at the audience and grinning from ear to ear.
'But he's a midget!' shouted Mr Teavee.
'Mike,' cried Mrs Teavee, 'are you all right? Are there any bits of you missing?'
'Isn't he going to get any bigger?' shouted Mr Teavee.
'Talk to me, Mike!' cried Mrs Teavee. 'Say something! Tell me you're all right!'

A tiny little voice, no louder than the squeaking of a mouse, came out of the television set. 'Hi, Mum!' it said. 'Hi, Pop! Look at me! I'm the first person ever to be sent by television!'
'Grab him!' ordered Mr Wonka. 'Quick!'
Mrs Teavee shot out a hand and picked the tiny figure of Mike Teavee out of the screen.
'Hooray!' cried Mr Wonka. 'He's all in one piece! He's completely unharmed!'
'You call that unharmed?' snapped Mrs Teavee, peering at the little speck of a boy who was now running to and fro across the palm of her hand, waving his pistols in the air.
He was certainly not more than an inch tall.
'He's shrunk!' said Mr Teavee.
'Of course he's shrunk,' said Mr Wonka. 'What did you expect?'
'This is terrible!' wailed Mrs Teavee. 'What are we going to do?'
And Mr Teavee said, 'We can't send him back to school like this! He'll get trodden on! He'll get squashed!'
'He won't be able to do anything!' cried Mrs Teavee.
'Oh, yes I will!' squeaked the tiny voice of Mike Teavee. 'I'll still be able to watch television!'
'Never again!' shouted Mr Teavee. 'I'm throwing the television set right out the window the moment we get home. I've had enough of television!'
When he heard this, Mike Teavee flew into a terrible tantrum. He started jumping up and down on the palm of his mother's hand, screaming and yelling and trying to bite her fingers. 'I want to watch television!' he squeaked. 'I want to watch television! I want to watch television! I want to watch television!'
'Here! Give him to me!' said Mr Teavee, and he took the tiny boy and shoved him into the breast pocket of his jacket and stuffed a handkerchief on top. Squeals and yells came from inside the pocket, and the pocket shook as the furious little prisoner fought to get out.
'Oh, Mr Wonka,' wailed Mrs Teavee, 'how can we make him grow?'
'Well,' said Mr Wonka, stroking his beard and gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, 'I must say that's a wee bit tricky. But small boys are extremely springy and elastic. They stretch like mad. So what we'll do, we'll put him in a special machine I have for testing the stretchiness of chewing-gum! Maybe that will bring him back to what he was.'
'Oh, thank you!' said Mrs Teavee.
'Don't mention it, dear lady.'
'How far d'you think he'll stretch?' asked Mr Teavee.
'Maybe miles,' said Mr Wonka. 'Who knows? But he's going to be awfully thin. Everything gets thinner when you stretch it.'
'You mean like chewing-gum?' asked Mr Teavee.

'Exactly.'
'How thin will he be?' asked Mrs Teavee anxiously.
'I haven't the foggiest idea,' said Mr Wonka. 'And it doesn't really matter, anyway, because we'll soon fatten him up again. All we'll have to do is give him a triple overdose of my wonderful Supervitamin Chocolate. Supervitamin Chocolate contains huge amounts of vitamin A and vitamin B. It also contains vitamin C, vitamin D, vitamin E, vitamin F, vitamin G, vitamin I, vitamin J, vitamin K, vitamin L, vitamin M, vitamin N, vitamin O, vitamin P, vitamin Q, vitamin R, vitamin T, vitamin U, vitamin V, vitamin W, vitamin X, vitamin Y, and, believe it or not, vitamin Z! The only two vitamins it doesn't have in it are vitamin S, because it makes you sick, and vitamin H, because it makes you grow horns on the top of your head, like a bull. But it does have in it a very small amount of the rarest and most magical vitamin of them all — vitamin Wonka.'
'And what will that do to him?' asked Mr Teavee anxiously.
'It'll make his toes grow out until they're as long as his fingers . . .'
'Oh, no!' cried Mrs Teavee.
'Don't be silly,' said Mr Wonka. 'It's most useful. He'll be able to play the piano with his
feet.'
'But Mr Wonka . . .'
'No arguments, please!' said Mr Wonka. He turned away and clicked his fingers three times in the air. An Oompa-Loompa appeared immediately and stood beside him. 'Follow these orders,' said Mr Wonka, handing the Oompa-Loompa a piece of paper on which he had written full instructions. 'And you'll find the boy in his father's pocket. Off you go! Good-bye, Mr Teavee! Good-bye, Mrs Teavee! And please don't look so worried! They all come out in the wash, you know; every one of them . . .'
At the end of the room, the Oompa-Loompas around the giant camera were already beating their tiny drums and beginning to jog up and down to the rhythm.
'There they go again!' said Mr Wonka. 'I'm afraid you can't stop them singing.'
Little Charlie caught Grandpa Joe's hand, and the two of them stood beside Mr Wonka in the middle of the long bright room, listening to the Oompa-Loompas. And this is what they sang:
'The most important thing we've learned,
So far as children are concerned,
Is never, NEVER, NEVER let Them near your television set —
Or better still, just don't install The idiotic thing at all.
In almost every house we've been,
We've watched them gaping at the screen.

They loll and slop and lounge about,
And stare until their eyes pop out.
(Last week in someone's place we saw
A dozen eyeballs on the floor.)
They sit and stare and stare and sit Until they're hypnotized by it,
Until they're absolutely drunk With all that shocking ghastly junk.
Oh yes, we know it keeps them still,
They don't climb out the window sill,
They never fight or kick or punch,
They leave you free to cook the lunch And wash the dishes in the sink —
But did you ever stop to think,
To wonder just exactly what This does to your beloved tot?
IT ROTS THE SENSES IN THE HEAD!
IT KILLS IMAGINATION DEAD!
IT CLOGS AND CLUTTERS UP THE MIND!
IT MAKES A CHILD SO DULL AND BLIND HE CAN NO LONGER UNDERSTAND A FANTASY, A FAIRYLAND!
HIS BRAIN BECOMES AS SOFT AS CHEESE!
HIS POWERS OF THINKING RUST AND FREEZE!
HE CANNOT THINK — HE ONLY SEES!
"All right!" you'll cry. "All right!" you'll say,
"But if we take the set away,
What shall we do to entertain Our darling children! Please explain!"
We'll answer this by asking you,
"What used the darling ones to do?
How used they keep themselves contented Before this monster was invented?"
Have you forgotten? Don't you know?
We'll say it very loud and slow:
THEY . . . USED TO . . . READ! They'd READ and READ, AND READ and READ, and then proceed TO READ some more. Great Scott! Gadzooks!
One half their lives was reading books!
The nursery shelves held books galore!
Books cluttered up the nursery floor!
And in the bedroom, by the bed,
More books were waiting to be read!
Such wondrous, fine, fantastic tales Of dragons, gypsies, queens, and whales And treasure isles, and distant shores Where smugglers rowed with muffled oars,
And pirates wearing purple pants,
And sailing ships and elephants,
And cannibals crouching round the pot,

Stirring away at something hot.
(It smells so good, what can it be?
Good gracious, it's Penelope.)
The younger ones had Beatrix Potter
With Mr Tod, the dirty rotter,
And Squirrel Nutkin, Pigling Bland,
And Mrs Tiggy-Winkle and —
Just How The Camel Got His Hump,
And How The Monkey Lost His Rump,
And Mr Toad, and bless my soul,
There's Mr Rat and Mr Mole —
Oh, books, what books they used to know,
Those children living long ago!
So please, oh please, we beg, we pray,
Go throw your TV set away,
And in its place you can install A lovely bookshelf on the wall.
Then fill the shelves with lots of books,
Ignoring all the dirty looks,
The screams and yells, the bites and kicks,
And children hitting you with sticks —
Fear not, because we promise you That, in about a week or two Of having nothing else to do,
They'll now begin to feel the need Of having something good to read.
And once they start — oh boy, oh boy!
You watch the slowly growing joy That fills their hearts. They'll grow so keen They'll wonder what they'd ever seen In that ridiculous machine,
That nauseating, foul, unclean.
Repulsive television screen!
And later, each and every kid Will love you more for what you did.
P.S. Regarding Mike Teavee,
We very much regret that we Shall simply have to wait and see If we can get him back his height.
But if we can't — it serves him right.'

27

Mike Teevee word via TV gestuur

Mike Teevee is nog meer opgewonde as oupa Joe toe hy sien hoe die sjokolade via TV aangestuur kan word. “Maar meneer Wonka,” vra hy,

“kan jy *ander goed* ook op dieselfde manier stuur? Soos ontbytvlokkies, byvoorbeeld?”
“Og, red nou ’n volk!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Moenie voor my van daardie grillerige goed praat nie. Het jy enige *benul* waarvan ontbytvlokkies gemaak word? Hulle maak dit van daardie dun houtkrulle wat jy in potloodskerpmakers kry.” “Maar kan jy dit via TV vir iemand stuur? Soos die sjokolade?” vra Mike Teevee.
“Natuurlik kan jy!”
“En wat van mense?” wil Mike Teevee weet. “Kan jy ’n regte-egte mens ook op dieselfde manier van een plek na ’n ander stuur?”
“’n Mews!” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Is jy stapel- gek?”
“Maar *kan* dit gedoen word?”
“Goeie hemel, kind, ek weet regtig nie . . . Ek veronderstel jy *kan* . . . ja. Ek is seker jy kan . . . Natuurlik kan jy . . . Maar ek sal nie so ’n kans
wil vat nie . . . Dit kan op iets baie leliks uit- loop.”
Maar Mike Teevee is al klaar aan die hardloop. Toe hy meneer Wonka hoor sê: “Ek is seker jy kan . . . Natuurlik kan jy,” het hy omgeswaai en so vinnig as wat hy kan na die ander kant van die vertrek begin hardloop, na waar die groot kamera staan. “Kyk vir my!” skree hy terwyl hy hardloop. “Ek gaan die eerste mens in die wêreld wees wat via TV van een plek na ’n ander gestuur word!”
“Nee-nee-nee-nee!” skree meneer Wonka.
“Mike!” gil mevrou Teevee. “Stop! Kom terug! Jy gaan in miljoene stukkies opgesny word!”
Maar daar is geen keer aan Mike Teevee nie. Die lawwe kêrel hardloop verder en toe hy by die enorme kamera kom, vee hy die Oempa-Loempas uit sy pad en steek sy hand na die skakelaar uit.
“Sien jou later, nonsensprater! ” skree hy, druk die skakelaar in en spring tot reg voor die yslike lens.
Daar is ’n verblindende flits.
En toe stilte.
En toe hardloop mevrou Teevee vorentoe . . . maar sy steek in die middel van die vertrek vas... en sy staan daar . . . staan en staar na die plek waar haar seun was . . . en haar groot rooi mond gaan wyd oop en sy skree: “Hy’s weg! Hy’s weg!”
“Sowaar, hy *is* weg!” snak meneer Teevee.
Meneer Wonka kom sit sy hand gerusstellend op mevrou Teevee se skouer. “Ons moet maar vir die beste hoop,” sê hy. “Ons moet bid jou seuntjie kom ongedeerd aan die ander kant uit.”
“Mike!” skree mevrou Teevee en gryp haar kop in haar hande vas. “Waar is jy?”
“Ek sal jou sê waar hy is,” sê meneer Teevee. “Hy zirts in ’n miljoen stukkies hier bo ons koppe rond!”

"Moenie daarvan praat nie!" kerm mevrou Teevee.
"Ons moet die televisiestel dophou," sê meneer Wonka. "Hy sal nou enige oomblik deurkom."
Meneer en mevrou Teevee en oupa Joe en Charlie en meneer Wonka drom almal om die tele- visie saam en staar gespanne na die skerm. Die skerm bly leeg.
"Hy neem gans te lank," sê meneer Teevee en vee sy voorkop af.
"O gits, o gits," sê meneer Wonka. "Ek hoop nie daar bly 'n deel van hom agter nie."
"Wat op aarde bedoel jy?" vra meneer Teevee skerp.
"Ek wil julle nie ontstel nie," sê meneer Wonka, "maar dit gebeur soms dat net omtrent die helfte van die stukkies weer by die TV uitkom. Dit het laas week gebeur. Ek weet nie hoe nie, maar daar het op die ou end net 'n halwe blok sjokolade deurgekom."
Mevrou Teevee gril van afgryse. "Jy bedoel net die helfte van Mike gaan na ons toe terugkom?" snak sy.
"Kom ons hoop dis die boonste helfte," sê meneer Teevee.
"Wag!" sê meneer Wonka. "Hou die skerm dop! Daar gebeur iets!"
Die skerm begin skielik flikker.
Dit word vol golwende strepe.
Meneer Wonka verstel een van die knoppies en die golwende strepe verdwyn.
Stadig, baie stadig, word die skerm helderder.
"Hier kom hy!" gil meneer Wonka. "Ja, dis definitief hy! "
"Is hy in een stuk?" wil mevrou Teevee weet.
"Ek is nie seker nie," sê meneer Wonka. "Dis nog te vroeg om te sê."
Eers dof, maar elke oomblik helderder en helderder, verskyn Mike Teevee se beeld op die skerm. Hy staan regop en waai vir almal en glimlag van oor tot oor.
"Maar hy's 'n dwergie!" skree meneer Teevee.
"Mike!" gil mevrou Teevee. "Sê iets! Sê vir my jy's nog *jy!"*
'n Klein stemmetjie, niks harder as 'n muis se gepiep nie, kom uit die televisiestel. "Haai, Ma!" sê die stem. "Haai, Pa! Kyk vir my! Ek is die eerste mens wat ooit via TV aangestuur is!"
"Gryp horn!" beveel meneer Wonka. "Gou!"
Mevrou Teevee se hand skiet uit en pluk die piepklein Mike uit die skerm.
"Hoera!" roep meneer Wonka uit. "Hy's in een stuk! Hy is heeltemal ongedeerd!"
"Noem jy *dit* ongedeerd?" blaf mevrou Teevee en kyk na die miniatuurseun wat nou heen en weer oor haar handpalm hardloop en sy pistole in die lug rondswaai.
Hy is niks meer as 'n paar duim lank nie.
"Hy't *gekrimp!"* sê meneer Teevee.

“Natuurlik het hy gekrimp,” sê meneer Wonka. “Wat het julle verwag?”
“Dis ’n ramp!” weeklaag mevrou Teevee. “Wat gaan ons *doen?!*”
En meneer Teevee sê: “Ons kan hom nie só terug skool toe stuur nie! Hulle sal hom vertrap! Hulle sal hom verpletter!”
“Hy kan net mooi *niks* meer doen nie!” huil mevrou Teevee.
“O ja, ek kan!” piep Mike Teevee se klein stem- metjie. “Ek kan nog TV kyk!”
“Nooit weer niel” skree meneer Teevee. “Ek gaan die televisie by die venster uitgooi sodra ons by die huis kom. Ek het genoeg van televisie gehad!”
Toe hy dit hoor, begin Mike Teevee woes te kere gaan. Hy spring woedend op en af op sy ma se handpalm en skree en gil en probeer haar vingers byt. “Ek wil TV kyk!” piep hy. “Ek wil TV kyk! Ek wil TV kyk! Ek wil TV kyk!”
“Gee hom hier vir my,” sê meneer Teevee. Hy vat die knapie en steek hom in sy baadjie se bosak en stop die sak met ’n sakdoek toe. Hulle hoor ’n dowwe gegil en geskree en die sak bult uit soos wat die gevangene baklei om uit te kom.
“Help ons, meneer Wonka!” kerm mevrou Teevee. “Hoe gaan ons hom laat groei?”
“Wel,” sê meneer Wonka en streel sy baard en kyk ingedagte op plafon toe, “ek moet sê, dit gaan nogal effens moeilik wees. Maar klein seuntjies is besonder elasties. Hulle kan lekker rek en strek. So ons gaan hom uitrek - in ’n spesiale masjien wat ek gebruik om te toets hoe ver kougom kan rek. Miskien sal dit hom regrek.”
“O, dankie!” snak mevrou Teevee.
“Hoe lank dink jy sal hy kan rek?” vra meneer Teevee.
“Miskien myle lank,” antwoord meneer Wonka. “Wie weet? Maar hy gaan vreeslik maer wees. Alles word mos maerder en dunner as jy dit uitrek.”
“Jy bedoel soos kougom?” vra meneer Teevee.
“Einste.”
“Hoe maer en dun sal hy dan wees?” vra mevrou Teevee bekommerd.
“Ek het nie die vaagste benul nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “En dit maak in elk geval nie regtig saak nie, want ons sal hom gou weer vet voer. Ons gee net vir hom ’n driedubbele oordosis van my wonderlike Supervitamien-sjokolade. Supervitamien- sjokolade bevat reuse hoeveelhede vitamien A en vitamien B. Dit bevat ook vitamien C, vitamien D, vitamien E, vitamien F, vitamien G, vitamien I, vitamien J, vitamien K, vitamien L, vitamien M, vitamien N, vitamien O, vitamien P, vitamien Q, vitamien R, vitamien T, vitamien U, vitamien V, vitamien W, vitamien X, vitamien Y én, glo dit of nie, vitamien Z! Die enigste twee vitamiene wat dit nie bevat nie, is vitamien S, want

dit maak jou siek, en vitamien H, want dit gee jou horings op jou kop, soos ’n bul. Maar dit bevat *wel* ’n baie klein hoeveelheid van die mees eksotiese, mees magiese vitamien van almal - vitamien Wonka.”
“En wat sal *dit* aan hom doen?” vra meneer Teevee versigtig.
“Dit sal sy tone laat groei tot hulle net so lank soos sy vingers is.”
“Ag nee!” snak mevrou Teevee.
“Moenie laf wees nie,” sê meneer Wonka. “Dis baie nuttig. Hy sal met sy voete kan klavier speel.” “Maar meneer Wonka ...”
“Niks teëpratery nie, *asseblief!"* sê meneer Wonka. Hy draai weg en klap sy vingers drie keer in die lug. ’n Oempa-Loempa verskyn skielik langs hom. “Volg hierdie aanwysings,” sê meneer Wonka en gee vir die Oempa-Loempa ’n stukkie papier waarop hy geskryf het: *Julie sal die seun in sy pa se bosak aantref.* “Toe-toe, weg is julle! Tot siens, meneer Teevee! Tot siens, mevrou Teevee! En moet asseblief nie so bekommerd lyk nie! Hulle kom almal op die ou end weer lewend uit. Elke enkele een van hulle.”
Aan die een kant van die vertrek begin die Oempa-Loempas om die reuse kamera op hul tromme slaan en die ritme met hul voete tik.
“Daar gaan hulle al weer!” sê meneer Wonka. “Ek is bevrees mens kan hulle nie keer nie. Hulle wil sing.”
Charlie hou oupa Joe se hand vas en hulle twee staan langs meneer Wonka in die middel van die lang, helder verligte vertrek en luister na die Oempa- Loempas. En dit is wat hulle sing:
“Ons het een ding van kinders geleer Wat ons graag vir ouers wil leer - Hou hulle ver, VER weg van julle TV-stel Of dit word al waarin hulle belangstel. Of beter nog, weier om een te koop Al is daar ook 'n groot winskoop.

Omtrent elke huis het hierdie kruis:

Almal bly heeldag en aldag tuis En lê voor die kassie rond,
Al is dit regtig ongesond.

(Kinders hou miskien langer hul mond,

Maar hul oë lê later op die grondl)
Hulle sit en staar en staar en sit Hulle kyk hul oogkasse skoon uit lit.

Hulle sit voor die TV vasgenael Al waai die wind, al val daar hael.

Hulle vergaap hulle aan die grootste gemors En sê jy ‘Gaan slaap,' dan is hulle nors.
Ons weet dit hou hulle mooi stil As jy moeg is of wil gryp na ’n pil.

Hulle skop en hulle baklei nie En jy hoor hulle nooit stry nie.

Jy kan in vrede kos maak,

Die huis aan die kant maak.

Maar dalk is dit tyd dat jy navorsing begin doen Oor wat die kastige kassie aan jou kind doen. DIT MAAK HOM SAG IN DIE KOP!

DIT LAAT KRUIP HAAR IN HAAR DOP! DIT VAT SY VERBEELDING WEG!

DIT MAAK HAAR BREIN LUI EN SLEG! DIT BEDWELM KINDERS SE VERSTAND! DIT VAT HULLE WEG UIT FEETJIELAND! HULLE VERGEET VAN FANTASEER EN SKRAM WEG VAN REDENEER.

JOU KIND LYK LATER S00S 'N LYK VAN HEELTYD NET WIL TV KYK! 'Genoeg!' sê jy. 'Gaan weg en los my!

Hoe anders moet ek die dag omkry?
Hoe moet ék hulle besig hou?
Hoe moet ek hulle gelukkig hou?'
Dan antwoord ons: 'Meneer, Mevrou,

Julie kan tog seker nog ontbou
Wat bet kinders in die ou dae aangevang
As hulle na iets opwindends verlang?
Waaraan bet hulle al hul vrye tyd bestee
Voor die eenoog-monster hul plesier kon gee?'
Julle behoort te weet

Wie kan dit nou vergeet?

KINDERS HET GELEES! Hulle't gelees en gelees, Hulle't boeke deurgelees en weer van voor gelees. Die bele huis was vol boeke Vir tieners en babas in doeke.
Die boekrakke moes swaar dra Aan boeke vir hulle - én Ma en Pa!
Saans na ligte-af lees almal met 'n flits En vlieg deur boek na boek soos blits!
Lees bet kinders geneem na 'n wonderwêreld Lees het kinders geleer van ons natuurwêreld, Van wat alles gebeur hier op ons groen planeet En doer ver op die Klein Prinsie se bar planeet. Sappige stories en grappige staaltjies Vrolike versies en vermaaklike verhaaltjies! Kronieke van konings en koninginne Legendes oor helde en beldinne.
Romans oor seerowers en smokkelaars Mites oor sigeuners en towenaars.

Stories oor hoe Jakkals met Wolf trou Oor hoe die apies vrolik bruilof hou

Oor hoekom Volstruis net twee bene het Oor hoe is Luiperd met kolle besmet.
Sprokies oor 'n lieflike klein meermin Wat 'n menseprins innig bemin,

'n Lelike eendjie wat ver weggaan En op 'n dag verander in 'n swaan.
Vir die kleintjies vertel iemand soos Beatrix Potter Van die wind in die wilgers en 'n nare ou otter: Vir die oueres - en die ouersl - is daar Harry Potter
Met Dompeldorius en Snerp, die nare ou rotter. Hier te lande is daar Trompie en die Boksombende

En die besige Balkie wat sorg vir alsbehalwe ellende.

Hoe kan jy jou kinders dit laat misloop Deur 'n televisiestel te gaan koop?

Red asseblieftog hul verbeêlding,
Gooi weg die nuwerwetse speelding!

Koop vir julle 'n mooi houtboekrak En begin hom vol lekkerleesboeke pak.

Die kinders sal kla en kerm:

'Gee terug ons skerm!'

Maar staan sterk En dit sal werk.

Oor 'n week of twee Sal hulle begin ingee En van heeltyd verveeld wees Sal hulle eindelik begin lees.

Dan sal hulle handomkeer verander En dit ook aanbeveel vir ander.

Hulle sal ontdek iets soos lees

Is balsem vir die mens se gees.

As die gogga eers behoorlik byt
Lees bulle later die hele tyd

En vergeet heeltemal van die blêrende TV
Want nou's dit boeke wat bulle plesier gee.

Hulle sal eendag besef jy’t hulle ’n guns bewys

Deur hulle op die vreugde van lees te wys.

NS. Om na Mike Teevee terug te keer

Die een wat nou 'n les moet leer -
Ons sal hom rek en strek en seifs simpatie betoon,

Maar as dit nie werk nie, is dit sy verdiende loon.

Chapter 28

Only Charlie Left

'Which room shall it be next?' said Mr Wonka as he turned away and darted into the lift. 'Come on! Hurry up! We must get going! And how many children are there left now?'
Little Charlie looked at Grandpa Joe, and Grandpa Joe looked back at little Charlie.
'But Mr Wonka,' Grandpa Joe called after him, 'there's . . . there's only Charlie left now.'
Mr Wonka swung round and stared at Charlie.
There was a silence. Charlie stood there holding tightly on to Grandpa Joe's hand.
'You mean you're the only one left?' Mr Wonka said, pretending to be surprised.
'Why, yes,' whispered Charlie. 'Yes.'
Mr Wonka suddenly exploded with excitement. 'But my dear boy,' he cried out, 'that means you've won!' He rushed out of the lift and started shaking Charlie's hand so furiously it nearly came off. 'Oh, I do congratulate you!' he cried. 'I really do! I'm absolutely delighted! It couldn't be better! How wonderful this is! I had a hunch, you know, right from the beginning, that it was going to be you! Well done, Charlie, well done! This is terrific! Now the fun is really going to start! But we mustn't dilly! We mustn't dally! There's even less time to lose now than there was before! We have an enormous number of things to do before the day is out! Just think of the arrangements that have to be made! And the people we have to fetch! But luckily for us, we have the great glass lift to speed things up! Jump in, my dear Charlie, jump in! You too, Grandpa Joe, sir! No, no, after you! That's the way! Now then! This time I shall choose the button we are going to press!' Mr Wonka's bright twinkling blue eyes rested for a moment on Charlie's face.
Something crazy is going to happen now, Charlie thought. But he wasn't frightened. He wasn't even nervous. He was just terrifically excited. And so was Grandpa Joe. The old man's face was shining with excitement as he watched every move that Mr Wonka made. Mr Wonka was reaching for a button high up on the glass ceiling of the lift. Charlie and Grandpa Joe both craned their necks to read what it said on the little label beside the button.
It said . . . UP AND OUT.
'Up and out,' thought Charlie. 'What sort of a room is that?'

Mr Wonka pressed the button.
The glass doors closed.
'Hold on!' cried Mr Wonka.
Then WHAM! The lift shot straight up like a rocket! 'Yippee!' shouted Grandpa Joe. Charlie was clinging to Grandpa Joe's legs and Mr Wonka was holding on to a strap from the ceiling, and up they went, up, up, up, straight up this time, with no twistings or turnings, and Charlie could hear the whistling of the air outside as the lift went faster and faster. 'Yippee!' shouted Grandpa Joe again. 'Yippee! Here we go!'
'Faster!' cried Mr Wonka, banging the wall of the lift with his hand. 'Faster! Faster! If we don't go any faster than this, we shall never get through!'
'Through what?' shouted Grandpa Joe. 'What have we got to get through?'
'Ah-ha!' cried Mr Wonka, 'you wait and see! I've been longing to press this button for years! But I've never done it until now! I was tempted many times! Oh, yes, I was tempted! But I couldn't bear the thought of making a great big hole in the roof of the factory! Here we go, boys! Up and out!'
'But you don't mean . . .' shouted Grandpa Joe, '. . . you don't really mean that this lift . . .'
'Oh yes, I do!' answered Mr Wonka. 'You wait and see! Up and out!'
'But . . . but . . . but . . . it's made of glass!' shouted Grandpa Joe. 'It'll break into a million pieces!'
'I suppose it might,' said Mr Wonka, cheerful as ever, 'but it's pretty thick glass, all the
same.'
The lift rushed on, going up and up and up, faster and faster and faster . . .
Then suddenly, CRASH! — and the most tremendous noise of splintering wood and broken tiles came from directly above their heads, and Grandpa Joe shouted, 'Help! It's the end! We're done for!' and Mr Wonka said, 'No, we're not! We're through! We're out!' Sure enough, the lift had shot right up through the roof of the factory and was now rising into the sky like a rocket, and the sunshine was pouring in through the glass roof. In five seconds they were a thousand feet up in the sky.
'The lift's gone mad!' shouted Grandpa Joe.
'Have no fear, my dear sir,' said Mr Wonka calmly, and he pressed another button. The lift stopped. It stopped and hung in mid-air, hovering like a helicopter, hovering over the factory and over the very town itself which lay spread out below them like a picture postcard! Looking down through the glass floor on which he was standing,

Charlie could see the small far-away houses and the streets and the snow that lay thickly over everything. It was an eerie and frightening feeling to be standing on clear glass high up in the sky. It made you feel that you weren't standing on anything at all.
'Are we all right?' cried Grandpa Joe. 'How does this thing stay up?'
'Sugar power!' said Mr Wonka. 'One million sugar power! Oh, look,' he cried, pointing down, 'there go the other children! They're returning home!'

28

Net Charlie bly oor

"Waiter kamer nou?" vra meneer Wonka en draai om en trippel na die hyser. "Komaan, opskud! Ons het nog baie om te doen. En hoeveel kinders is daar nou oor?"
Charlie kyk vir oupa Joe en oupa Joe kyk vir Charlie.
"Meneer Wonka!" roep oupa Joe agter hom aan, "dis . . . dis nog net Charlie wat oor is."
Meneer Wonka swaai om en staar Charlie aan.
Niemand sê 'n woord nie. Charlie hou sy oupa Joe se hand styf vas.
"Wil jy vir my sê jy's die *enigste* een wat oor is?" vra meneer Wonka dan kastig verbaas.
"Ja, méneer," fluister Charlie. "Dis net ek."
Meneer Wonka ontplof skielik van opwinding. "Maar my *liewe seunl"* roep hy uitgelate. *"Dit be- teken jy het geiven!"* Hy storm by die hyser uit en skud Charlie se hand so hard dat dit amper afval. "Hartlik geluk!" sê hy. "Van *harte* geluk! Ek is absoluut verheug! Dit kon nie 'n beter iemand ge- wees het nie. Dis wonderlik! Jy weet, ek het reg van die begin af so 'n gevoel gehad dit gaan jy wees.
Knap gedaan, Charlie, *knap* gedaan! Dis regtig uitstekend. Nóú gaan die pret eers regtig begin. **So** ons moenie drentel nie. Ons moenie draai nie. Daar is nou seifs nog minder tyd om te mors as vroeër. Ons moet nog 'n *magdom* dinge doen voor die dag om is. Dink net aan al die *reelings* wat getref moet word. En al die mense wat ons moet gaan haal! Maar gelukkig het ons die groot glas- hyser om dinge bietjie te bespoedig. Spring in, my liewe Charlie, spring in! En u ook, geagte oupa Joe! Nee, nee, ná u. Dis reg. Nou ja toe, hierdie keer' sal ék kies waiter knoppie om te druk!" Meneer Wonka se helderblou oë blink en rus vir 'n oomblik op Charlie se gesig.
Daar gaan nou iets baie, baie vreemd gebeur, dink Charlie. Maar hy is

nie bang nie. Hy is nie eens senuweeagtig nie. Hy is net geweldig opge- wonde. En oupa Joe ook. Die oubaas se gesig straal van opwinding en hy hou elke beweging wat meneer Wonka maak, dop. Meneer Wonka staan op sy tone om 'n knoppie hoog bo teen die hyser se glasplafon by te kom. Charlie en oupa Joe rek hul nekke om te sien wat op die etiket langs die knoppie staan.
Dit sê . . . OP EN UIT.
Op en *uit,* dink Charlie. Watse soort kamer is *dit*?
Meneer Wonka druk die knoppie.
Die glasdeure gaan toe.
"Hou vas!" skree meneer Wonka.
WOEM! Die hyser skiet soos 'n vuurpyl boon- toe. "Jippie!" jubel oupa Joe. Charlie klou weer aan sy oupa se bene vas en meneer Wonka gryp 'n
leerband wat uit die plafon hang en hulle gaan op, op, op, hierdie keer pylreguit, sonder draaie en swaaie, en Charlie hoor die wind buite fluit soos wat die hyser vinniger en vinniger jaag. "Jippie!" jubel oupa Joe weer. "Jippie! Hier gaan ons!" "Vinniger!" roep meneer Wonka en kap met sy hand teen die kant van die hyser. "Vinniger! Vinniger! As ons nie vinniger as dit gaan nie, sal ons nooit daardeur kom nie!"
"Waardeur?" vra oupa Toe. "Waardeur moet ons kom?"
"Aha!" skree meneer Wonka. "Wag en kyk! Ek wil dié knoppie al *jare* lank druk! Maar ek het nog nooit nie. Ek het al soveel keer in die versoeking gekom! O ja, ek is al baie versoek! Maar ek kon dit nie oor my hart kry om 'n gapende groot gat in die fabriek se dak te maak nie. Hier gaan ons, kêrels! Op en uit!"
"Maar jy bedoel tog nie ..." skree oupa Joe, "jy bedoel tog nie hierdie hyser gaan *regtigwaar* ..." "O ja, dis presies wat ek bedoel!" antwoord meneer Wonka. "Wag en kyk! Op en uit!"
"Maar . . . maar . . . maar ... dis van glas gemaak!" skree oupa Joe. "Dit sal mos fyn en flen- ters breek!"
"Dit kan seker," sê meneer Wonka vroliker as ooit, "maar dis gelukkig van baie dik glas."
Die hyser snel voort, opper en opper en opper, vinniger en vinniger en vinniger . . .
En skielik hoor hulle KADWAR! - 'n geweldige geluid reg bo hul koppe. Hulle hoor hout kraak en teëls breek en oupa Joe skree: "Help! Dis die einde! Dis klaarpraat met ons!" en meneer Wonka skree: "Nee, dit is nie! Ons is deur! Ons is uit!" En sowaar, die hyser bars deur die fabriek se dak en skiet soos 'n vuurpyl in die lug op. Sonlig stroom by die glasdak in en binne vyf sekondes is hulle 'n duisend voet hoog.
"Die hyser het mal geraak!" roep oupa Joe uit.
"Moenie bang wees nie, geagte heer," sê meneer Wonka kalm en druk 'n ander knoppie. Die hyser kom tot stilstand. Hy hang soos 'n

helikopter in die lug, hoog bo die fabriek en bo die stad wat soos ’n poskaart onder hulle uitgestrek le. Charlie kyk af deur die glasvloer waarop hy staan en sien die huise en strate daar onder en die sneeu wat dik oor alles lê. Dit voel vreemd om so hoog in die lug op deurskynende glas te staan. Dit maak Charlie half bang. Hy voel asof hy op niks staan nie.

“Is ons veilig?” wil oupa Joe weet. “Hoe bly hierdie affêring in die lug?”

“Met suikerkrag!” sê meneer Wonka. “Een mil- joen suikerkrag. O, kyk!” roep hy uit en wys onder- toe. “Daar loop die ander kinders. Hulle gaan terug huis toe!”

Chapter 29

The Other Children Go Home

'We must go down and take a look at our little friends before we do anything else,' said Mr Wonka. He pressed a different button, and the lift dropped lower, and soon it was hovering just above the entrance gates to the factory.
Looking down now, Charlie could see the children and their parents standing in a little group just inside the gates.
'I can only see three,' he said. 'Who's missing?'
'I expect it's Mike Teavee,' Mr Wonka said. 'But he'll be coming along soon. Do you see the trucks?' Mr Wonka pointed to a line of gigantic covered vans parked in a line near by.
'Yes,' Charlie said. 'What are they for?'
'Don't you remember what it said on the Golden Tickets? Every child goes home with a lifetime's supply of sweets. There's one truckload for each of them, loaded to the brim. Ah-ha,' Mr Wonka went on, 'there goes our friend Augustus Gloop! D'you see him? He's getting into the first truck with his mother and father!'
'You mean he's really all right?' asked Charlie, astonished. 'Even after going up that awful pipe?'
'He's very much all right,' said Mr Wonka.
'He's changed!' said Grandpa Joe, peering down through the glass wall of the elevator. 'He used to be fat! Now he's thin as a straw!'
'Of course he's changed,' said Mr Wonka, laughing. 'He got squeezed in the pipe. Don't you remember? And look! There goes Miss Violet Beauregarde, the great gum-chewer! It seems as though they managed to de-juice her after all. I'm so glad. And how healthy she looks! Much better than before!'
'But she's purple in the face!' cried Grandpa Joe.
'So she is,' said Mr Wonka. 'Ah, well, there's nothing we can do about that.'
'Good gracious!' cried Charlie. 'Look at poor Veruca Salt and Mr Salt and Mrs Salt! They're simply covered with rubbish!'
'And here comes Mike Teavee!' said Grandpa Joe. 'Good heavens! What have they done to him? He's about ten feet tall and thin as a wire!'
'They've overstretched him on the gum-stretching machine,' said Mr Wonka. 'How very careless.'
'But how dreadful for him!' cried Charlie.
'Nonsense,' said Mr Wonka, 'he's very lucky. Every basketball team in

the country will be trying to get him. But now,' he added, 'it is time we left these four silly children. I have something very important to talk to you about, my dear Charlie.' Mr Wonka pressed another button, and the lift swung upwards into the sky.

29

Die ander kinders gaan huis toe

“Ons *moet* net eers afsak en ons vriende gaan bekyk voor ons enigiets anders doen,” sê meneer Wonka. Hy druk ’n ander knoppie en die hyser sak laer. Nie lank nie en hulle hang bo die fabriek se hekke.
Charlie kyk af en sien die kinders en hul ouers in ’n groepie binnekant die hekke staan. “Ek sien net drie van hulle,” sê hy. “Wie is nie daar nie?” “Seker Mike Teevee,” sê meneer Wonka. “Maar hy sal nou-nou kom. Sien julle die lorries?” Meneer Wonka wys na ’n ry toegemaakte vragmotors wat daar naby geparkeer staan.
“Ja,” sê Charlie. “Waarvoor is *dit?* ”
“Onthou jy nie wat op die Goue Kaartjies staan nie? Elke kind gaan met ’n leeftyd se lekkers huis toe. Daar’s ’n lorrie vol vir elkeen van hulle, propvol gelaai. Aha!” gaan meneer Wonka voort, “daar’s ons vriend Augustus Gloop! Sien julle hom? Hy klim saam met sy ma en pa by die eerste lorrie in.” “So hy het *regtig* niks oorgekom nie?” vra Charlie verbaas. “Selfs al *was* hy in daardie vreeslike glas- pyp?”
“Hy lyk vir my piekfyn,” sê meneer Wonka. “Hy’t verander!” sê oupa Joe, wat ook by die glashyser uitstaar. “Hy was spekvet! Maar nou is hy brandmaer!”
“Natuurlik het hy verander,” sê meneer Wonka en lag. “Die pyp het hom reggeruk en -gedruk. Onthou julle nie? En kyk! Daar is juffrou Violet Beauregarde, die kampioen-kougomkouer! Dit lyk darem of hulle toe al haar sap kon uittap. Ek is bly. Kyk net hoe gesond lyk sy nou. Baie beter as vroeër!”
“Maar sy’s so pers in die gesig,” merk oupa Joe op.
“Ja, nogal,” sê meneer Wonka. “O wel, daar’s niks wat ons daaraan kan doen nie.”
“Liewe land!” roep Charlie uit. “Kyk vir arme Veruca Salt en meneer en mevrou Salt! Hulle is *vol* vullis!”
“En hier kom Mike Teevee,” sê oupa Joe. “Goeie genade! Wat het hulle met *hom* aangevang? Hy’s omtrent tien voet lank en so dun soos ’n draad!”
“Hulle het hom te veel op die kougomrek-masjien uitgerek,” sê

meneer Wonka. “Hoe agtelosig.”
“Arme hy!” roep Charlie uit.
“Nonsens,” sê meneer Wonka. “Hy’s baie ge- lukkig. Al wat basketbalspan in die land is, sal hom wil hê. Maar nou,” voeg hy by, “moet ons daai vier lawwe kinders agterlaat. Daar is iets baie belangriks wat ek met jou wil bespreek, my liewe Charlie.” Meneer Wonka druk ’n ander knoppie en die hyser skiet in die lug op.

Chapter 30

Charlie's Chocolate Factory

The great glass lift was now hovering high over the town. Inside the lift stood Mr Wonka, Grandpa Joe, and little Charlie.
'How I love my chocolate factory,' said Mr Wonka, gazing down. Then he paused, and he turned around and looked at Charlie with a most serious expression on his face. 'Do you love it too, Charlie?' he asked.
'Oh, yes,' cried Charlie, 'I think it's the most wonderful place in the whole world!'
'I am very pleased to hear you say that,' said Mr Wonka, looking more serious than ever. He went on staring at Charlie. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am very pleased indeed to hear you say that. And now I shall tell you why.' Mr Wonka cocked his head to one side and all at once the tiny twinkling wrinkles of a smile appeared around the corners of his eyes, and he said, 'You see, my dear boy, I have decided to make you a present of the whole place. As soon as you are old enough to run it, the entire factory will become yours.'
Charlie stared at Mr Wonka. Grandpa Joe opened his mouth to speak, but no words came
out.
'It's quite true,' Mr Wonka said, smiling broadly now. 'I really am giving it to you. That's all right, isn't it?'
'Giving it to him?' gasped Grandpa Joe. 'You must be joking.'
'I'm not joking, sir. I'm deadly serious.'
'But . . . but . . . why should you want to give your factory to little Charlie?'
'Listen,' Mr Wonka said, 'I'm an old man. I'm much older than you think. I can't go on for ever. I've got no children of my own, no family at all. So who is going to run the factory when I get too old to do it myself? Someone's got to keep it going — if only for the sake of the Oompa-Loompas. Mind you, there are thousands of clever men who would give anything for the chance to come in and take over from me, but I don't want that sort of person. I don't want a grown-up person at all. A grown-up won't listen to me; he won't learn. He will try to do things his own way and not mine. So I have to have a child. I want a good sensible loving child, one to whom I can tell all my most precious sweet-making secrets — while I am still alive.'
'So that is why you sent out the Golden Tickets!' cried Charlie.
'Exactly!' said Mr Wonka. 'I decided to invite five children to the factory, and the one I liked best at the end of the day would be the

winner!'
'But Mr Wonka,' stammered Grandpa Joe, 'do you really and truly mean that you are giving the whole of this enormous factory to little Charlie? After all . . .'
'There's no time for arguments!' cried Mr Wonka. 'We must go at once and fetch the rest of the family — Charlie's father and his mother and anyone else that's around! They can all live in the factory from now on! They can all help to run it until Charlie is old enough to do it by himself! Where do you live, Charlie?'
Charlie peered down through the glass floor at the snow-covered houses that lay below. 'It's over there,' he said, pointing. 'It's that little cottage right on the edge of the town, the tiny little one . . .'
'I see it!' cried Mr Wonka, and he pressed some more buttons and the lift shot down towards Charlie's house.
'I'm afraid my mother won't come with us,' Charlie said sadly.
'Why ever not?'
'Because she won't leave Grandma Josephine and Grandma Georgina and Grandpa George.'
'But they must come too.'
'They can't,' Charlie said. 'They're very old and they haven't been out of bed for twenty
years.'
'Then we'll take the bed along as well, with them in it,' said Mr Wonka. 'There's plenty of room in this lift for a bed.'
'You couldn't get the bed out of the house,' said Grandpa Joe. 'It won't go through the door.'
'You mustn't despair!' cried Mr Wonka. 'Nothing is impossible! You watch!'
The lift was now hovering over the roof of the Buckets' little house.
'What are you going to do?' cried Charlie.
'I'm going right on in to fetch them,' said Mr Wonka.
'How?' asked Grandpa Joe.
'Through the roof,' said Mr Wonka, pressing another button.
'No!' shouted Charlie.
'Stop!' shouted Grandpa Joe.
CRASH went the lift, right down through the roof of the house into the old people's bedroom. Showers of dust and broken tiles and bits of wood and cockroaches and spiders and bricks and cement went raining down on the three old ones who were lying in bed, and each of them thought that the end of the world was come. Grandma Georgina fainted, Grandma Josephine dropped her false teeth, Grandpa George put his head under the blanket, and Mr and Mrs Bucket came rushing in from the next room.
'Save us!' cried Grandma Josephine.

'Calm yourself, my darling wife,' said Grandpa Joe, stepping out of the lift. 'It's only us.'
'Mother!' cried Charlie, rushing into Mrs Bucket's arms. 'Mother! Mother! Listen to what's happened! We're all going back to live in Mr Wonka's factory and we're going to help him to run it and he's given it all to me and . . . and . . . and . . . and . . .'
'What are you talking about?' said Mrs Bucket.
'Just look at our house!' cried poor Mr Bucket. 'It's in ruins!'
'My dear sir,' said Mr Wonka, jumping forward and shaking Mr Bucket warmly by the hand, 'I'm so very glad to meet you. You mustn't worry about your house. From now on, you're never going to need it again, anyway.'
'Who is this crazy man?' screamed Grandma Josephine. 'He could have killed us all.'
'This,' said Grandpa Joe, 'is Mr Willy Wonka himself.'
It took quite a time for Grandpa Joe and Charlie to explain to everyone exactly what had been happening to them all day. And even then they all refused to ride back to the factory in the lift.
'I'd rather die in my bed!' shouted Grandma Josephine.
'So would I!' cried Grandma Georgina.
'I refuse to go!' announced Grandpa George.
So Mr Wonka and Grandpa Joe and Charlie, taking no notice of their screams, simply pushed the bed into the lift. They pushed Mr and Mrs Bucket in after it. Then they got in themselves. Mr Wonka pressed a button. The doors closed. Grandma Georgina screamed. And the lift rose up off the floor and shot through the hole in the roof, out into the open sky.
Charlie climbed on to the bed and tried to calm the three old people who were still petrified with fear. 'Please don't be frightened,' he said. 'It's quite safe. And we're going to the most wonderful place in the world!'
'Charlie's right,' said Grandpa Joe.
'Will there be anything to eat when we get there?' asked Grandma Josephine. 'I'm starving! The whole family is starving!'
'Anything to eat?' cried Charlie laughing. 'Oh, you just wait and see!'
--- = = = END OF CHARLIE'S STORY PART 1 = = = --Continued on "Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator"



Charlie se sjokoladefabriek

Die groot glashyser hang nou hoog bo die stad. Binne-in staan meneer Wonka, oupa Joe en Charlie.
"Ek is so lief vir my sjokoladefabriek," sê meneer Wonka terwyl hy afstaar ondertoe. Toe bly hy stil en draai om en kyk na Charlie. Sy gesig is ernstig. "Is *jy* ook lief daarvoor, Charlie?" vra hy.
"O ja!" roep Charlie uit. "Ek dink dis die wonder- likste plek in die hele wêreld!"
"Ek is baie bly jy dink so," sê meneer Wonka. Hy lyk nou nóg ernstiger en hy staar Charlie stip aan.
"Ja-nee," sê hy, "ek is regtig baie bly jy dink so. En nou gaan ek jou sê hoekom." Meneer Wonka draai sy kop skuins en skielik verskyn fyn plooitjies van 'n glimlag om sy ooghoeke en hy sê: "Jy sien, my liewe seun, ek het besluit om die hele plek vir jou present te gee. Sodra jy oud genoeg is om dit te bestuur, word die ganse fabriek joune."
Charlie staar meneer Wonka verstom aan. Oupa Joe maak sy mond oop om te praat, maar daar kom niks woorde uit nie.
"Dis die reine waarheid," sê meneer Wonka en hy glimlag nou breed. "Ek gee dit regtig vir jou. Jy gee mos nie om nie, of hoe?"
"Jy *gee* dit vir hom, meneer?" snak oupa Joe. "Jy speel seker!"
"Nee, ek speel nie, meneer. Ek is doodernstig." "Maar . . . maar . . . hoekom wil jy die fabriek vir Charlie gee?"
"Luister," sê meneer Wonka, "ek is 'n ou man. Ek is baie ouer as wat julle dink. Ek kan nie vir ewig aangaan nie. Ek het nie kinders nie, ek het nêrens familie nie. So wie gaan die fabriek bestuur wanneer ek te oud word om dit self te doen? *Iemand* moet dit aan die gang hou - al is dit net ter wille van die Oempa-Loempas. Ek besef daar is duisende slim mense wat enigiets sal gee vir die kans om die fabriek by my oor te neem, maar ek stel nie in daardie soort mense belang nie. Ek wil nie 'n grootmens hê nie. 'n Grootmens sal nie na my luister nie en hy sal nie wil leer nie. Hy sal dinge op sy eie manier probeer doen, nie op myne nie. So ek moet 'n kind kry. Ek soek 'n goeie, ver- standige, liefdevolle kind met wie ek al my kos- baarste geheime oor hoe om lekkergoed te maak kan deel - terwyl ek nog lewe."
"So *dis* hoekom u die Goue Kaartjies uitgestuur het!" roep Charlie uit.
"Presies!" sê meneer Wonka. "Ek het besluit ek gaan vyf kinders na my fabriek nooi en aan die einde van die dag kyk van wie ek die meeste hou en daardie een dan as die wenner aanwys!" "Maar meneer Wonka," stamel oupa Joe, "bedoel jy waarlik en eerlik jy gaan hierdie hele
enorme fabriek vir klein Charlie present gee? Per slot van rekening ..."
"Daar is nie tyd vir argumenteer nie!" val meneer Wonka hom in die rede. "Ons moet dadelik die res van die familie gaan haal - Charlie se pa en ma en wie ook al! Hulle kan van nou af in die fabriek bly. Hulle

kan almal help om dit te bestuur tot Charlie oud genoeg is om dit op sy eie te doen. Waar bly jy, Charlie?”
Charlie tuur deur die glasvloer na die sneeube- dekte huise ver onder hulle. “Daar,” sê hy en beduie. “In daardie klein houthuisie reg aan die rand van die stad, die heel kleintjie ...”
“Ek sien hom!” roep meneer Wonka. Hy druk nog ’n paar knoppies en die hyser skiet af na Charlie- hulle se huis.
“Ek dink nie my ma sal saam met ons wil kom nie,” sê Charlie hartseer.
“Hoekom nie?”
“Want sy sal ouma Josephine en ouma Georgina en oupa George nie alleen wil los nie.”
“Maar hulle moet saamkom.”
“Hulle kan nie,” sê Charlie. “Hulle is stokoud. Hulle was twintig jaar laas uit die bed.”
“Dan vat ons die bed ook saam, met hulle daarin,” sê meneer Wonka. “Die hyser het oorge- noeg plek vir ’n bed.”
“Maar hoe moet ons die bed by die huis uitkry?” vra oupa Joe. “Hy kan nie by die deur uitkom nie.” “Hou moed! ” roep meneer Wonka uit. “Niks is onmoontlik nie. Julie sal sien!”
Die hyser hang nou bo die Buckets se huisie.
“Wat gaan ons doen?” vra Charlie.
“Ons gaan in en ons gaan haal hulle,” sê meneer Wonka.
“Hoe?” vra oupa Joe.
“Deur die dak,” sê meneer Wonka en druk nog ’n knoppie.
“Nee!” skree Charlie.
“Stop!” skree oupa Joe.
KADWAR! breek die hyser deur die huis se dak tot in die oumense se slaapkamer. Stof en gebreekte dakteëls en houtsplinters en kokkerotte en spinne- koppe en bakstene en sement reën op die drie oumense in die bed neer, en hulle dink dis die einde van die wêreld. Ouma Georgina word flou, ouma Josephine laat val haar valstande, oupa George druk sy kop onder die kombers in, en meneer en mevrou Bucket storm van langsaan af in.
“Red ons!” skree ouma Josephine.
“Bedaar, vroutjie,” sê oupa Joe en klim uit die hyser. “Dis maar net ons.”
“Mamma!” roep Charlie uit en hardloop tot in mevrou Bucket se arms. “Mamma! Mamma! Luister wat het gebeur! Ons gaan almal in meneer Wonka se fabriek bly en ons gaan hom help om dit te bestuur en hy’t dit *alles* vir my gegee en . . . en . . . en . . . en . . .”
“Wat *praat* jy alles?” vra mevrou Bucket.
“Kyk hoe lyk ons huis!” roep arme meneer Bucket uit. “Dis verwoes!”
“My lie we meneer,” sê meneer Wonka en spring vorentoe en skud

meneer Bucket se hand hartlik, “ek is so bly om u te ontmoet. Moenie bekommerd wees oor die huis nie. Van nou af gaan niemand dit meer nodig he nie.”
“Wie is hierdie mal vent?” gil ouma Josephine. “Hy kon ons almal doodgemaak het.”
“Dié man,” sê oupa Joe, “is meneer Willy Wonka self.”
Dit neem oupa Joe en Charlie ’n hele rukkie om vir almal te verduidelik wat alles die dag met hulle gebeur het. En seifs toe weier die oumense nog steeds om in die hyser fabriek toe te ry.
“Ek sterf eerder in my bed!” skree ouma Josephine.
“Ek ook!” gil ouma Georgina.
“Ek weier om te gaan!” kondig oupa George aan.
Meneer Wonka en oupa Joe en Charlie steur hulle nie aan die geskree nie en stoot die bed eenvoudig by die hyser in. En toe prop hulle meneer en mevrou Bucket in. En toe klim hulle self ook in. Meneer Wonka druk ’n knoppie. Die deure gaan toe. Ouma Georgina gil. Die hyser styg van die vloer af op en skiet deur die gat in die dak en in die blou lug op.
Charlie klim op die bed en probeer paai die drie oumense wat verstar is van vrees. “Moet asseblief nie bang wees nie,” sê hy. “Dis heeltemal veilig. En ons gaan na die wonderlikste plek in die hele wêreld!”
“Charlie is reg,” sê oupa Joe.
“Sal daar iets te ete wees wanneer ons daar kom?” vra ouma Josephine. “Ek is dood van die honger. Ons hele familie is dood van die honger! ”
“lets te *ete?”* roep Charlie laggend uit. “Wag maar, julle sal sien!”